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The Coming Commonwealth of the Pacific

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THE civilization of which we are the modern representatives began in the eastern basin of the Mediterranean Sea some six thousand years ago. It is the oldest culture in the world with a continuous record, for it is now accepted that the earliest history of China does not carry us back further than some four thousand years, or that of India perhaps three thousand two hundred. Yet at least six thousand years ago there existed in the Island of Crete, and on the shores of the Levant, a nation of mariners, traders, and pirates with a civilization as high as, if not higher than, that of contemporary Egypt or Asia.

The Cretans and the Phœnicians handed this culture to the Greeks. Under the Romans it filled the entire basin of the Mediterranean, and spread even to distant Britain. So it descended without serious break to our ancestors. Our own civilization is simply an expansion of that old culture to fill the Atlantic. Through all its history it has been founded on a sea, with the lands which lie round about it; its characteristics have been endurance, energy, and power of expansion.

These very qualities have led to internal conflicts, but we are apt to think too much of the quarrels within our race and of its minor tribal divisions. We are a very mixed race, with three main divisions: the men of the Mediterranean, of the Alps, and of the North. But even these divisions are slight. The people of the Atlantic today are of one race, and this it is most convenient to call simply "European," lacking for the present a single word which should express "Europeo-American," or "Atlantic of European descent."

As to our internal quarrels: we regard as events of world importance such occurrences as the American Revolution or the War of 1914–1918. These were, no doubt, important Atlantic disturbances; probably they were steps in the slow development of the "Atlantic Commonwealth." But had the decision of war been reversed in each case, it is doubtful if the eventual history of our civilization would have been very much affected. The individual lives of many of us would have been, but not the development of our race culture.

The last "world war" of any importance terminated in the defeat of the Huns at the battle of Châlons. Should the Atlantic peoples ever again come into conflict with a civilization essentially different from their own, they might have to fight another "world war," and it would be carried to an end of slavery or extermination. Such a war seems at present very improbable. It could indeed only occur if a non-European power invaded the Atlantic, or if the Atlantic people invaded an ocean already the seat of a non-European culture. World wars are not waged between peoples of the same race.

The principal civilizations outside Europe have been those of Egypt, Mesopotamia, China, and India. These were

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land civilizations founded on great navigable rivers such as the Nile, the Euphrates and Tigris, or the Ganges. Two still remain, India and China; the rest have disappeared. Such civilizations seem to follow a regular development. They may rise to considerable heights of culture, but they tend to become conservative and stationary.

Their people do not travel and do not love foreigners. They rapidly attain a stable constitution; then, contented and stagnant, they may remain at that stage for many centuries, as did ancient Egypt or China. This is a condition repugnant and foreign to our own restless race.

Though there have been many such stationary civilizations and many attempts to found great land empires, yet there has never been but the one sea culture, our own; for the sea culture gains its strength, not by isolation but by its power of absorbing into itself every people with whom it comes in contact. The ancient Cretans would indeed have been astonished had they been told that, six thousand years later, their cultural descendants would live on both sides of the Atlantic; yet such are we, and we may feel confident that our culture will not disappear, whoever may carry it on.

Of all the land civilizations only two survive—India and China. We are often warned of what dreadful things may happen when these countries "awaken" and flood the world with their millions. But this is to picture all peoples as restless, and as quarrelsome, as ourselves. It may be doubted whether the racial tendencies cultivated by so many centuries of stationary life can be quickly overcome and altered. In all the centuries of her power Egypt never expanded further than Syria; the powers of Mesopotamia only reached at furthest stretch to the shore of the Mediterranean before they fell; India has been the helpless victim of one invader after another. The expansion which means life to our sea race seems dangerous to those otherwise stable land empires. They can only hold together so long as they cling to their river valleys, for the difficulties of communication over the intervening mountain ridges prevent permanent expansion.

But the result is that a valley nation is difficult to conquer and finds it difficult to conquer others. England would never have conquered India had that country not been very disorganized, and even then she did it from the sea. Napoleon failed to conquer the valley people of the Volga.

But Europe steadily colonized the seas. She surrounded the Atlantic, then, crossing the American continent, she came, in the sixteenth century, to the Pacific. At the same time that Balboa gazed westward from Darien a Portugese squadron entered the Pacific at Malacca. So, in the first decades of the sixteenth century Europe penetrated to the two ends of the world. Being Europeans and seafarers, they did what no one had done before, they joined the two ends together: Magellan crossed from America to Asia in 1521. After all the centuries of Chinese civilization it was a Portugese sailor who first crossed the Chinese Ocean, and by so doing he established a European claim on that ocean.

The succeeding four centuries saw the rapid discovery and colonization by Europe of the Pacific shores. First Spain and Portugal, then Spain alone, then Holland, England, and America have taken up this work, but the Pacific is not yet an enclosed sea.

For the European colonists of the Pacific still look eastward or westward to America or Europe. They do not look toward the ocean itself. Up to the end of the nineteenth century the Pacific was not a unit, or the centre of a civilization, as was the Atlantic.

THE PROBLEM OF THE PACIFIC

But, in the beginning of the twentieth century Japan asserted herself as a Pacific power, and a new situation arose, in which the Pacific was to appear as a unit, the possible seat of a civilization independent of Europe or of the Atlantic. This is the problem of the Pacific, and in considering the future of that ocean the questions before us are, shortly: How long will it be before the Pacific is no longer a mere dependency on Europe or America, but the centre of a culture of her own? and, What nation or race will dominate that culture?

Such answers as can here be offered for these questions are based upon the as-

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sumptions that history will, in general, run upon the same lines as before and that geography will continue to exercise the same influence on culture. For a general survey of the Pacific an old-fashioned globe is to be recommended. Maps, especially those on Mercator's projection, are very deceptive.

The Pacific forms a great circular basin, closed to the north, excepting for the narrow Bering Strait, more open to the south where the islands of Oceania nearly span the gap between New Zealand and America. It measures about 5,000 to 7,000 miles in diameter, with trade routes of 4,500 to 7,000 miles, as compared with routes of 3,000 to 5,000 miles on the Atlantic. If we take the average rate of trade traffic at present at fourteen knots, an increase to twenty knots would bring the Pacific to the same size as the North Atlantic to-day, and therefore certainly small enough for civilization. This does not seem impossible.

If we look first at the western, or American, shore we see that the range of the Andes and the Rocky Mountains comes so close to the ocean as to leave only a very narrow strip, almost devoid of rivers and islands, and with very few ports. There is only one navigable river, the Columbia, and that only for a short distance. Ports from north to south are Vancouver with Seattle, San Francisco, and Los Angeles, in the northern continent, Guyaquil, Callao, and Valparaiso in the south. (There are at least sixteen good ports on the Atlantic side.) On the South American coast is considerable mineral wealth, but serious lack of water; in the north there is little to compare with the rich deposits of the central and Atlantic States. What is most important, there does not seem to be room anywhere for a large population. On the whole American Pacific coast the only place adapted to support a strong state would seem to be the district from the mouth of the Columbia River to the north end of Vancouver Island. Here are a number of growing cities, good ports and waterways, abundant water-power, and some extent of land capable of cultivation. There are some minerals, including good coal, and, most important of all, the climate is favorable to a sound European race. Here is evidently the seat of a coming Pacific power, even if it has not very extensive territory.

As for the other ports, we may be allowed to doubt if San Francisco, Los Angeles or Valparaiso will ever be more than marginal ports; great ports, no doubt, but not the capitals of agricultural or industrial areas. Indeed the Americas, both North and South, face the Atlantic, and their destiny is bound up with that ocean. They have practically no Pacific lands.

Turning now to the eastern side, in the south is Australasia, consisting of the great continent of Australia, New Zealand, and the numberless islands of the Pacific Archipelago. Were the interior of Australia habitable there would be little doubt as to the future of the Pacific; but Australia is a coast line only. Yet it should be noted that the principal harbors of Australia face, or are within easy reach of, the Pacific: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Hobart. Twelve hundred miles to the west is New Zealand, a rich country with a temperate climate, good ports, and abundant water-power. Both Australia and New Zealand have a climate suited to Europeans. They have no natural connection with Europe, but are purely Pacific lands whose future is bound up with that ocean.

In the northeast is the great Mongolian civilization of China and Japan, the only existing civilization native to the Pacific.

Before the appearance of the Europeans there were on the Pacific coasts a number of minor civilizations: the Incas in Peru and Bolivia, the Aztecs in Central America, the Indian tribes of the northern Pacific coast. Some of these had attained a considerable degree of organization; some were barbarous. There remains, as investigations by archæologists show, a certain resemblance along the whole coast. Further, some of their art forms not only are similar among themselves but show a distinct resemblance to early art forms of China. Of these the most prominent is the square oval, an oblong rectangle with rounded angles. This is found as a basic form in all Amerindian art, and also in early Chinese art. We know of no commerce across the Pacific prior to the coming of the Europeans, but this suggests that the earliest inhabitants of the Pacific coast drew their cul-

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ture from a common source, and that in fact the Pacific was in process, very slowly, of developing a culture of its own.

It is certainly significant that all the early cultures of any importance in the Americas face the Pacific. Columbus, so to speak, discovered America from behind. With the advent of the Europeans these early cultures were shattered, America faced the Atlantic, and China was left on the eastern side, an isolated remnant.

China is founded on two great navigable rivers, the Hoang-Ho and the Yangtze-Kiang. She is a typical river state, stable and stationary. Her civilization is the oldest on the Pacific, though probably some thousands of years younger than our own.

Japan received her culture from China, and in this as in her geographical position is a parallel to Great Britain in Europe. She lies at the eastern gate of the Pacific between the rich river lands and the ocean; she has good ports and a temperate climate. As we should expect from the geography of the country, the Japanese are more active, restless, and adventurous than the Chinese, yet, in spite of their island position, they were poor navigators when first discovered, and had made no attempts to colonize the Pacific. Why they had not is a puzzle. Possibly the Pacific currents provide a solution; possibly the Sea of Japan and the Yellow Sea are not good training grounds for a race of seamen, owing to lack of internal harbors, the prevalence of typhoons, and the dangerous currents. In any case Japan never extended her power even to the Philippines. Her people, brave and adventurous at home, ventured little outside their own islands. We may perhaps realize from this how much we Europeans owe to the Mediterranean, to the Baltic, and the North Sea, and to that broken and well-watered coast which made our ancestors sailors, traders, and pirates.

At first the Japanese welcomed the European invaders; their rulers invited foreign ships to their ports and endeavored to establish trading relations across the Pacific. In 1610 a Japanese embassy visited Mexico, in 1614 a second came to Europe and was received by Philip III and Pope Paul V. But these attempts to unite the Pacific were failures. The Spaniards had no interests in the Pacific save those of plunder and a religion not desired by the Japanese. So Japan was closed until the middle of the nineteenth century, and European colonization advanced unchecked.

Eventually, as we know, the Japanese adopted a very large degree of European culture. Far more important to them than any European constitution, law, or method of industry, they adopted the sea habit of Europe, and are now expanding overseas into Korea. Now the Japanese are often spoken of as a nation of imitators, devoid of original ideas. It would be wise in their critics not to lay much stress on this, for we are imitators ourselves. The English received much of their culture and their religion from Rome; Rome received much of hers from Greece; great people have always been great imitators, and in this very trait perhaps the Japanese are showing themselves greater than the less imitative Chinese.

Between the European power in the south and the great Mongol power in the north lies a tropical zone, rich and populous but not suited to European colonization. Here the United States have occupied the Philippine Islands with their great port, Manila.

The possession of these islands is, no doubt, a source of patriotic pride to the citizens of the United States, and in the event of war a naval base here might be useful. Beyond this it is difficult to see what great advantage is to be gained to the United States by the continued political control of the Philippines. They cannot support a European population. Like India to the British, they will, at first perhaps, be a source of trade, then a burden and an embarrassment. This view will no doubt appear strained to many, yet we cannot help feeling that the occupation of lands which cannot be colonized for the sake of their trade is in the end unprofitable. It may confer the benefits of stable but alien government for a time, but this can only be temporary. Great Britain is very wisely allowing such lands to slip more and more out of her control, as in Egypt and India. We must remember, too, that the culture of the Pacific, however much it may be founded

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upon Atlantic culture, will be a native growth, not a thing imposed or controlled from outside.

But to the "Control of the Pacific" we will come presently. Meanwhile our geographical survey shows us numerous rivers and islands in this Mongolian zone with good ports: Vladivostok, Yokohama, Osaka, Nagasaki, Shanghai, and Hongkong.

It appears also that the earliest civilization of the Pacific centred on its northeastern shores, that the principal rivers, islands, and ports of the Pacific are on the eastern side, and that, on the other hand, the western side is very devoid of the essentials upon which to found a Pacific power. The future of the Pacific lies upon its eastern side.

The "Control of the Pacific" has been discussed a great deal, and always from the point of view that some one nation or power is to "control" this ocean, presumably by maintaining so powerful a navy as to be able to dictate to other powers on the Pacific how they shall conduct themselves. It is supposed that a power situated somewhere else, say on the Atlantic, could thus "control" the Pacific by the possession of a couple of strong naval bases and a fleet. This strange idea is evidently an inheritance from the days when the Pacific was a "Spanish lake," destined to render tribute, by trade or otherwise, to Europe, and to receive in return the blessings of civilization. But it is more possible that the future of the Pacific is not to be "controlled" at all, but to have her own civilization, centred in herself, though having relations with other centres, the Atlantic, the Indian Ocean, and so on. The Pacific is big enough, and will soon be old enough, to "control" herself.

Connected with this idea of Pacific control is the idea that Japan will rouse China and sweep the whole world with millions of fierce yellow soldiers, the "Yellow Peril" of the Emperor William. A strange and far-fetched idea. The Chinese, like all river people, are very hard to rouse, they have never been pioneers, they only settle in lands already colonized. In all the four thousand years of their history they have never appeared as an expanding or conquering nation; it is very unlikely that they will do so now. The Great Wall is the symbol of China. If expansion had been the necessity to the Chinese that it is to the Europeans, they would have expanded many centuries ago. China, under the leadership of the more active Japan, is certainly destined to take a very great part in the Pacific, but she will probably never expand into any other ocean, and—nations do not expand by land. The period of great tribal migrations is passed.

Another danger constantly discussed is that of war between the United States and Japan for this "Control of the Pacific." This requires us to consider very briefly the geography of North America.

The present political division from east to west is, of course, quite unnatural. We may all, on either side of the line, acknowledge this without any injury to our patriotic feelings. In considering the culture of North America we must ignore the United States–Canadian border.

North America is composed of three countries. The Atlantic States, from Ontario and Quebec to Florida, and the West Indies are a part of the Atlantic Commonwealth. Their future is on the Atlantic. Their citizens are adventurous, active seamen and traders; they welcome strangers, and will in time form ever closer alliances with Europe. Even at present they are one with Europe on all important matters of civilization.

Secondly, the valley of the Mississippi and her tributaries, extending from the Great Slave Lake, in the north, to the Gulf of Mexico, on the south, bounded to the west by the Rocky Mountains and to the east by the Alleghanies, a great fertile river basin.

This area seems destined to be the home of a river civilization. It will probably develop the usual traits of such civilization. Its people will be conservative, even reactionary, it will not welcome foreigners; its policy will be "100 per cent American." It will not care very much for "entangling alliances" with the powers of the Atlantic—or of the Pacific either. It will be exclusive and protective.

Thirdly, the Pacific coast. But we have seen how narrow this is, how small

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its territory as compared with the great states of the eastern Pacific. Can the largest ocean in the world ever be "controlled" by San Francisco and Vancouver?

North America can never have life-and-death interests in the Pacific comparable to those of China-Japan or Australasia. If war should ever come about between the United States and Japan, it will probably originate in some matter of pique, passion, or national sentiment, not from economic pressure. It is the business of statesmen in modern democracies to save the people from their passions, and we must do our best to help them. Up to now the oriental powers have endured a great deal very patiently; possibly the Central and Atlantic States will think twice before entering on a Pacific war in which they can gain nothing.

But supposing that such a war were blundered into, what would be the results?

In the first place, it seems impossible that the United States should establish a tutelage over China and Japan. The civilization of these countries is too advanced. In the event of complete victory the United States could, at most, demand an indemnity and trading facilities. The experience of the recent war seems to show that indemnities are more easily obtained from allies than opponents—especially from ruined opponents. As for trade, war with the United States would more probably tend to send the Mongolian trade to New Zealand or to Vancouver than to a recently hostile country. The United States can hardly interfere with the trade of China or Japan in the Pacific; these countries have nowhere else to trade. The United States could, of course, prevent the Chinese and Japanese from settling in America, but they can do that already. It seems impossible to find any rational gains possible for America, North or South, in a Pacific war.

In the event of Mongolian victory the victors could, of course, sweep American shipping from the Pacific, to their own immediate detriment. Japan could not conquer America, any more than America could conquer China. Any attempt on her part to pass the Rocky Mountains would bring her into conflict with the Atlantic, and the Atlantic commonwealth is the greatest power in the world. It would only need Japan in America to unite the Atlantic once and for ever.

Japan could not even compel the United States to admit her colonists as equal citizens. This, too, would really constitute an attack upon the Atlantic, and would eventually be resented by it. What the Oriental powers could and would do would be to remove Atlantic influences from their own countries. They will probably do this in any case within a very few generations. We need only consider how we would regard a number of Buddhist missions scattered through this country openly trying to "Chinafy" America.

The more one considers a war between the East and West in the Pacific the more utterly unprofitable does it appear. America could gain nothing. The Oriental powers might gain a little. Australasia would probably gain the most. An ocean is controlled by the people who live on it, trade on it, colonize its shores, and exchange its products. Such a group of nations will develop a culture of their own, they may quarrel among themselves, but they cannot admit of control by an external power.

The future will almost certainly see a Pacific commonwealth. Will it be white or yellow or straw-colored or, perhaps, piebald?

The European "white" races, and particularly the "Nordic" race, have the strongest caste prejudices in the world. Though a thoroughly mixed race themselves, they attach enormous importance to purity of descent. Indeed they probably owe much of their present paramount position to their utter exclusiveness.

The Mongols are considered by ethnologists to be further removed from the "white man" than any other race of men. They have a very considerable race pride of their own. Mixture between the two will certainly take place, but only very slowly. A straw-colored civilization is very many thousand years away, but it is not impossible. The unifying tendencies of an ocean are very strong.

For a very long time to come yellow and white must divide the Pacific. The

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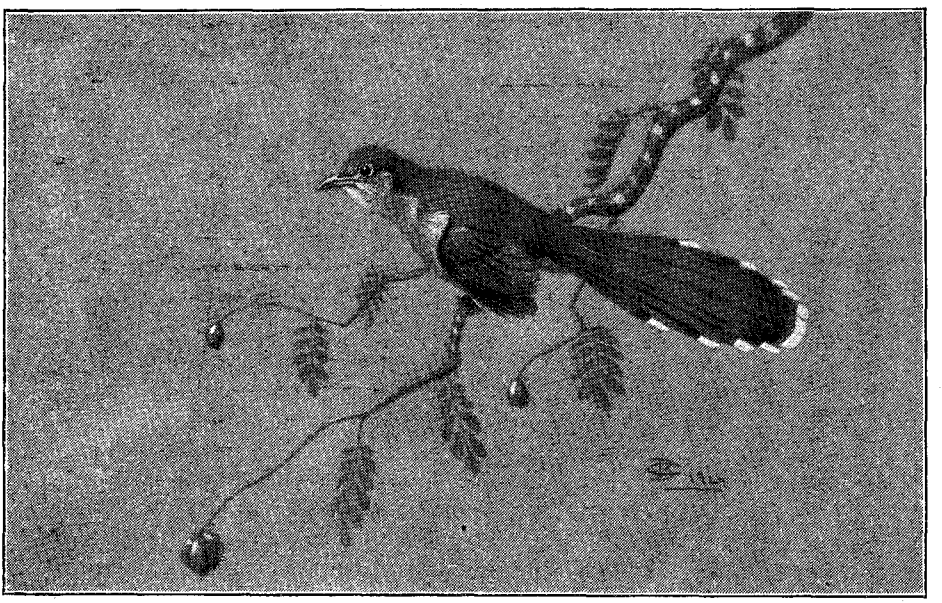
two cultures have already borrowed much from each other; in time they will probably borrow more. In the externals of trade, industry, and applied science the borrowing has been, so far, from the West. Even in the deeper attributes of adventure and ocean life Japan has borrowed from the Atlantic.

But in the regions of thought the Oriental people have borrowed less. Who can venture to prophesy what may be the result when the deepest philosophies of Europe and of the Orient mingle, as they may mingle, into one Pacific culture? The Commonwealth of the Pacific will be the latest of the Ocean Commonwealths, and it may be the richest and greatest of them all.

Five Studies of Birds of Panama

BY COURTENAY BRANDRETH

WITH NOTES BY JAMES P. CHAPIN, OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY



Haunting thickets of second growth and the borders of woods, the ruddy squirrel-cuckoo reminds one by its stealthy movements of our northern yellow-billed species, but is far larger, seventeen inches over all.

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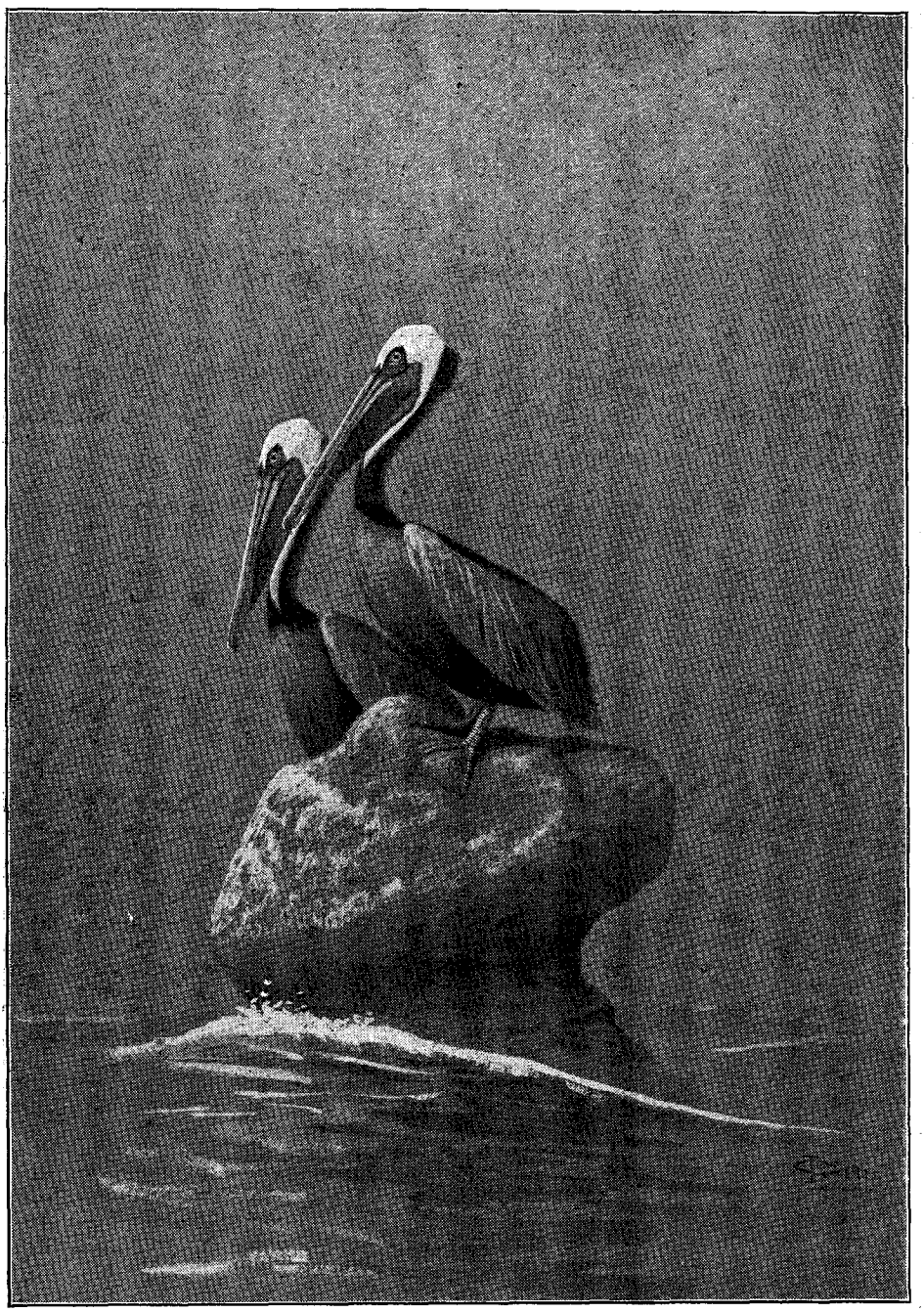

Brown pelicans are among the commonest and most striking birds of Panama harbor, where they alight in flocks on the broad mud flats laid bare at low tide. The canal is their highway, too, across the isthmus. Away out on the Pearl Islands in the Pacific they sit as sentinels on exposed rocks.

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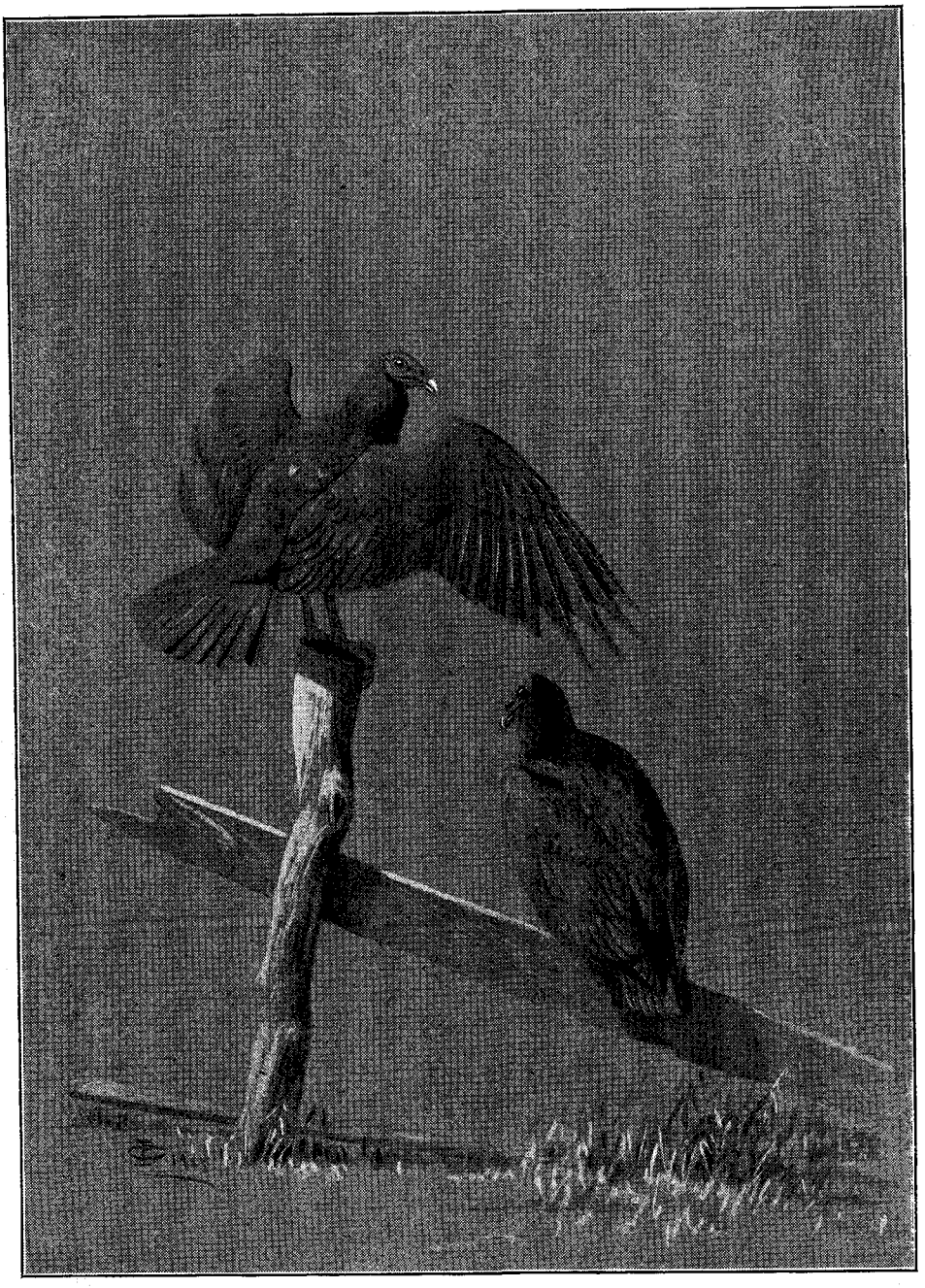

A familiar bird in the whole Canal Zone is the turkey vulture, the same as that of our southern States. They often perch to sun themselves on fences or low trees, and as the tropical sun rises higher overhead they take the air to go soaring over the countryside in search of a possible luncheon. Where they are not favored by man's wastefulness, meals must be few and far between.

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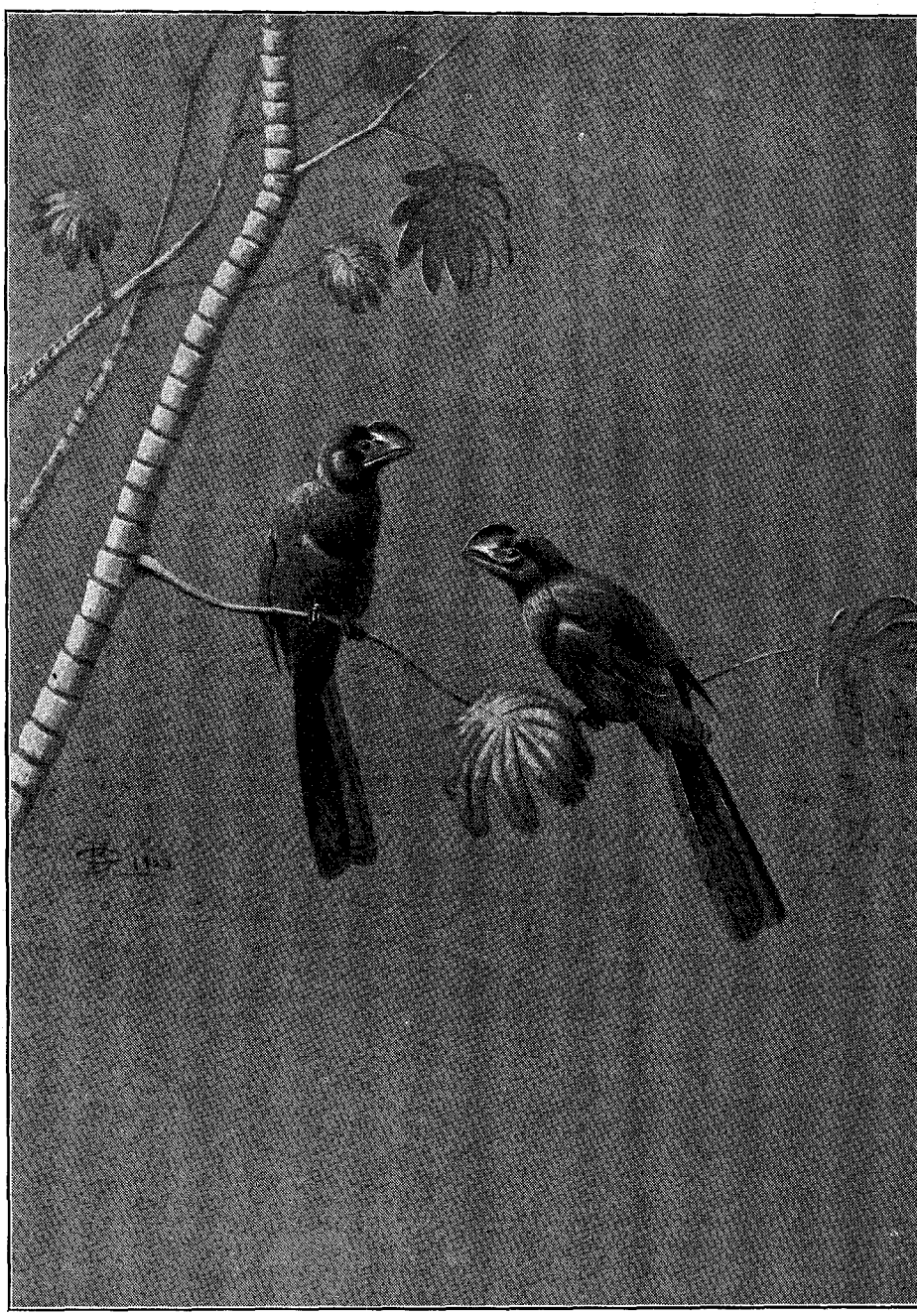

"Blackbirds," American residents almost universally call them, but in reality they are cuckoos. The common anis of the isthmus—this is the book name—are abundant everywhere in pastures, gardens, or banana plantations. Often a band of them will alight in an ant-infested trumpet-tree, with ugly whines and squeaks, wagging their loose-jointed tails. Again they will follow cattle, and sometimes alight on the beasts' backs, supposedly searching for ticks. Their sociability extends even to their nesting, several females laying their eggs in one large nest.

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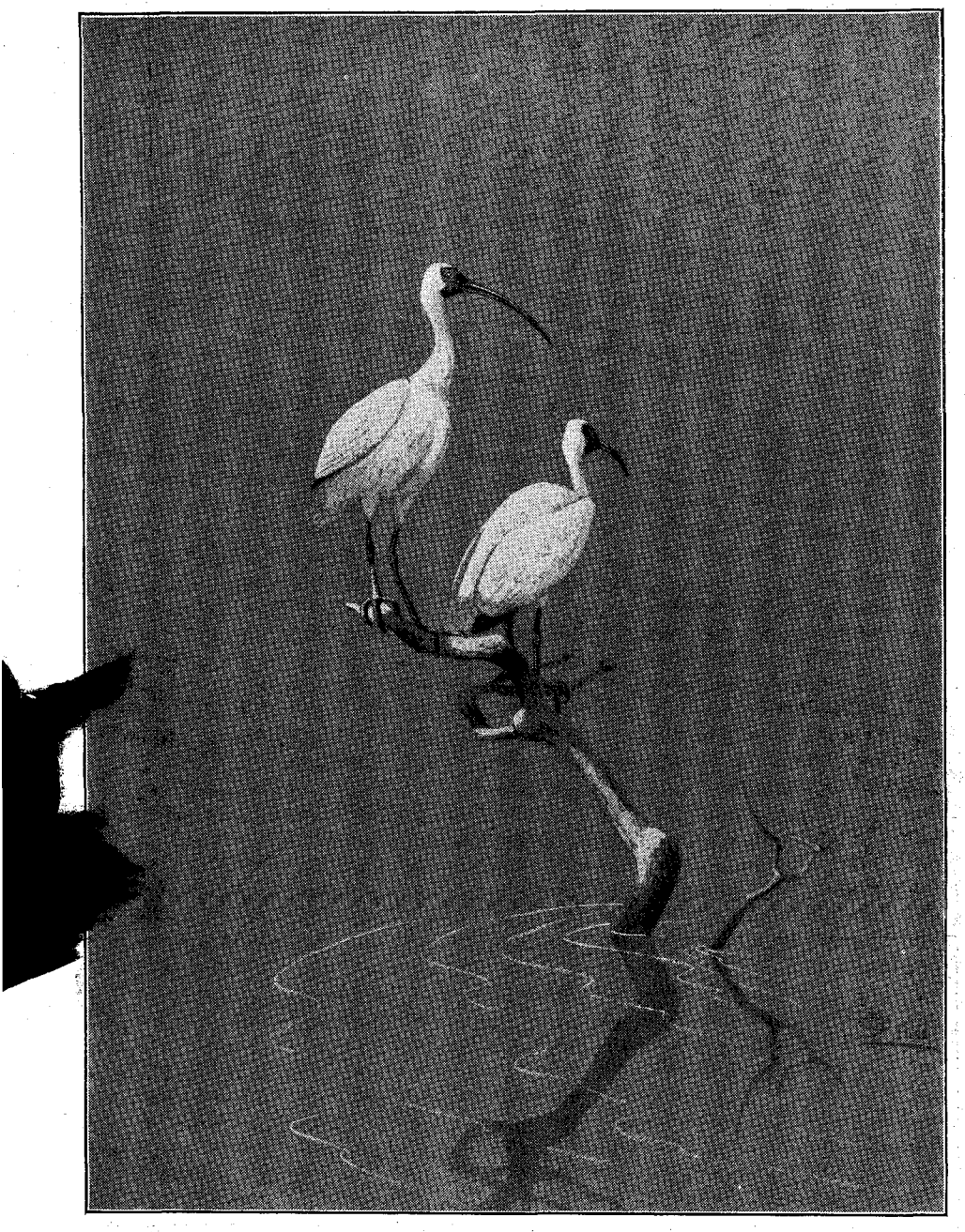

Americans on fishing trips among the islands of the Gulf of Panama admire the stately flapping flight of the white ibis, to which they usually give the name of Spanish curlew. No true curlew ever grows to such a size, and none has snowy white plumage.

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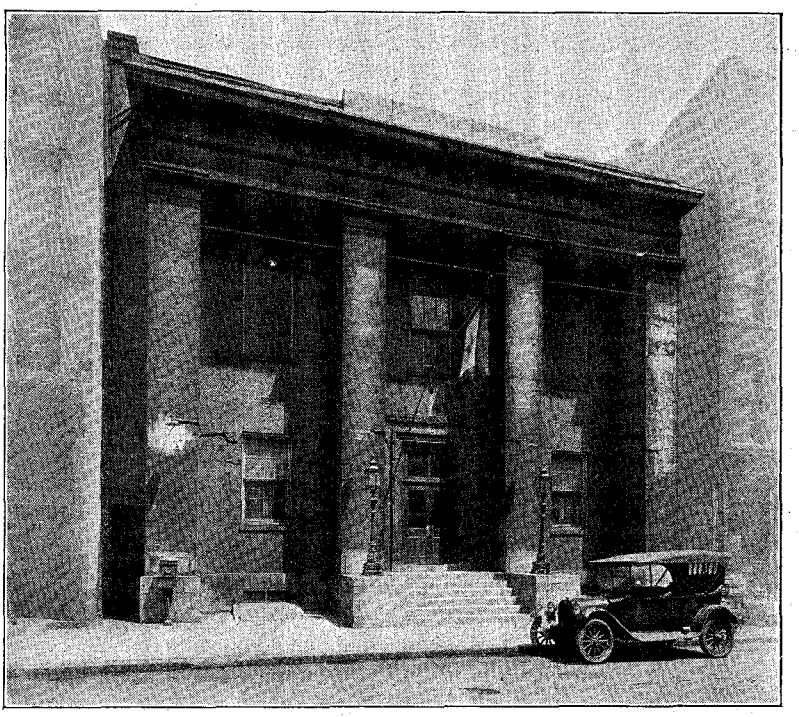

The Franklin Institute, Philadelphia.

A Tale of Two Cities

BY HENRY S. PRITCHETT
Author of "Copernicus and the Fundamentalists," etc.

He that would catch fish must venture his bait.—*Poor Richard.*

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was born in Boston; he lived and died in Philadelphia. Thereby hangs a tale of these two cities.

For as Franklin came to the last months of his life he conceived the notion of establishing, in each of them, a notable public work of great utility to its inhabitants; and of providing in addition endowments, for the benefit of the two cities and of the commonwealths in which they are placed, so large as to exceed any philanthropic trust hitherto created, and comparable to the large foundations established in recent years. In the accomplishment of this plan he contrived to enlist Boston and Philadelphia in a two century competition. The plan and th provisions for its execution are describ in a codicil attached to his will some t months before his death, a document so characteristic that it must needs be read in the original.

"I have considered that among Artisans good Apprentices are most likely to make good Citizens, and having myself been bred to a manual Art, Printing, in my native Town, and afterwards assisted to set up my business in Philadelphia by kind loan of Money from two Friends there, which was the foundation of my Fortune, and of all the utility in life that may be ascribed to me, I wish to be useful even after my Death, if possible, in forming and advancing other young men

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that may be serviceable to their Country in both those Towns.

"To this End I devote Two thousand Pounds Sterling, which I give, one thousand thereof to the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, in Massachusetts, and the other thousand to the Inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia, in Trust to and for the Uses, Interests and Purposes hereinafter mentioned and declared.

"The said sum of One thousand Pounds Sterling, if accepted by the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, shall be managed under the direction of the Select Men, united with the Ministers of the oldest Episcopalian, Congregational and Presbyterian Churches in that Town; who are to let out the same upon Interest at five per cent per Annum to such young married artificers, under the Age of twenty-five years, as have served an Apprenticeship in the said Town; and faithfully fulfilled the Duties required in their Indenture, so as to obtain a good moral Character from at least two respectable Citizens, who are wi[illegible] to become their Sureties in a Bond [illegible]e Applicants for the Repayment Monies so lent with Interest accord[illegible]g to the Terms herein . . . after prescribed. . . . If this Plan is executed and succeeds as projected without inter[illegible]tion for one hundred Years, the Sum [illegible] then be one hundred and thirty-one [illegible]nd Pounds of which I would have [illegible]agers of the Donation to the [illegible]f Boston, then lay out at their [illegible]sc[illegible]on one hundred thousand Pounds [illegible]n Public Works which may be judged of [illegible]ost general utility to the Inhabitants [illegible]h as Fortifications, Bridges, Aqueduc[illegible], Public Building, Baths, Pavements or whatever may make living in the Town more convenient to its People and render it more agreeable to strangers, resorting thither for Health or a temporary residence. The remaining thirty-one thousand Pounds, I would have continued to be let out on Interest in the manner above directed for another hundred Years, as I hope it will have been found that the Institution has had a good effect on the conduct of Youth, and been of Service to many worthy Characters and useful Citizens. At the end of this second Term, if no unfortunate accident has prevented the . . . operation the sum will be Four Millions and Sixty one thousand Pounds Sterling, of which I leave one Million sixty one Thousand Pounds to the Disposition of the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston and Three Millions to the disposition of the Government of the State, not presuming to carry my views farther.

"All the directions herein given respecting the Disposition and Management of the Donation to the inhabitants of Boston, I would have observed respecting that to the Inhabitants of Philadelphia; only as Philadelphia is incorporated, I request the Corporation of that City to undertake the Management agreeable to the said Directions and I do hereby vest them with full and ample Powers for that purpose. . . .

"At the end of the Second Hundred Years, I would have the disposition of the Four Million and Sixty one thousand Pounds divided between the Inhabitants of the City of Philadelphia and the Government of Pennsylvania, in the same manner as herein directed with respect to that of the Inhabitants of Boston and the Government of Massachusetts."

Franklin died in April, 1790. His bequest to the town of Boston was accepted by the freeholders of the town at a meeting in Faneuil Hall in May, 1790. The Council of the city of Philadelphia likewise accepted the trust committed to them. The two sums were promptly paid over by the executors of Franklin to the designated representatives of the two cities, and by the end of 1790 Boston and Philadelphia had entered upon the administration of their respective trusts.

The story of these two bequests, the difficulties which were encountered in their administration, and the economic and social changes which affected them in the first century of their existence form an interesting record, not only in themselves, but in the light they throw upon the question of the management and perpetuation of philanthropic foundations.

It may be said by way of preface that Franklin's anticipations of the accumulations to be realized at the end of the first hundred years were not fulfilled. On July 1, 1891, the total fund accumulated by the Boston trustees was $391,000.

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The Philadelphia trustees had been less fortunate. At the end of the first hundred years they had in hand approximately $90,000.

Both of these sums seem small in comparison with the $650,000 which Franklin anticipated, but the disparity between the two results is perhaps even more noteworthy.

Both foundations appear to have been managed with scrupulous care. The fact is, as will be pointed out later, Franklin's plan was impractical. The difference between the results of the Boston and the Philadelphia accumulations, at the end of the first century, seems to be due in large measure to the fact that the Philadelphia trustees sought to operate the plan strictly in accordance with the provisions laid down by Franklin long after it had become clear that his plan would not work. Great effort was made in Philadelphia to find mechanics willing to make use of the money accumulated under the fund, but this anxiety to get the money into use resulted in a less rigid scrutiny of the trustworthiness of the borrowers, and a considerable sum was lost for this reason.

The two cities entered upon the second century of the Franklin trusts with some $72,000 remaining in the hands of the Boston trustees, and $20,000 in the treasury of the Philadelphia trustees. These will continue to accumulate till 1991, when they will be disposed of in accordance with Franklin's directions. In 1908 the managers of the Franklin fund of Boston were incorporated under the name of the Franklin Foundation. The trustees had in hand at the end of 1922 the sum of $320,000. Since 1870 the administration of the Franklin fund of Philadelphia has been in the hands of the board of directors of city trusts, an interesting agency for a city to create. At the end of 1922 the accumulation in their hands, to the credit of the Franklin trust, had grown to $76,000.

So they are off for the second-century lap, with Boston well in the lead but Philadelphia coming on at a good pace. It will be a fine run, and Franklin will get the worth of his money. Any prophecy as to the outcome in 1991 is scarcely worth while, particularly in view of the bad guess of shrewd old Ben himself. It is more interesting to turn to the story of the public work each city chose for itself at the end of the first hundred years, and to note some of the lessons that the story of the Franklin trusts has to impart.

In 1891 the Franklin trustees in Boston turned over to that city $329,300, and in like manner Philadelphia received from the directors of city trusts some $70,000. These respective sums were to be laid out, in accordance with Franklin's directions, "in Public Works which may be judged of most general utility to the Inhabitants, such as Fortifications, Bridges, Aqueducts, Public Building, Baths, Pavements, or whatever may make living in the Town more convenient to its People and render it more agreeable to strangers, resorting thither for Health or a temporary residence."

Many years elapsed before either of these sums and their accumulations became available. Litigation was begun in Philadelphia by some of the heirs of Franklin to break this codicil of his will, and neither city could make any disposition of its Franklin fund until this matter had been decided in the courts. Also the town of Boston had become an incorporated city in 1822. When this change was made it was assumed that the aldermen who composed the City Council became *ipso facto* the successors of the selectmen as managers of the Franklin fund. The city fathers had taken small interest in the management of the Franklin fund until they found that over $300,000 were available for expenditure. Immediately a plan was put forward, to which the aldermen lent a favorable ear, to invest the sum in a piece of land on Boston Harbor for a public park. The mayor of Boston at that time was Patrick Collins, an honorable, high-minded man. He regarded the action of the aldermen with suspicion, and on behalf of the city of Boston he raised in the courts the question whether the aldermen were in fact successors of the selectmen. The court decided that they were not, and it appointed an equal number of managers among well-known citizens of Boston, the mayor of Boston being named as, *ex officio*, a member of the board. It was not until all these complications were out of the way that the two cities could take up the question of the particular public work

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in which they would invest the Franklin bequests.

In Philadelphia the matter was concluded in 1908 when the board of directors of city trusts turned over to the Franklin Institute $133,076.46 which represented, with accrued interest, the proportion of the Franklin fund available at the end of one hundred years. It was used for the erection of a building for that famous institution, founded in 1824.

It is an interesting part of the Philadelphia story that in 1816 the city received from John Scott, of Edinburgh, the sum of $3,000 to be applied to the same purposes as the Franklin fund. This was not added to the Franklin fund, but was kept as a separate trust, known as The John Scott Loan Fund. At the end of 1922 this fund amounted to $67,974.91, of which sum $52,000 is available for some "public work."

By the year 1904 the various matters of litigation affecting the disposition and management of the Boston trust had been determined, and the board of managers, consisting of three ministers of the oldest churches and the nine trustees appointed by the court, found themselves in the possession of some $408,000 to be expended under the terms of Franklin's will in some "public work." The burning question was what "public work" would most nearly meet Franklin's desires and serve in the largest way the interests of the city of Boston?

Boston still retains, to a greater extent than any other American city, the tradition of the town-meeting. Attendance on the hearings of legislative committees, or of those held by commissions appointed by the governor of the State, is still one of the favorite sports of what is perhaps our most attractive city. The board of managers of the Franklin fund, following custom, held frequent meetings in order to give public opinion an opportunity to be heard as to the disposition of the sum in their hands, the property of the city of Boston. The projects proposed before the board displayed an infinite variety of imagination, but public opinion gradually crystallized about the notion that, as Franklin's original intention to aid apprentices had miscarried, some project in the direction useful to men in the trades would be a most appropriate use for this fund. The apprentice system no longer existed. But the facilities in America for training for the trades are limited. Those in the trades stand in need of some form of continuation school such as has been so highly developed in Europe, in which individuals anxious for improvement can better themselves in the knowledge and technique of their own trades. It was therefore finally decided that an evening school, with facilities for instruction in the fundamental sciences underlying the trades, and with laboratories for practical illustration, would best serve the purpose that Franklin had in view, and would supply a public need in the city of Boston.

To this general conclusion to which public opinion in Boston was led there was one exception. The labor unions through their representatives made strong objection before the board of managers to this use of Franklin's money. They expressed the fear that an evening school open to plumbers, carpenters, machinists, electricians, plasterers, and those employed in other trades, would breed up a group of independent journeymen who might be found useful to employers as strike-breakers. It is interesting to note that this unwise and ungenerous attitude was refuted by the subsequent history of the school established with Franklin's money. It is encouraging to find that labor leaders in the United States are wiser to-day in their attitude toward trade education than were those of twenty years ago. Most of them have come to realize that whatever makes for the better training of technicians is for the good of all members of society, including the members of labor unions.

When the board of managers of the Franklin Fund had come to the decision that the erection of such a school was the most fitting "public work" to which Franklin's money could be put, there still remained one difficulty to be overcome. Under the terms of the codicil the entire sum must be invested in the "public work" selected. In the simple old days before the Great War the $408,000 in the hands of the board of managers was sufficient to erect the requisite building and to equip it with the necessary labora-

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tories and machines. It was planned that the school should not be free, but that a moderate charge should be made to those who availed themselves of its instruction and its facilities. But for its full maintenance there was still needed an independent income such as would be produced by an endowment approximately equal to that of the accumulated Franklin fund. This obstacle seemed, at the moment, insuperable, but it was happily solved in the most unexpected way. I happened to be, at the time, chairman of the board of managers of the Franklin Fund. In the summer of 1904 I was in England and received a kind invitation to visit Mr. Andrew Carnegie at his summer home at Skibo, an invitation that college presidents seldom declined. In the course of an afternoon walk with Mr. Carnegie I told him the story of the Franklin trusts, of which, up to that time, he had never heard. He was greatly interested in the fact that $5,000 invested in 1790 had in the course of a little more than a hundred years grown to $408,000. He had also a keen admiration for Franklin, and his own experience had given him a hearty sympathy with Franklin's desire to be of service to men in the skilled trades. The project for such a continuation school therefore made a strong appeal to him, and without a moment's hesitation he volunteered to "match Franklin's $408,000" with a like sum in the five-per-cent first mortgage bonds of the U. S. Steel Corporation, as an endowment, thus removing the last obstacle to the plan which had been agreed upon.

In due time, therefore, the board of managers erected in the city of Boston a continuation school known as the Franklin Union Industrial School, which has ever since filled a most useful function in the community. I know of few more inspiring sights than to visit an evening session of this school and observe the earnest work of those engaged in self-improvement in their own vocations—plumbers learning the chemistry of their trade, carpenters anxious to better themselves in the knowledge of mechanical drawing and the understanding of building plans, machinists mastering the mathematical and physical bases of mechanical technique, or electricians seeking to know, not only the externals of their vocation, but the electrical theory upon which it rests. If Franklin could come back today in the flesh he would find no scene that would give him greater satisfaction than the sight of the fifteen hundred active-minded and interested students in the instruction-rooms and the laboratories of the Franklin Union in Boston. Here is done exactly the thing which he desired to do, namely, to afford to the honest and ambitious workman the chance to better himself in the knowledge and practice of his trade. It is the most fitting "public work" that could have arisen out of Franklin's gift to Boston. And it does not demoralize by offering something for nothing.

A man's acts are at bottom the outcome of his whole personality. To apprehend Franklin's reasons for the establishment of these trusts one must envisage his remarkable personality. His mind was one of the most versatile the world has known, always curious and sometimes whimsical. Through all his thinking and writing there is a thread of humor so subtle as to deceive at times the very elect. Balzac described him as the inventor of the hoax (le canard). More than one historian has solemnly discussed some of these canards as serious documents. Doubtless his motives in the institution of the two funds were mixed—the desire to testify to his affection for the two cities with which his life had been connected, the wish to be of service to struggling young artisans, the desire to dedicate his means to some large and increasing purpose. One cannot doubt, however, that the vision of $5,000 growing into millions had its fascination for the Poor Richard side of him. No doubt, too, he chuckled over the notion of enlisting two cities in a two-century competition in philanthropy. It was an adventure for B. Franklin, and his last!

Franklin's scheme was impractical from the economic point of view, and this was soon realized by the two boards charged with its administration. From the "book of applications" of the Boston managers it appears that some twenty-eight young mechanics applied for grants in 1791 in sums varying from $67 to $266. Many trades were represented in this group—brick-makers, tanners, silversmiths, hairdressers, saddlers, and the like. At the

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end of fifty years four hundred loans had been made by the managers of the fund to the class referred to in the codicil of Franklin's will. By that time the number of applications had dropped to approximately one a year. The board reluctantly recorded in its proceedings of 1836: "it is apparent . . . that the benevolent intentions of the donor have not been realized, and that, in the present condition of our country, it is not advantageous to married mechanics under the age of twenty-four years to borrow money to be repaid in easy instalments, at the low rate of interest; and the improvidence of early marriages may fairly be inferred. The great number of instances in which sureties have been obliged to pay the loans, has rendered it not so easy, as formerly, for applicants to obtain the required security."

The notion of a loan fund for the use of a designated group in the community is at best a doubtful enterprise. It can only be successful when the greatest possible latitude is given to those who administer it. Franklin, in his decision to confine the advantages of the fund to married apprentices of a stated age, and to safeguard at the same time the integrity of his capital by double sureties, imposed such restrictions as made a wide use of the fund impossible. In addition, within fifty years the apprentice system as Franklin knew it was fast disappearing. Society had accepted a new industrial organization.

Franklin's scheme had also a serious weakness when considered from the point of view of human philanthropy. He had grateful remembrance of the friend who had helped him in the days of his youthful struggle. He undertook to create an organization that might offer on a large scale the timely help a friend had given to him. Many kindly minded men of our day follow his example, prompted thereto by the recollection of some incident in their own experience. The weakness of all such organized giving, or lending, to individuals lies in the neglect of the personal relation. The aid that came to Franklin arose out of the personal intercourse of one man with another, out of which was bred a mutual confidence. Such a relation arises from the circumstances of close association as between man and man—between the man who seeks to aid and him who accepts aid. Such service is essentially personal. There are some things for which organized agencies are ill suited, and if they succeed at all it must be under a condition of great freedom and through the personality of some man who so gives himself to the cause as to create personal relations with those whom he seeks to aid. To meet in the course of daily life a young, earnest man or woman whom one is willing to trust is one thing. To set up an organization to go out and find such individuals and aid them is quite another, and the result cannot be compassed by fixed rules. There are some services in the social order so personal that they are best left to the ordinary reactions of right-minded and intelligent human beings. The funds being created to send boys to college come clearly in this category, and this without regard to the question whether college is the best place for the individual under consideration. The door to college is today so accessible to any ambitious boy or girl that foundations to encourage them along this path stand a good chance to do more harm than good.

Whatever may have been the weaknesses in Franklin's scheme it is encouraging to remember that its results at the end of the first century were for the good of both the cities he loved.

The accumulation at Philadelphia has given aid to an institution of high value and inspiration—the Franklin Institute. His gift to Boston has created a new agency—the Franklin Union, planned to meet the needs of our day and, so far as one can see into the future, destined to be a permanent source of encouragement and aid to men in the trades by the very process of self-help which Franklin most desired. The outcome of the first century of the Franklin trusts is a good one. The two gifts have served to aid the cause Franklin had at heart though in ways he did not anticipate, and they furnish some lessons in the creation and development of philanthropic trusts that all cities may well take to heart. To his ingenious and adventurous mind we owe an obligation not generally recognized—he preceded Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Rockefeller by a century in the experiment of the large philanthropic trust.

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The "New History": H. G. Wells and Voltaire

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD
Author of "Reflections on the Napoleonic Legend"

I

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON, Hendrik van Loon, Charles Richet, H. G. Wells—a variegated company and a goodly one—have recently been engaged upon the task of making History safe for Democracy. This is "The New History"; the old had been long enough a machine of war against all forms of radicalism.

We used to believe, in the days of our innocence, that History was a Science, and therefore as severely unpartisan as Algebra. The scholar had no ambition but to relate "things as they actually happened." The good old German who advanced that claim reminds us of the clergyman who found a gang of boys outbidding each other in the most outrageous lies—a yellow dog to be the prize of the boldest prevaricator: "Don't you know it is wicked to tell lies? *I* never told a lie in my life!" "*You* take the pup!" was the unanimous verdict.

"Things as they actually happened!" But what things? Here is the difficulty which makes "objective history" a dream. The best histories are those which note the reactions of sensitive souls amid the records of human hopes and follies. Not even the most tediously comprehensive chronicle could restore the past with all the infinitude of its details. Between the facts and the readers, two siftings have to take place: the first through the screen of the recorder's mind, the second through that of the critical interpreter or historian. There can be no history without selection, no selection without a criterion, no criterion without a doctrine. The doctrine may be implied, confessed or professed, chaotic or systematic, original or commonplace; but its presence at the very heart of the book can not be denied.

We do not need to know whether the author's name be Marco Saint Hilaire or Lanfrey in order to be sure that any "Life of Napoleon" is written with a bias, and if Professor W. M. Sloane demur, we shall add that a four volume "Life of Napoleon" must take it for granted that the Corsican played a notable part in human affairs—in other terms, that war, diplomacy, and government are the be-all and end-all of History: a very general assumption, no doubt, yet a very bold one. Exclusions may be no less symptomatic than inclusions, even though ignoring be due merely to ignorance. For H. G. Wells to expunge Dante out of the Middle Ages and—practically—Voltaire out of the period of Enlightenment, is a piece of flagrant partisanship, all the more hopeless because it is unconscious. Through such omissions, the strictly Anglo-Saxon and Protestant education of the World-Citizen stands revealed. Even the most scholarly investigations of Professor Dryasdust are not free from a fundamental slant. No book is confessedly futile; to pick up a subject is to accept a brief for its importance. The quiet paleographer who spends a lifetime in elucidating a cartulary is a martyr to an exacting faith—a faith which he tries to prove through his works, but which antedates and underlies his works. Unless, like Sylvestre Bonnard, he smilingly acknowledges that he is no better than the half-witted Russian prince who spent a lifetime collecting match-boxes.

Much of this, no doubt, is as true of other sciences as it is of History. The chief difference is that material phenomena can, as a rule, be indefinitely re-

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peated, with variations so slight or so easy to measure that they can be eliminated. Every historical event, on the contrary, is absolutely irreversible and unique. This makes the process of selecting a sequence of causes and effects much less automatic for the historian than for the physicist. History and physics both live by working hypotheses; but in history, the working hypotheses can never be put to the test. The "might have been" is ruled out of court.

But there is this in common between our paleographer and the man who tackles the entrancing problem "The Occurrence of Fifth Legs in Opossums": both are staking their time, their labor, their reputation upon the hypothesis that, somehow, the question is worth while. And, in the last analysis, "worth while" means "capable of practical application." The Servants of Truth do not select this or that particular province of Truth without a purpose. The sciences of haughtiest purity, like celestial mechanics, are, after all, but the aristocratic sisters of the useful arts. Pasteur enlightened the doctor, the cattle-breeder, and the brewer. In the same way, the most "disinterested" historian is dimly conscious that he is, or should be, the statesman's guide. (Methinks I see Professor Haskins, and other Peace Conference experts, smile a little wistfully.)

We may leave out of account books that were composed with too obvious a purpose, such as Lamartine's "Girondists," Carlyle's or Michelet's "French Revolution," Treitschke's "Germany in the Nineteenth Century," Froude's "England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth," Taine's "Origins," Chamberlain's "Foundations"; it remains certain that history can hardly be written except *ad probandum*. The "impartial" historian differs from the "Romantic" historian in the same way as a great business lawyer, who has other keen specialists to face, differs from the lawyer in a criminal case, who has to work on the feelings of a sentimental jury. Both have been retained, but under certain conditions the best tactics consist in stating adverse facts as fully as possible, so as to anticipate your opponent's arguments and make your own case unassailable.

Impartiality is not neutrality; only indifference can be neutral, and total ignorance alone can be indifferent. Impartiality is a promise to judge according to Law. But who made the laws, and who shall judge the laws, that are to rule history? Who can hold the balance even between Bossuet and Voltaire, or between Carlyle and Buckle? Here is a difficulty from which the sciences which deal with the physical universe are much freer than those that study the human mind.

History, "new" or "old," is therefore inevitably biassed, and the most scientific historian is the one who most openly confesses his prejudices. Historians are particularly compelled to take sides in the central problem of human affairs: conservation vs. progress. Individual historians, and among them some of the greatest, have been radicals. But on the whole, the weight of history has been thrown on the conservative side, until the word *radical* has become synonymous with *deficient in the historical spirit*. And this is as it should be. For the fundamental bias common to all historians, their professional deformation, is that history does matter; else they would be engaged upon some more profitable pursuit. The historian, as M. de la Palisse would have remarked, is essentially retrospective. He is the reverse of a Futurist: he is a Prophet of the Past. And this interest in the past enrolls him, willy-nilly, among the Anti-Democrats.

For Democracy, like all forms of radicalism, lives in the present, for the present and the future, damning the past. "Let the dead bury their dead," said One whom the Sans-Culottes claimed as their master. A community in which the first question is: "Who was your great-grandfather?" is thoroughly imbued with the historical spirit, and no less thoroughly free from any democratic taint. Democracy calls it justice that every man should reach the station he is fit for, irrespective of caste or previous condition of servitude. It denounces as abuses all hereditary privileges of rank or fortune; that is to say, all legacies from the past. In international politics, it seeks the will of the people *to-day*, caring naught for the treaty of Verdun, the treaties of Westphalia or the treaties of Vienna. Like its

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father, Rousseau, it wants to brush all facts aside—I mean all historical facts—because it believes that the changing surface of history conceals the facts that are basic and permanent.

In other words, Democracy is radical and unhistorical, in the same way as experimental science is radical and unhistorical. Lavoisier was a very great man, but a modern chemist can afford to ignore Lavoisier. Physiologists were once filled with reverence for tradition; Harvey and his disciples were branded as heretics, for Hippocrates and Galen had not taught the circulation of the blood, and Harvey was seeking to change human nature such as it had been officially known and taught for twenty-five hundred years. A physiologist, in our own days, follows neither Galen nor Harvey, but watches the blood as it flows.

The passion for history, which was such a prominent feature of the nineteenth century, was part and parcel of the Romantic reaction against rationalism. It was a nostalgic hankering for a vanished Arcadia. Gardens were adorned with ruins (cunningly fabricated); in the same way, feudal-sounding titles were cherished (even when they were of home manufacture). Chateaubriand and Walter Scott are among the promoters of the historical spirit, which was the spirit of romance. It was the time when Truth would not be recognized, unless it were moss-grown, nor Beauty revered, unless it were worm-eaten. But the first ringing challenge hurled by sentimental traditionalism against radicalism is found in Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution." There we find, in impassioned words, the doctrine that the growth of human institutions must needs be slow and practically unconscious. Against the hopes of rapid and purposive progress, held forth by the philosophers of Enlightenment, Burke dared to assert "the wisdom of prejudice." Living man is the mouthpiece of the dead, not of the unborn. In broad terms, we may say that Burke begat Carlyle, Carlyle begat Taine, and Taine begat Maurras, the brains of conservative France to-day. It was against Burke that Wilson tilted at the Paris Conference—and was worsted in the joust.

Romanticism, the Historical Spirit, and Reaction are not one and the same thing. But, in the nineteenth century, they frequently worked hand in hand. It was this invincible reverence for the past that made the progress of England so teasingly, so fascinatingly devious and sluggish. Conflicting with a more open radicalism, it turned the course of modern French life into a series of baffling whirlpools. Worst of all, it hurled Germany, the Germany of Kant and Goethe, the most *humane* of all nations, into the abyss of the Bismarckian-Hohenzollern Empire. There lived no man so historically minded as the late Kaiser, the restorer of mediæval castles and mediæval dreams.

This sense that History has been the handmaiden of reaction, and that it should escape from the thrall, is well expressed in the words of Henry Morse Stephens: "Woe unto us, professional historical students, professional teachers of history, if we cannot see, written in blood, in the dying civilization of Europe, the dreadful result of exaggerated nationalism as set forth in the patriotic histories of some of the most eloquent historians of the nineteenth century. May we not hope that this will be but a passing phase of historical writing, since its awful sequel is so plainly exhibited before us, and may we not expect that the historians of the twentieth century may seek rather to explain the nations of the world to each other in their various contributions to the progress of civilization, and to bear ever in mind the magnificent sentiment of Goethe: Above all the nations is humanity?"

Instead of prolonging into the present the interminable quarrels of the past, should we not seek in the past the germs of the present and of the future? Would to God that instead of treading in the footprints of Barbarossa, Jagellon, or Louis XIV, Europe would study its history in terms of the coming United States!

If historians achieve this, heeding the appeal of Morse Stephens and the example of H. G. Wells, if they find their way back from the *selva oscura* of nationalism to the highroad of humanitarianism, let them pause a moment and turn their heads: in the distance, nearly two hundred years back, they will descry the lean figure of Voltaire, pointing the way.

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II

We have alluded to the fact that H. G. Wells, the world-citizen and world-historian, is British to the backbone. Similarly, Voltaire, the most cosmopolitan of men, devoid of political patriotism to a scandalous degree, is at the same time racy of the French soil. We do not mean that Calvin, Pascal, Bossuet are in any sense foreign to the French spirit; but Voltaire is more exquisitely untranslatable, more typical, and at the same time more unique. He is not greater, he is emphatically not better; these are different questions. France produces more wheat than Champagne wine, and wheat is by far the more useful; but we can grow wheat in Nebraska. King Voltaire, the Patriarch of Ferney, is a symbol and a power; whoever cares to understand French civilization and its enormous influence should as a first step make friends with Voltaire.

But it is not merely as the smiling sphinx guarding the avenue to the spirit of France that Voltaire is of interest to modern historians; they ought to know, and they are apt to forget, that he is one of their craft and their most authentic master. The history of civilization has won the day so completely that its name might now disappear; there is no history but the history of civilization. Artificial barriers have been swept away, and the field of history has been extended far beyond mere politics, diplomacy, and warfare, and also far beyond classical antiquity and western Europe. Now, the founder of History as we understand it to-day is Voltaire and none other. "The whole modern conception of History comes out of Voltaire's 'Essay'," asserted Hettner. "Where Voltaire opened the way, other historians followed," said Professor Gooch, and Lanson: "After Bossuet, History had still to be created; after Voltaire, it had only to be perfected."

Yet, in spite of such tributes, there is a lurking prejudice that Voltaire is "shallow," a mere trifler, an unscrupulous and hasty polemist, incapable of embracing a vast and complex system. His incomparable gifts as a narrator are freely recognized; "the most readable, the most brilliant, the least pedantic of general histories," said Solomon Reinach in his "Orpheus," at a time when H. G. Wells was known only as a maturer Jules Verne. But Voltairianism has come to mean scoffing scepticism in epigrammatic form. Like the fabled Cheshire Cat, the figure of the Patriarch, dissolving slowly, has left nothing but his grin behind. H. G. Wells introduces him, rather ungratefully, as "that supreme mocker, Voltaire."

If by his "epigrammatic style," you mean extreme deftness of touch, a power of pricking the most gorgeous bubbles with an almost invisible shaft, common sense purged from anything commonplace, then I confess that Voltaire is hopelessly witty. But if you are thinking of buffoonery, or even of flippancy, you must have in mind his innumerable pamphlets, the delightful medley of his "Philosophical Dictionary," his light verse, his letters, perhaps his infamous "Pucelle"—but not his historical writings. I have just read over his "Essay on Manners" and his "Century of Louis XIV," and in those five big volumes, sufficient in bulk and value to establish the fame of any professional historian, I could find hardly a dozen sayings that were Voltairian in the superficial sense of the term. Whoever goes to the texts—and he will be amply repaid for his trouble—will have to concede Voltaire's seriousness of tone and purpose.

"Ah! but his temperament was unphilosophical, or unscientific! Granted that he was an earnest fighter; still, he was a fighter, and not a very scrupulous one." Says Professor Flint: "Keen, clear, boundlessly clever as it shows its author to have been, there is little trace in it [the 'Essay on Manners'] of the caution and comprehensiveness of judgment, the patient and methodical verification of opinions, the catholicity of feeling and control over temper, which all philosophy demands, and the philosophy of history more perhaps than any other kind of philosophy." There again, the criticism falls wide of the mark. Flint, safe and sane as he must have been, attacked the great "Essay" in words which fitly describe "The Questions of Zapata" or "The Canonization of Saint Cucufin."

Of course, the "Essay," like any other general history, is a compilation. Voltaire did not avail himself, like H. G.

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Wells, of the services of an editorial committee; but neither did he complete his book in a few months. The work is a critical digest of the best secondary authorities—and what else could be expected? We must not forget that Voltaire—unlike H. G. Wells—had trained himself as a serious historian, in the preparation of his "Century of Louis XIV"—a monument of first-hand, painstaking scholarship, in which he made use of printed sources and official documents, but also of memoirs and letters still in manuscript, and of interviews with survivors of the great age.

"Catholicity of feeling and control over temper" are qualities which, I confess, we are not accustomed to connect with the name of Voltaire. Yet we find them in a marked degree in his "Essay." No doubt he repeats: "*Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum!*"—but who has not quoted Lucretius? On the other hand, he no less emphatically affirms that no religion was ever created, that no religion could ever be maintained, for the purpose of teaching evil. This was directed against the attacks of certain orthodox Christians upon other faiths; but it also cut clear against the so-called Voltairians of his days and of later times, who claimed that the Catholic Church, and particularly the Jesuits, were deliberate agents of perversion. It is not merely by implication that Voltaire thus comes to the defense of organized religions; no one could be more definite in his tribute to the monks, and yet the monks were supposed to be his *bêtes noires*! "It cannot be denied that there have been great virtues in the cloisters; even now, there is hardly a monastery that does not shelter admirable souls, the honor of human nature. Too many writers find pleasure in seeking for the disorders and vices which sullied some of these pious retreats. It is certain that the secular [or laymen's] life has ever been more vicious, and that the greatest crimes were not committed in the monasteries; but they attracted more notice, on account of their contrast with the rule." Such fairness is all the more meritorious when you consider what a sorry spectacle many monasteries offered in the eighteenth century, according to such a stanch Catholic historian as Montalembert, and with what bitterness Voltaire himself was assailed; and especially what a devil of a temper he had to curb. But curbed it was, through two thousand pages.

Scholarly care, freedom from blinding passion, are the prerequisites of philosophy rather than philosophy itself. It is possible to maintain a "philosophical attitude" in writing history without having a philosophy of history. On this count, the arraignment of Voltaire is best put in Carlyle's thundering words: "The Divine Idea, which lies at the bottom of Appearance, was never more invisible to any man. History is for him not a mighty drama, enacted on the theatre of Infinitude, with Suns for lamps and Eternity as a background; whose author is God, and whose purport and thousandfold moral leads us up to the 'dark with excess of light' of the throne of God; but a poor, wearisome, debating-club dispute, spun through ten centuries, between the Encyclopédie and the Sorbonne."

Now, if by this is meant that Voltaire refused to write history as though he were, like Bossuet, the inspired expounder of Divine Providence, no exception can be taken to Carlyle's criticism. Only we beg to submit that such a conception is no longer accepted as history, or as philosophy, or even, except in village pulpits, as religion. A Providence constantly at work, responsible for the most trifling events in the world, would leave Liberty and Virtue bereft of any meaning. An intermittent Providence, interfering capriciously when "things have gone far enough," is hardly more conceivable to the modern mind. Victor Hugo, in whom were so oddly compounded the Seer and the Philistine, accounted for Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo in those fateful words: "*Il gênait Dieu!*" "He was in God's Way." Voltaire's comment upon such an explanation would have been a refined eighteenth century equivalent for "Bosh!" We may admit—Voltaire himself would have said we *must* admit—that there is in the Universe an Increasing Purpose, and that we may align ourselves with that Purpose, by doing the very best there is in us. But, when it comes to expounding in human terms what that purpose exactly is, and through what exclusive channels it operates, the world has

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grown hopelessly sceptical. It no longer sees in Bossuet's "Discourse on Universal History" the "Unfolding of the Divine Idea," but the unfolding of Bossuet's own mind, a mind powerful and richly stored, no doubt, yet a human and fallible mind. Much philosophy of history of the hierophantic type has been written since Augustine and Orosius, through Fichte, Hegel, Carlyle, Quinet, down to H. S. Chamberlain. It may clothe itself gorgeously with facts from the inexhaustible wardrobe of history; it is magnificent, but it is not science—at best pseudo-science, the spirit of alchemy and astrology applied to the course of human events. It belongs to the more austere class of fiction: metaphysical epics in historical garb.

If Voltaire eliminates Bossuet's Providence from the study of History, he does not substitute for it a Providence in disguise, in the form of some undefinable abstraction. Not that he believes the Universe to be sheer chaos. He is a resolute determinist. "In the mass of revolutions that we have seen from one end of the world to the other," he says, "there appears a fatal concatenation of causes, driving men just as sands and waves are driven by the winds." But we do not know enough to trace that chain far back into the past, and still less to follow it into the future. We know that all men had a long line of ancestors; but only a few have any record of what is, at best, a brief genealogy, and who could foretell which of the men now living will have a long line of descendants? As with men, so with events and institutions. It is idle to say, after the event: It was inevitable. Our best explanations may be traversed at any moment by what Voltaire called "the fatality of history," and what a modern historian like Seignobos would call "accident." Voltaire is full of ideas, but is a slave to none. He insists, as we shall see, upon the rôle of great men, without whom mankind would not have risen above the level of wild beasts; but that conception never becomes in his mind the doctrine of Heroes or Providential Men, so dear to Carlyle and to Napoleon III. He has no mystic faith in Democracy; indeed he and Carlyle might agree for once in defining their fellow creatures: "mostly fools." He believes in Progress; but he never asserts that Progress is inevitable, constant, and rectilinear. He stated in clear terms "the economic conception of History," but he is no worshipper of that most dismal of idols. He poked fun at Leibnitz's optimism; but he would not have spared Hartmann or Schopenhauer.

Has he no guide, then, but his apish whims? Must we accept Faguet's definition of his mind as "a chaos of clear ideas"? If a rigid system be the only conceivable form of philosophy, Carlyle and Faguet are right, for Voltaire has no cut and dried explanation of the universe to offer. But philosophy may have a different meaning; it may be summed up in a man's criteria. A criterion of thought: what is truth? A criterion of action: what is justice? A preconceived system too often warps these criteria. A historian who has "an inner idea to unfold," and promises to remain impartial, is like the man who vows that he will vote for the better candidate—provided his name be on the Democratic ticket. History reduced to a system is not philosophical; it is dogmatic. In his criteria, Voltaire, without being the thrall of any theory, is definite and consistent. He is clear in a manner most embarrassing to Carlyle, to Maurras, to all those who would teach us when a lie may be a truth and when an injustice may be right. He is a rationalist, and he is a humanitarian.

III

He is a rationalist. This does not mean that he places implicit faith in reason working in a vacuum. It was Rousseau, not Voltaire, who said: "*Commençons par écarter les faits!*" First of all, let us brush the facts aside! Voltaire would say: "First of all, let us collect the facts." He is impatient of fine-spun theories floating in mid air. Montesquieu had attempted to establish the connection between the love of liberty and a mountain habitat. But, replied Voltaire, the neighbors of the Swiss live in mountains and are not free, while there are no mountains in Holland. "It is singularly delicate, he adds, to find physical reasons for the nature of governments; but, above all, we must avoid attempting to explain that which does not exist."

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Voltaire's rationalism means that in the sifting of evidence, human reason is the final test. "Here is," he says after recording a miracle, "a thing which, according to several historians, cannot be denied without overthrowing the very foundations of history; but it is certain that no one can believe it without upsetting the very foundations of reason." We may be less prompt than Voltaire in denying facts for which we are unable to account. Those of us who are particularly moderate follow in the path of Renan's master, M. Quatremère, who accepted only "those miracles which were not too difficult to perform." Others are orthodox up to the second century, and confirmed Voltairians thereafter. We have introduced more subtle hypotheses than Voltaire's stock explanation, fraud working upon credulity. We call to our assistance abnormal psychology, individual and collective. But, with all these qualifications, and whatever may have been Voltaire's sins of omission and commission, his attitude, broadly speaking, is ours to-day. We may pause for a reason, while he rushed; but we do not accept, any more than he did, reasons that contradict Reason. The leaders of the movement against Rationalism and Liberalism would hate to be called Irrational and Illiberal. In their books, they *argue;* that is to say, they carry the cause before the tribunal of human reason, and recognize the Voltairian criterion. Even to their most defiant *Credo quia absurdum* they attempt to give logical cogency.

He is a humanitarian. The name evokes a shallow, maudlin flatterer of the people; Voltaire, as we know, is nothing of the kind. He is no democrat in the cheap political sense, no believer in the divine wisdom of the masses and in their idyllic innocence; no one has more mercilessly flayed the rabble. Yet he truly writes of his work: "I consider therefore in general the fate of men rather than the vicissitudes of thrones. It is upon mankind that history should have centred its attention; then it was that each writer should have said his *Homo sum;* but most historians describe battles."

The spectacle of the universe is infinitely varied, as the result of "custom," or tradition. Of this picturesque diversity, Voltaire is well aware; but he finds the same human nature everywhere under that variegated cloak: "Everywhere, Nature has placed in the heart of man self-interest, greed, pride, and all passions. No wonder that history should be an almost uninterrupted sequence of crimes and disasters." The institutions which embody pride and greed, and which so far have occupied the centre of the stage, are the evil spirits of mankind. They are: absolutism in government and in religion, *i. e.*, the craving for conquest, exploitation, intolerance. The government of the sword is vehemently denounced by Voltaire; but, as we all know, his worst shafts are directed against religious fanaticism. Fanaticism has caused blood to flow like water through the ages, and is not sated yet. It is *L'Infâme*, the Beast, that must be crushed.

From what precedes, it is obvious that Voltaire is no lover of the past. He is delighted, on the contrary, with the more refined aspects of his own time:

> "O l'heureux temps que ce siècle de fer!"

and he is looking for better times to come. But, as history was, up to his day, the record of war, diplomacy, and government by privileged classes, it struck him as a tissue of brutality, deceit, and oppression. So he has been accused, even by such a liberal as Lanson, of lacking the essential gift of the historian, sympathy. The Romanticists succeeded much better in "catching the spirit" of the Middle Ages than Voltaire, who saw in that period but a weary chaos of superstition and violence.

It may be so; but sympathy may easily be overdone or misdirected. The spectator who wept over Holophernes, "so wickedly done to death by Judith," was unquestionably sympathetic. So was the good little boy who, looking at a picture representing martyrs in the Roman circus, was "so sorry for that poor lion who handn't any Christian to devour." You cannot glow with Romantic sympathy for Catherine de Médicis without some slight injustice to Coligny; to "catch the spirit" of Cromwell is rather rough on the Irish; did they not have a spirit to be caught too? Even in the Middle Ages, we know that there existed a few people not ideally

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satisfied with things as they were—we have only to name, pell-mell, the Waldensians, the White Hoods, Etienne Marcel, the Jacques, Roger Bacon, John Ball, Wickliff, the Lollards; and there must have been many more that were *spurlos versenkt*. Why should we espouse too completely the fierce prejudices that crushed them? Were not the oppressed just as "mediæval" and just as picturesque as their oppressors? Should our sympathy be an eternal *Væ Victis*? Voltaire is as sympathetic as Joseph de Maistre, who extolled the virtues of the Inquisition; only his sympathy went to the men who were roasted alive. As a matter of fact, modern research has come to conclusions more nearly akin to those of Voltaire than to those of the Romantic historians. The idyllic Middle Ages, "when knighthood was in flower," have gone to the scrap-heap; and the sober books of a J. Luchaire, for instance, would have been pronounced iconoclastic a hundred years ago.

Certainly Voltaire is not indifferent; neither is Carlyle, for that matter. He loves his kind too fiercely not to be a good hater. He shows his sympathy not merely in his denunciation of evil-doers but in upbraiding the victims for their foolishness. He is not indulgent; indulgence is the worse form of contempt. Renan, who preached, and sometimes practised "*Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner*," defined his own attitude as one of "transcendental disdain." From such superciliousness Voltaire is blissfully free.

Out of the whole past, Voltaire admired only a few splendid periods, and he did ample justice to one of them in his "Century of Louis XIV." But, since he did not like the rest, why should he write about it at all? It cannot have been a pleasant task; we feel, under the smooth, alert prose, the quiver of the man who, on the anniversary of Saint Bartholomew's Night, would burn with fever. What business has a progressive, a contemner of the past, Voltaire or H. G. Wells, to turn historian?

The answer is: "Self-defense." The past was not dead; the past never dies. All the abuses that Voltaire was combating were survivals intrenched in historical citadels. When Voltaire was "embastilled" for having resented the drubbing that some high-born scamp had directed his lackeys to give him, it was the ghost of feudal pride and violence, still potent, that obscured for him the fair light of the eighteenth century. When poor La Barre, a mere child, was sentenced to mutilation and the stake for a boyish indiscretion, it was the fierce spirit of mediæval inquisitors that armed the executioners. Voltaire was no revolutionist, only a reformer. But reconstructive work may involve some blasting, and certain traditions happened to stand in the way. His motto was: War to abuses! But abuses, privileges, superstitions were all fragments of a past that had refused either to mend or to end. Had the past honestly given up the ghost, Voltaire might, like Renan, have wrapped it piously in a purple shroud. The past was not ready for embalmment then; it took Voltaire and the French Revolution's titanic efforts before racks, fires, and dungeons could be made safely enjoyable for the Romanticists.

So we have this paradox of Voltaire, after Bayle, taking up history as a battering ram against tradition. "A judicious mind," he says, "reading history, is almost constantly engaged in refuting it." He is frankly iconoclastic; perhaps the responsibility lies with his predecessors, who had set up idols. History is useful only as a warning: it shows us a few of the innumerable ways in which things should not be done. "The only reason why we should know the history of that time [Louis XI]," he says, "is in order to despise it. If princes and private persons did not find some lesson in learning the vicissitudes of so many barbarous governments, our time could not be worse employed than in reading history."

He is therefore writing with a purpose, and that purpose is: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." We were thralls to the past; he dared to look at the past full in the face, and found it not so very respectable after all. Well, it had to be done; it was efficiently done, and even the worst opponents of Voltaire have profited by his work. But it would be rank injustice to see in Voltaire a mere wrecker. There is a positive side to his sixty years of ardent campaigning. His

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life, with its frills of indecencies and futilities, was earnest and consistent enough at the core. His philosophy of history offers no panacea, but a definite, liberal, and manly doctrine. And there we rejoin our friends the "New Historians."

For the innumerable ills that human society is heir to, there is little hope of a remedy to be found in the people themselves. At best they have a vague instinct for order, which makes them responsive to leadership. *Salvation comes from the few.* These few are not the born aristocrats, grown crass and callous in the enjoyment and defense of their privileges. They are not exclusively the inspired prophets, whose teachings are so soon captured and distorted by fanatics. Just as seldom are they kings and conquerors, although Alexander, Charlemagne, Alfred, Louis of Hungary and Poland, Dom Henry of Portugal are singled out for praise. These names stand for the anonymous company of the soldiers of civilization, a company whose ranks are ever open. Voltaire's theory of Great Men has little in common with the usual conception of Supermen. Their greatness consists, not in self-assertion, but in service. These men appear here and there, spots of light in the murk of barbarism. At favored times, they are numerous enough to congregate and form a *civilization*, which is essentially collective, a social product: thus the ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo X, of Louis XIV. Let them organize, and these centres of light will increase, and darkness will permanently recede: "Thus you will see, in this vast picture of human follies, the opinions of theologians, the superstitions of the rabble, fanaticism in ever varied forms, but constantly bent upon plunging mankind into brutishness and calamities; until the time when a few academies, a few enlightened societies, have caused our contemporaries to blush for so many centuries of barbarism." Voltaire's key to human progress therefore is not democracy, not tradition, not priestcraft, and not force of arms: it is *an open, but organized, aristocracy of enlightened service.*

Whence do these Samurai—to borrow a term from Voltaire's younger brother, Wells—derive their inspiration? From Religion: the universal religion, the natural religion, the religion taught by all religions, and which Voltaire summed up exactly like Jesus: "Love God and love thy neighbor." "Religion has been used all over the world for evil purposes, but everywhere it is instituted to lead to goodness, and whereas dogma brings with it fanaticism and war, morality inspires everywhere the love of concord."

Is this mere moralism? It transcends moralism, for it is touched with emotion. I could quote scores of passages—the most truly Voltairian of them all—revealing his noble impatience, his burning desire for progress, his grief, his indignation over the crimes of history. "My pen falls from my hand, when I see the way in which men have treated men." "How slowly, with what difficulty, is mankind getting civilized and society more perfect!" Are we not reminded of Carl Becker's splendid phrase giving the keynote of Wells's History: "The adventures of a generous soul among catastrophes"?

It seems a thankless task to urge a plea in favor of Voltaire. All that he has to say is so trite, fit only for the arch-Philistines Joseph Prudhomme and Monsieur Homais! Praise be to Burke, to the Germans, and to the Romanticists, we are now more subtle and more profound!

But are we as honest?

Perhaps the world does need to reconquer a thorough grasp of eighteenth century platitudes. Vast realms of thought were overrun by splendid barbarians in the nineteenth century, with results which are still under our eyes. The Romantic glamour is fading, the Romantic din is hushed; and across the ruins, the message of Voltaire is reaching us once more, thin and clear: "Nonsense is nonsense, a crime is a crime, however magnificent they may seem. Seek the truth, do the right, and worship no idols." So long as we have with us the heirs of Carlyle, Treitschke, and H. S. Chamberlain, it will not be amiss to raise again Voltaire's time-honored standard: Reason and Humanity.

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The Rich Man's Son

BY ELIZABETH NAIL CARSTAIRS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT W. AMICK

AT twenty-one he came into his millions, but even before that catastrophe he was a modern raised to the *n*th power, a past master in the arts of high-powered automobiles, high-powered airplanes, high-powered women.

"To Get Action" was his creed, whereupon the fellows of his set were amazed when he actually "staid put" a month on end on his M—— County ranch, even though the occasion happened to be his honeymoon.

To keep him in any given place so long was a direct achievement on Anne's part, for, ordinarily, according to schedule, he would have covered considerable territory in that time.

To tell the truth, Tom Whitfield, Jr., was amazed himself. He would not have believed it possible to have such a good time on the old Tumbling T (⊥). To begin with, Anne was "a dead game sport." She spurned the gentle ponies, and chose "Hornet," "Cayenne," "Dun Devil." A native Texan—"Texican," as Tom called her—she gave to every movement of her mount like a swimmer to a swell.

They blazed new trails through thick growth of live-oaks, elms, mesquite, pecans; they discovered new places to fish and swim; they covered so much country that, for the first time in his life, Tom, showing off before the wife, was able to discuss more or less intelligently with old Tex, his foreman, intricacies of cattle, grass, tanks, fences.

His belated interest evoked facetious comment from the cowboys stretched on the front porch after supper.

"Looks like young Tom means to take hold and run the outfit," speculated Red.

"He'll never do it," asserted Slim oracularly. "He's just showin' off before the bride. It'll take all his time to keep up with the latest sports cars and flying-machines."

Then said old Tex, foreman, reminiscently:

"Lord! the store the old man used to set by that boy. Many's the time I've heard him say—nigh bustin' with pride—that he was a-goan a-make a cow-man of him, and a cow-man right. And now look at him! The only thing about him that even smells like a cow-man is his Stetson, and it's undersized. It ought to be against the law to raise a child and never deny him a dollar. It was his mother as ruined him, though. She just would send him off to college. The old man raised hell at the time, and he was right. The kid ain't never been worth shootin' since."

"Some honeymoon, I'll say," spoke up another cow-puncher. "Them machines is bein' neglected sumpun' awful."

"That's because he's got a new toy."

"Wonder how long this one will last?" Red speculated, lighting a cigarette.

"Six months at the outside," quoth the oracle.

"I ain't never had much use for women," said old Tex dryly, "but I like her eyes. She looks like the kind that shoots straight."

Therefore the honeymooners were made welcome when they joined the boys for dinner in the pasture. Squatting on his haunches, old Tex broiled bacon on a forked stick, then peeled onions with his pocket-knife. All was seasoned with the best sauce in the universe—an outdoor appetite. And when they had finished, Tex told Anne he would salt the cattle, that she might see the finest herd in the country.

Cupping his mouth with his hands, he gave the call: three long, loud notes, sung in a high, descending scale of thirds. He repeated it over and over. It had been

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handed down, he explained, from "the old man," who had been the first cowman he had ever known to salt range cattle by hand.

"Makes a powerful difference in handlin' a herd," he told her. "When the old man first come to this country, the cattle was wild as antelope."

Then from all directions, down mountainsides, across canyons, sharply silhouetted along ridges, trails of cattle could be seen coming in. Leisurely they came, nevertheless eventually arrived in sniffing, jostling hundreds—red, white-faced, curly, blooded brutes, each a picture in himself. Riding through the herd, Tex circumscribed one circle after another, putting out salt by the handful upon rocks, whenever possible, to prevent waste.

Enthusiastically Anne expressed her admiration.

Swelling visibly with pride, old Tex told of the blue ribbons "our stuff" had won, but claimed they were not up to par just then because it was so "powerful dry."

Tom, Jr., guffawed.

"I've never seen the time, Tex, when you weren't hollering for rain."

"Well, we shore need it now," declared Tex, shaking his head ominously.

The presence on the ranch of Jack Prescott, geologist, added to their happiness. He was an old friend of both, and to Anne might have become a great deal more, had it not been for what Tex characterized as her straight-shooting. She had preferred to cement a friendship, rather than dangle the scalp of a rejected suitor.

Prescott had just been sent out by his company to make a location for an oil-well on Tom's hundred thousand acres. The men had been classmates at college, where Jack had worked his way through to obtain the precious education Tom had practically thrown away. The couple spent a night never to be forgotten in his camp. Under the whole of heaven, with its magic coloring, they talked far into the night, laughing over pranks of college days, and days that followed, until the liquid sunset gold faded into shell pink, and terra-cotta, then deepened into legendary blues and purples, and an unbelievable orange moon rose right out of a mountain. "Even the moon looks different out here," said Anne quietly. "Everything is different," the geologist said, his life's passion, the out-of-doors, in his voice.

When they returned to town they were caught up in the social maelstrom. Although there were other things that would have appealed to Anne more than keeping up with the set, keeping up with Tom Whitfield, Jr., was a horse of a different color. The parties were, at times, to say the least, a bit wild, but Anne would have been the last to show propriety-shock, for she knew her husband.

But for all his vaunted sophistication, Tom was really the very last to see that he was being angled for by Babs Owen. Be it said, however, in vindication of his paraded worldliness, that the lady was very adroit with hook and line. Nothing delighted her more than to go up with him in his airplane; also she had a passion for moonlight swimming, and constituted herself his pupil in deep diving.

Time came when, oftener and oftener, Anne was left to spend her evenings alone.

Then one night the gentleman did not come home at all. He made a landing the next morning, and he and Babs came straggling in, telling a wild tale of an aeronautic adventure. Following a bright light, which they had taken for another plane, they had chased it all night, only to discover, in the end, that it was a planet. Anne laughed with them, and called them "crazy," and poured their coffee with her own hands; but upon Babs's departure, the temperature took a sudden drop.

"Don't be a grouch, Anne," said Tom, at a stroke shifting the blame upon the woman, like the true son of Adam that he was. But as the ice did not thaw: "See here, Anne," he snapped peremptorily, "I've never stood for a scene from anybody, not even from the mater, and I'm not going to stand for it now."

Dignified silence on Anne's part.

"Honestly," said Tom, disgusted, "I gave you credit for being more broad-minded. Why! You're positively provincial."

"Your views are something other than broad-minded," declared Anne. "I should characterize them as . . . elastic."

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"You are not called upon to characterize my views," snapped the modern husband. "You are you, and I am I. Merely being married doesn't even make us blood-relations."

"Why, so it doesn't," agreed Anne icily.

She took up a book.

Tom left home.

And so ended their first quarrel.

He had been gone nearly a week before Anne found out that he and Babs were in New York City. Her informant said they had left town by different trains, but nobody had been taken in by that hoary ruse.

Also Mrs. Whitfield, Sr., was more than commonly considerate. "There's only one way to get on with Tom, my dear," was her counsel, "and that is to let him have his own way."

Being a modern herself, Anne's face was inscrutable, her manner quiescence personified; whereupon Mrs. Whitfield was reassured. Here, indeed, was the wife for Tom: no tears, no scene, no melodramatics. In choosing his wife, her son had succeeded signally in pleasing her, although his aim, as usual, had been preeminently to please himself.

In Tom's unforwarded mail, several letters had accumulated from old Tex. In sheer number they constituted a grave alarm, for it was well known that it was easier for Tex to run the ranch a year than to write a single letter. But there lay the laborious scrawls; mute testimony to something gone radically wrong. As his epistolary efforts failed, Tex called Mrs. Whitfield, Sr., on the long-distance phone. His voice alone was enough to forewarn her of catastrophe. They were in the midst of a terrible drouth, the worst in history; grass burned up; cattle dying; impossible to ship because he could get no cars; they had barely water enough to last thirty days. Would she wire Tom, Jr., to come at once? He wanted him to see the situation for himself. No man could be expected to believe it.

To the wire she sent, old Tex received the following characteristic answer:

"Cheer up, Jeremiah! If we lose every hoof on the ranch, we can go out and buy more.

TOM WHITFIELD, JR."

Over which, to Jack Prescott, geologist, old Tex burst into profanity nothing short of classic!

"His old daddy spent a lifetime breedin' up this herd, and that chicken-salad eater ain't got no better sense than to believe he can go out and *buy* more. *Buy* the Tumblin' T herd! Strangest thing in the world how such a *big* man can have such a peanut for a son. I wish to God old Tom Whitfield was alive! He beat any man I ever seen to win out after everybody else had done laid down."

Upon her return, Babs lost no time in calling upon Anne. Her visit was the refinement of cattish machination, claws barely concealed beneath soft words with double meaning.

When Anne admired her exquisite new string of pearls, Babs toyed with it brazenly, while casually mentioning that she had run into Tom, Jr.—"oh! quite by accident, my dear"—at Forty-second and Broadway. She admitted that they had then done a few stunts together around the little old town, which was nothing short of an act of charity on her part, for if ever a man needed a heavy chaperon. . .

Eyes walled heavenward told the rest.

"You certainly were a new-born lamb, dearie," she laughed, "to turn Tom loose."

Before she left, Babs patronizingly informed Anne that her husband would be home the next day; nor did she forget to mention that they had a date to make a flight the coming week-end. She was radiant, for Tom had promised she might pilot the machine. Tom's wife was game enough to wish her luck, with the poker face of her generation.

Anne suffered Gethsemane, but showed it not. Weeping over a man was as much out of fashion as a waistline and hoop-skirts. For all her catty friend-rival could see, her composure was complete. But underneath, deep down, turmoil seethed. What was she to do? Should she sit quietly by and allow Tom to find her waiting for him upon his return, and take her presence quite as a matter of course? At the thought, all that was Anne rebelled. Pride surged tumultuously. She knew why Lucifer fell. To-

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morrow Tom would be here, probably acting as though nothing had ever happened. How could she ever get through with it? Then at the coming week-end, he and Babs . . . The thought stifled her; she could not bear it. Tom was tired of her; that was very evident; it was the beginning of the end. At least she could save a few shreds of self-respect. He should never say that she had gotten under his feet. She felt desperate. At that moment a close-up of Jack Prescott was projected upon the mental screen. Had she acted upon first impulse, jealousy and wounded pride would have driven her into his arms, but upon second thought she reflected that decent women don't do such things. And for all her high spirit, she merely did what thousands of other unhappy wives had done before her, she very tamely and decorously went home to her mother.

Even here she tried to conceal the fact that anything was wrong, but in such matters the mother sense is unerring. Mrs. Newton could not help noticing a telltale lack of letters; and once when Anne was singing a love-song, she broke off abruptly in the middle of it, took her coat and hat, and went for a long walk in the country.

It was with grave apprehension that the mother saw her come into the actual possession of the calm which she outwardly affected. Here, she knew, in this deep, inward composure, was cause for genuine alarm, heightened to the danger-signal when unaffected by the arrival of the recalcitrant himself. Tom felt it the moment he entered the room. It was like a stone wall between them. Had she wept, stormed at him in jealous rage, he could have met the situation; but when she was so calm, so courteous, so considerate, he hadn't the slightest idea what to do. She was so utterly kind—that was what hurt—and, yet, somehow, she had receded. She seemed a million miles away. Try as he would, he could not reach her.

Awkwardly enough he began his suit for reconciliation. "I've been a fool, Anne," he blurted. "I've carried this thing too far. I can see it now. But even if it is too late, I should like you to know that it has been bravado on my part. There has never been anything wrong. I got it into my head you were trying to boss me—that's all, and nobody has ever done that."

"You mustn't think I am angry with you, Tom," she said. "I'm not even jealous any more. I was at first, of course, but I think you'll admit it was ridiculous of me to be jealous of Babs."

"I should say so," he agreed emphatically. "Then what is it, Anne, if you are not angry with me?" His tone was an endearment.

"Come over here and sit down," she said, "and I will try to explain. I don't know whether I can make myself clear to you just at first," she continued, "but I am sure that I am right. You see I have had such a lot of time to think things out."

"The more fool I!" said Tom, looking out from under drooping lashes.

"You don't love me any more, that's the trouble." He said it as though speaking to himself.

"I am afraid that's it," Anne answered slowly.

She saw him droop. "I've been a fool," he cried. "I had you—and I lost you."

"I don't want to hurt you, Tom," she told him, "it was all my fault. I should have known better—should have known it wouldn't work—but you were so wilful—so determined—you simply took me quite by storm."

"You made me believe that you were happy," he cried, "and God knows I was."

"I thought that I was happy," she said, smiling, "but I know now it was just a fool's paradise. Oh! Tom," she cried, "you can't realize—you who have always had everything—what a difference you made in my life. It was as though you had waved a magic wand. Then, too, everybody considered you such a good catch. Altogether it was enough to sweep a girl off her feet."

"Is there anything you want, Anne? I'd do anything for you in the world."

"There you go—you see," said the girl excitedly, "*give—give—buy—buy*, that is precisely the thing that has come between us. Oh! Tom, you don't understand that money is the very cheapest thing in all the world."

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"I notice everybody is after it just the same." There was a sarcastic curl to the lip of the young millionaire.

"I have given you the right to say that to me." The admission caused her cheek to burn.

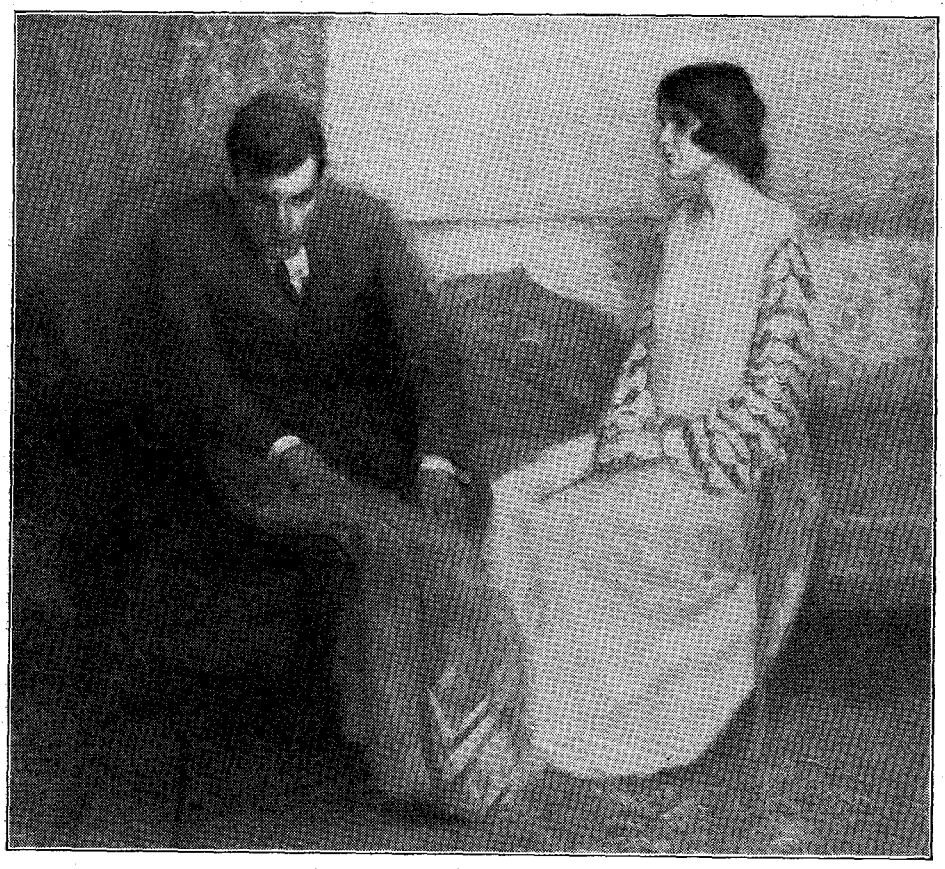
"My God, Anne," he cried, "don't take me for *that* kind of rotter. It's the power money gives that people are after—yes, that all the world and his wife are after. You haven't the first idea what it will do. It's your best friend, I tell you. Don't ever fool yourself. Money will buy almost anything—almost anybody."

"Well, I'm going to prove to you that it won't buy me."

"A man makes a woman he can buy his mistress, not his wife. Oh! Anne, what is this thing that has come between us? Tell me, for God's sake!"

"Can't you see, Tom? It is a hopeless difference in our outlook. To you—to your set—life is just a riotous carnival—a treadmill of the senses—a mad whirl for pleasure—round and round—like a squirrel on a wheel."

"What else is there to do?" he asked impatiently; "after all, one must be amused." He was quite obviously bored. "There is such a thing, you know, as taking oneself too seriously."



"I've been a fool," he cried. "I had you—and I lost you."—Page 488.

"I'm aware of that," she countered. "Nevertheless, I mean to have a try. I'm not going on frittering my life away."

"Oh! Lord, Anne," he said disgusted, "you've been alone too much."

She called him up sharply: "Have you no ambition—no desire to be anybody—to do anything on your own?"

"Gee whiz! I don't have to work. What would you have me do? Pick cotton?"

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"Why not? That would be one way of justifying your existence."

"That *is* a hot one! You talk as though I had no right to encumber the face of the earth."

"Well, what right have you? What have you ever done except to be—just a rich man's son?"

"Are you a Bolshevik?"

She ignored the imputation. "You bear a name that stands for something," she went on. "Take your father now. There was a *man!* Worked his way up from a poor country boy right to the top. He was a success—a leader—a man that men looked up to. He didn't spend his time going round on a wheel."

"Oh! I guess it's no use," said Tom dejectedly. "How you must despise me!"

"Oh! Tom," said Anne, "I don't mean to be unkind. I am not blaming you. It is really your mother's fault. She robbed you of your thrashings and all the rest that goes to make a man and—she ruined our lives."

"Ruined . . .? You mean . . .?"

"I'm sorry, Tom, but since you have been away I have gotten down to *real values*, and—I can't go on."

He rose slowly, took his hat, and stood a moment irresolute, fumbling the peace-offering that lay still unwrapped in the depths of his coat pocket. It was a magnificent dinner-ring, and as he hesitated, and looked at Anne, the thing suddenly turned to dross beneath his touch.

He longed to take her in his arms, to hold her to him and never let her go, but all he did was to extend his hand.

They said good-by as friends might have done, without another word.

The place that had been home to him was suddenly metamorphosed into a big, empty house. Her bedroom was just as she had left it—ivory—filet—soft pink, pervaded with that subtle suggestion of roses that meant Anne, but had it been stripped, it could not have seemed more desolate. With all his old standards crumbling beneath him, Tom settled himself in a library chair to read, but he could not concentrate.

On a table near by stood a photograph of his father. He studied it—dissected it—feature by feature—as analytically as a portrait-painter might have done. Here was the man Anne had held up as his model. Her words came back to him: "You bear a name that stands for something." People had always told him that he resembled his father. Then he began to wonder if he resembled him in anything besides looks—if he had inherited anything besides his name and fortune—to wonder if he had inherited any of his ability—if he could ever "do things"—be "a man that men looked up to." He took an inventory of his stock in trade. There were only three things that he could do, really—dance, "chauf," pilot a plane—and he did not believe that he could make his mark at any one of them. What would he do, anyway, if he were forced to earn his living? Of course he knew how to drive a car, any old kind of a car, for he bought two a year, always of a different make—but good Lord! he couldn't be a chauffeur. Under the new test his attitude changed toward men who make their own way. He looked up to them, instead of down on them. He wished ardently that his father were alive. His father would help him find himself. Then all at once he recalled an excerpt from old Tex's letter: "I wish to God old Tom Whitfield was alive! He could save this herd, and he's the only man that could." *Old* Tom Whitfield! It was the second time he had been told that he was unworthy to be his father's son. An idea struck him, stiffened to resolution, galvanized him into action. He made up his mind to go to his ranch.

Once on his own domain, he looked around at the vast acreage his father had left him, with new eyes. Hitherto he had regarded it as an inexhaustible though insufficient source of supply—something to drain continuously, but never to replete. He began to think of it more as a trust than a possession. As he looked around him at the ruin the drouth had wrought, once more Anne's words came back to him. This, then, was what had happened while he had been going "round and round on a wheel." Reproachfully he reflected that his father would have done something—would have found some way out before it was too late, while he, unthinking, had left everything to old Tex—as faithful a foreman as ever lived—but still a foreman, who had always depended upon "the old man" to take the initiative.

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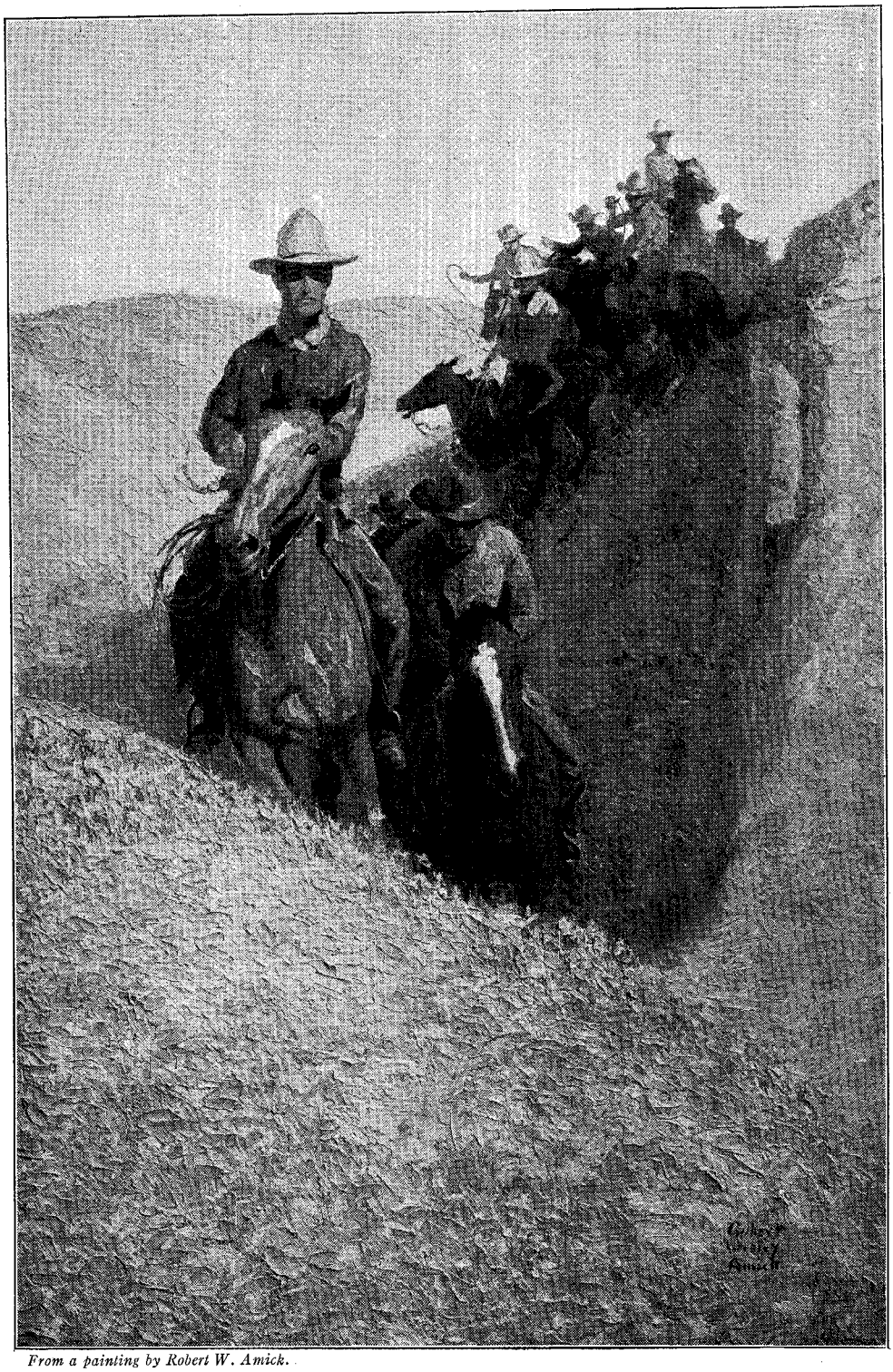

From a painting by Robert W. Amick.

There was not a mother's son among them but what fell in line.—Page 492.

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The desolation of the country through which he passed on his way to his ranch-house would have enriched the imagery of "The Inferno." The parched earth was ashen with a choking dust that clouded and composed the atmosphere. Oaks a hundred years old along the red-clay river-bank were shrivelled—dead. Cadaverous cattle stripped beans from mesquite-trees, prickly-pears from thorny cacti, crowded around home corrals to die, agonizingly bellowing, day and night. In their wake came raucous ravens and a pestilence of flies. Even drinking-water was scarce. It had to be hauled twelve miles from town, where it had previously been shipped by rail.

Old Tex was the epitome of gloom. He had never a word for any one, least of all for Tom. He seemed to have but one aim left in life. Every evening from a little knoll he would watch the sun go down, scanning the west, as though his life depended upon it, for the vestige of a cloud. But night after night he would return, head down, body bent, walking like an old man, for always and always the sunset would be red, a sign which the Bible itself says is an augury of dry weather.

Then one night Tom threw a thunderbolt in their midst by announcing that they would start to round up the next morning. All cattle strong enough would be shipped.

Old Tex considered this an impossibility owing to the weakened condition of the stock. He was shown a couple of convincing telegrams. Tom had sent the following message to the president of the road, an old friend of his father's:

"*Nearly ruined by drouth. Damn your hide, send me cattle cars at once. If you don't, I'll come after them.*"

To which he received the following reply:

"*Cars on the way. You are your father's own son. I wish you luck.*"

Another telegram proved that he had leased a pasture in the Panhandle.

At daylight Tom Whitfield, Jr., was the first man in the saddle. Catching his mount, old Tex heaped curses upon his head.

"It can't be done, I tell you. Them cattle ain't strong enough to be choust around. You're just hurrying the end. There ain't a man nor horse can stand it. You'll kill us all."

"All *quitters* have my permission to lay up in the shade," shouted Tom, as he set spur to his cow-pony. "Let the white men follow me."

There was not a mother's son among them but what fell in line. Day after day in a heat that threatened to destroy men, cattle, horses, slowly perforce, with the proverbial patience of Job, they rounded up one pasture after another, culling the strongest stock-cattle, heifers, cows, bulls; a remnant of the famous herd, which, if saved, would constitute what Tom called "seed."

At last the day arrived to ship. By sun-up the herd was under way, but by 9 A. M. horses were already in a white froth and poor cows lagging. They still had six miles to go. With every hour the task appeared more insuperable. The heat was terrific. Their horses gave out. Drinking-water was all used up. They were hurling their bolts against Olympus.

When three horses had given out under him, Tom got in behind the herd afoot, cracking his quirt, yelling, spurring his men on to follow.

"We'll never make it. You're a madman," old Tex exclaimed wildly. "You've ruined us world without end."

But with the indomitable will to overcome obstacles handed down to him by generations of pioneers, old Tom Whitfield's son held his post, cracking his quirt, yelling inspiritingly, encouraging, urging, goading, driving them on, step by step, inch by inch, until at last the stronghold of the gods yielded, and the impossible was attained.

When they had really reached the stock-pens and the cattle were actually loaded, and the cars jerked and clanked, old Tex, in the caboose, wore the ghost of his former smile. He was going to green pastures in the Panhandle with his precious "seed." He would trust them to no living man.

As the train pulled out, Tom, Jr., collapsed. He had succumbed to a sunstroke.

When he came to, he was in his town house, with Anne bending over him.

Tom drew her close and kissed her. "This," he said, his cheek against her cheek, "is what I call *real values*."

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From T. S. Arthur's "Temperance Tales; or, Six Nights with the Washingtonians." 1848.

Temperance Novels

BY EDMUND LESTER PEARSON
Author of "Lilies and Languors," "Unfettered Eagles," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE NOVELS

WERE there ever many readers of the temperance novels? I have been looking at a collection of two or three hundred of them, and the most striking thing about their appearance is their good state of preservation. I am afraid that any other battalion of fiction, less earnest and moral in purpose, would show more marks of wear. These are from forty to seventy-five years old (the period 1848 to the 1870's was their sober youth), and while their backs show the effect of long decades of patience, as the dust settled on them, the gold lettering on their sides is as bright as ever. They have been drawn up in close formation on the shelves: not out skirmishing.

"The Crystal Fount," a compilation edited by the most redoubtable of all temperance novelists, T. S. Arthur, was copyrighted in 1850. Its back, as it faces me on the shelf, is faded, and its red leather is peeling. But taking it down, its sides appear red and fresh, its ornate gold stamping bright as ever. Its design of an elaborate fountain, spouting gallons of pure water, which is eagerly quaffed by naiads, tritons, and sea horses (who simply cannot get too much good water) indicates far less usage than that of many a profane novel not so completely devoted to teetotalism. It has been, for these seventy years, a holiday soldier, a stay-at-home, while the fighting has been done by the rough, rude, and intemperate. The historian of "Gunga Din" pointed out that gin and beer were for men at Aldershot, but when it came to slaughter you would do your work on water. But this seems to be reversed with books.

It may be unfair to judge by single copies, and these originally from a private collection. Hundreds of different novels were certainly published, and I believe

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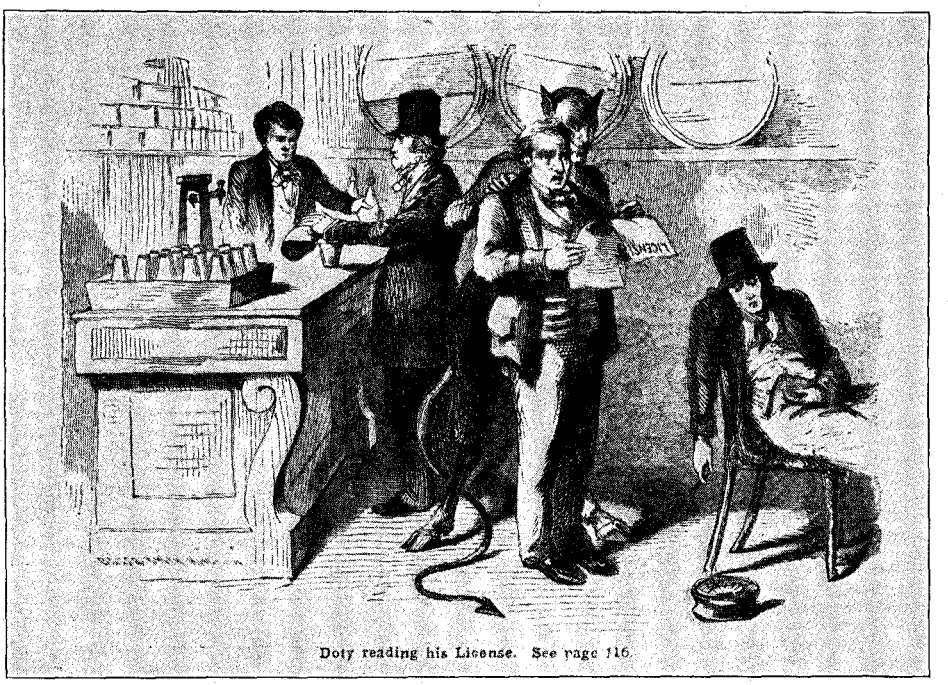

From Rev. Joel Wakeman's "The Mysterious Parchment; or, The Satanic License." 1857.

that with T. S. Arthur a first edition of twenty-five thousand copies was not unusual. Somebody paid to publish them, somebody bought them, and they got worn out or lost somehow. But my impression that they were seldom read is strengthened by the fact that almost the only one to have needed rebinding in all these hundreds upon which I have gazed is the only one with any real celebrity, the only one whose title the average person remembers: Arthur's "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." There was something about that title which preserved it in the memories of many who never saw the book. Parodists and wits played with it, but even the author never reached such heights again. He had tried, earlier, with the feeble "Six Nights with the Washingtonians" (*i. e.*, the Washington Temperance Society), and twenty years later, in 1872, he tried again, frantically, with "Three Years in a Man-Trap," but the first fine flavor was gone. His goblet of —water—had lost its sparkle.

Of course the fact that "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," in its dramatic version by William W. Pratt, held the stage for many years had much to do with its familiarity as a title. Probably it is still being played somewhere. The dreadful power of strong drink was never so thoroughly impressed upon me as when I sat, one afternoon in the early 90's, I imagine, and waited for the successive risings of the curtain, with its picture of the Bay of Naples, which separated us from the stage, in the Newburyport City Hall. As the grog-shop was revealed in all its horrors we knew that dramatic realism was in our midst. But when the drink-crazed father hurled the rum bottle into the *left* wing, and the little daughter obediently trotted on from the *right*, exclaimed, "Oh, papa, you have killed me!" and fell dead in the centre of the stage, we suspected, as I have often suspected since, that the Demon Rum does not always get fair treatment from his foes. We felt sure that not even a drunkard could pitch such a curve as that.

It is not unfair to believe that temperance novels were chiefly used as gifts from good and reverend seniors to giddy youth. And that the latter, according to their docility, read them or left them alone. It is not right to say anything in

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mockery of the benevolent features of Timothy Shay Arthur. He was born, it is slightly ironical to note, in Newburgh, a town whose name afterward came into celebrity for its association with a dish which had sherry for one of its most important ingredients. The list of his works fills columns of the catalogues; he founded a magazine, wrote histories, and very moral novels about married life—with recipes for its success. But when you find that, in addition to dozens of temperance novels, he was the author of "Advice to Young Men on Their Duties and Conduct of Life," and that he ventured to write in advice to young ladies as well, you begin to wonder whether the youth, even of the 40's, 50's, and 60's, were not inclined to take him in moderation, perhaps only in cases of illness or fatigue. Stevenson, in his picture of Masterman Finsbury, in "The Wrong Box," must have had a similar person in mind. For Masterman "would have travelled thirty miles to address an infant school."

Timothy Shay Arthur (1809–1885), author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room."

Few other writers were so industrious and so ethical. There was Clara Louise Balfour, author of "Confessions of a Decanter," and a number of other small books, hardly larger than tracts, and nearly all published in London or Glasgow in the 1860's. Mrs. Julia McNair Wright was given to jocular titles, like "Jug-or-Not" and "John and the Demijohn." Some passages in the latter, with their affectionate descriptions of all kinds of old-fashioned dishes, have made me wonder whether such books should not be considered to-day, in the United States, as inflammatory, and wisely to be kept locked up. Consider such paragraphs as this: "At Mrs. Stafford's table wine-sauce was plenty; tipsy cake, wine syllabub, and wine puddings often appeared; there was brandy in the mince pie, brandy cheese, and brandy peaches; and on Christmas, following roast pig and roast turkey, came a high dish of lemon punch." I shall not let many of my friends see this book; it could move some of them to violence.

The villain on the stage, as Mr. Jerome long ago remarked, is never allowed the gift of humor. This is true, in the temperance novel, of all who speak in defense of alcohol. Eloquence and persuasion, irony and sarcasm, are reserved for the hero, for the good clergyman or the reformed shoemaker who is the local champion of total abstinence. There are a few trifling exceptions. Mr. Stafford, in "John and the Demijohn," bearded at his own table by his militant daughter Agatha, who demands that the pudding-sauce be reformed, warns her against being "singular." "I like to be thought singular; I positively enjoy it," said Agatha briskly. Mr. Stafford is then permitted a faint touch of irony.

"Be as singular as you please," said he; "but not about my pudding. My depraved appetite demands the flavor of the apple whiskey."

And there is a moment of unusual toler-

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ance at the climax of "Deacon Gibbs' Enemy" by Mrs. A. K. Dunning. The deacon is shown, in the frontispiece, a fine figure of a man, resembling the late W. E. Gladstone. He stands with a stout cudgel, amid the ruins of his wine-cellar.

Love's Eclipse.
From "The Crystal Fount." 1850.

He has seen the light at last, and is engaged in the holy work of destruction—with the result, admitted by the author, that the cellar is "filled with a rich fragrance," while the wine pours in a stream over the floor. Mrs. Gibbs rushes in, before the deacon has broken up all the bottles, crying: "Hold! With us this has only worked harm, but even this wine may have a mission of mercy in the world. In some forms of illness it helps sustain sinking nature, and sometimes does good. It is a pity to waste it when it is so rare and costly." The deacon argues this a bit, but finally agrees to deliver the key of the cellar to his wife (we are not told who cleared up the wreckage), while she promises to open the door only to supply those who need the aid of stimulants "to prolong life or to modify suffering."

But rarely do they allow the Demon a leg to support him. I think that T. S. Arthur would have scorned the arguments of Mrs. Gibbs. In his work "Strong Drink," which purports to be a novel, Henry Pickering, for the offense of offering Amy Granger a glass of champagne at a party, has to listen to a lecture against wine, and in the end find his engagement with her broken off. In the same book, Judge Arbuckle ventures to challenge Doctor Gilbert's opinions on the subject, and is quite put to rout by a few well-selected words from the doctor, occupying nearly all of pages 322 to 352, or about two solid chapters. The doctor simply confounds him with arguments physiological, statistical, sociological. As a clincher, and to make the judge's errors quite clear to the little social group which have gathered, the good physician makes a rapid diagnosis and points out to everybody that the use of wine has left the judge with a complication of diseases, among which cirrhosis of the liver and incipient paralysis are but the minor troubles. That is what you got in one of Mr. Arthur's novels if you spoke up for even moderate drinking.

"The Mysterious Parchment; or, the Satanic License" was by the Reverend Joel Wakeman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Almond, N. Y. The author records an epitaph which two worthies of the village wrote in pencil on the gravestone of the saloon-keeper. Here are two of its gentle couplets:

> "Almighty vengeance sternly waits to roll
> Rivers of sulphur on your guilty soul;
> Let hell receive him, riveted in chains,
> Damned to the hottest focus of its flames."

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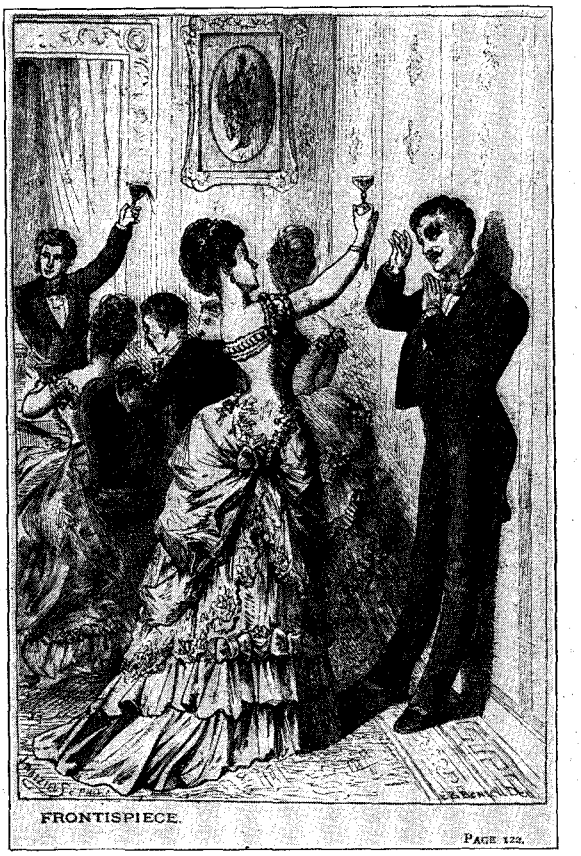
This language, observes the Reverend Joel Wakeman, "appears" harsh and severe, but when one considers the offenses of the dead saloon-keeper, it is no more "than an enlightened philanthropy would dictate." If this was Mr. Wakeman's notion of philanthropy, one would shrink from incurring his active dislike.

The titles of temperance novels are full of charm. Sometimes they seek alliteration's aid, as in "The Bar Rooms at Brantly" or in "The Rev. Dr. Willoughby and his Wine." Others vary in their appeal: I am not concerned to read about "Dick Wilson, the Rumseller's Victim," nor do I especially care what happened to "Minnie Hermon, the Landlord's Daughter." But when I see "Isobel Jardine's History," I wish to know what it was. Rarely are they brief; "Cherry Bounce" and "The Crack Club" are almost alone in their brevity. The good, old-fashioned title with subtitle, duly punctuated with semicolon and comma, in the manner of the dime novel, has the proper swing. You hardly need to look beyond the title-page of "The First Glass of Wine; or, Clarence Mortimer." To this group belongs Walt Whitman's temperance novel, "Franklin Evans; or, The Inebriate." There is a curious twist, reminiscent of Horatio Alger, in "The Little Peanut Merchant; or, Harvard's Aspirations." And I feel that many a thirsty soul may trouble the repose of the second-hand book dealers to see what information can be found in "Elsie Magoon; or, The Old Still-House in the Hollow."

"Love's Eclipse," by Clara Lee, is a contribution to "The Crystal Fount," edited by Mr. Arthur. Mark Wilford is betrothed to sweet Marion Linvale, the gentlest, dearest, best-beloved in our pleasant village of Alderton. Mark, after a dissipated career in Boston, returns to Alderton, takes Marion out to drive, and has the bad taste to stop at a wayside inn, and order a bottle of pale sherry. It is an idyllic wayside inn, as one may see from the picture. He drinks three glasses of sherry, and sings her one of Thomas Moore's songs. Behold the dreadful result: a year later Marion has been laid to rest in the Alderton churchyard, while Mark, deeply grief-stricken, but apparently hale and hearty, stands sadly at her grave. I admit that the moral escapes me; could Miss Lee have meant to suggest that a glass or two of sherry might have built up Marion's frail constitution, and did she slip this bit of diabolical propaganda past the editorial notice of T. S. Arthur?



Revelry Unrestrained.

From T. S. Arthur's "Danger; or, Wounded in the House of a Friend." 1875.

It may seem strange that the novel was selected as the vehicle for these moral lessons. The author of "Mapleton," Rev-

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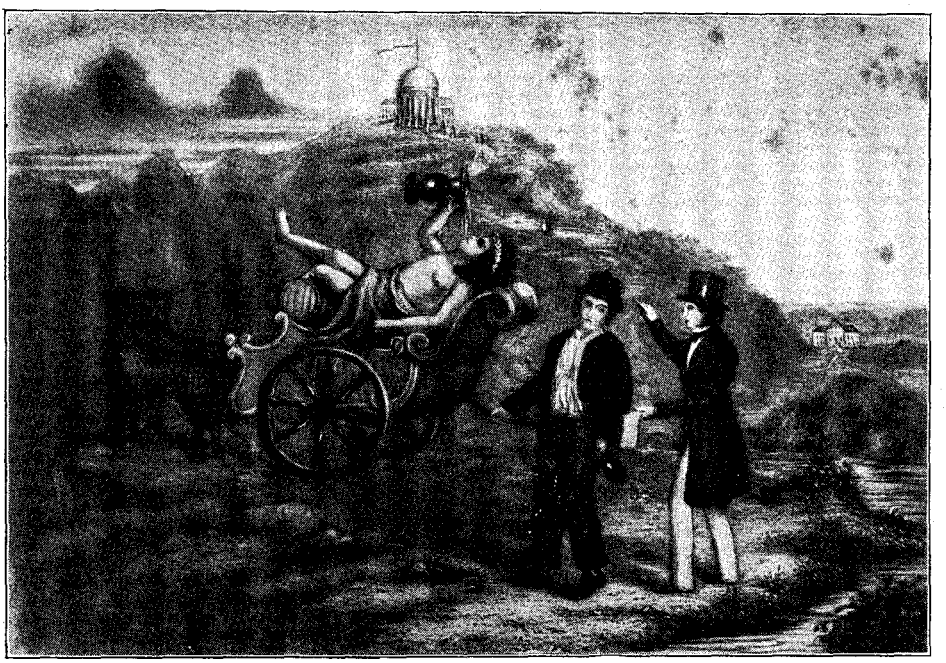
erend Doctor Pharcellus Church, refers to that seeming difficulty, but strikes out boldly in defense. "Those who brand every book of the kind as *a novel*, in an offensive sense," he says, "are at war with the constitution of our nature. . . . Instead of carping against light literature, it were better to charge it with truths and influences, purifying, profound and endur-



The Car of Intemperance.
From "The Crystal Fount." 1850.

ing, and send it abroad as a mission of love to mankind." Doctor Church does his novel grave injustice when he calls it light literature. But the message was sometimes sent abroad in verse. "The Mental Mirror, or Rumseller's Dream," by J. Leander, is a poem more than two hundred pages long. The author begins with a stirring call:

"Rumseller, awake and arise from thy slumber!
Behold the result that thy labor attends;
Look forth from thy gorgeous chamber and notice
Clouds rise from the pit where life's thoroughfare ends."

The second stanza invokes another foe:

"Awake from *thy* slumber! O moderate drinker;
No longer repose on thy soft silken bed."

Throughout this collection of books the "moderate drinker" is actually the principal villain, with the "rumseller" and the drunkard as assistant imps. But the questions why the rumseller has a gorgeous chamber, while the moderate drinker is merely allowed a soft silken bed, and whether such a bed is considered as the natural consequence of moderate drinking—these problems interest me, but leave me perplexed.

Extraordinary innocence is the characteristic of nearly all these novels, and, as I have said, the descriptions of wines and of drinking scenes are almost loving. As the efforts, futile or not, of men and women who wished somehow to remove the evil of drunkenness, it is impossible to jeer at the authors, to deny them a certain respect, or to disagree with the truth of much that they said, however childishly, blatantly, or violently they said it. They outraged nearly every artistic canon; they spoiled reams of good paper with the adventures of their puppet characters, whom they classified as bright angels or black fiends according to whether they

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had "signed the pledge" or not. But for all this they can easily be forgiven; the more so, since the temperance novel, with a rare exception, is as dead as John Barleycorn was supposed to be at the passage of the Volstead Act. But cruelty to children is one of the hardest sins to forgive, and the work of the writer of temperance tales for children came near to being unpardonable. Is it possible that anybody could wish to create with his pen such insufferable little prigs, or to hold them up as models? "Brave Boys and Girls," edited by L. Penny, begins with

> "Happy Johnny, how you grow;
> Do you chew tobacco?" "No!
> And what is better yet,
> I never smoked a cigarette."

We may tolerate Johnny, but some one will certainly wish to lay hands on Little Alice, aged eight, who was taken sick, and when very ill indeed, heard the doctor prescribe brandy for her. Looking up, she said as loudly as she could: "No brandy for me; I'll die first! I'm a temperance girl." We are left to suppose that she did die, so the story cannot be said to have an unhappy ending.

Then there is the story of Fritz and his badge. Fritz is a little German boy, "who lives not far from the wicked city of New York. Why do I call it wicked? Because so much whiskey is sold there." This was written long before the days of national prohibition, and New York is held up to scorn, not as law-breaking, but merely because it was thought proper to teach children that cities are wicked and rural districts virtuous. Fritz joined the Band of Hope, and wore his badge every day. Not long after he was taken sick, and had to stay in bed. But he insisted on wearing his badge, and had it pinned to his nightgown.

"Pretty soon his mother brought his medicine which the doctor had ordered—a glass of milk punch. Fritz protested, and said he could not take it, because he was a temperance boy. But his mother insisted, saying: 'The doctor says you must take this if you want to get well.'"

"'Well,' sighed Fritz, 'if I must take it, then take off my badge; I can't wear that while I drink it.'"

The genial immorality of this tale makes it fortunate that few children have access to such books. Perhaps one of the unexpected advantages of prohibition is that since there is no longer anywhere in the land any material for a milk punch, the tribe of Fritz must vanish too.

In Autumn

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I WALKED within the autumn woods
  When all the leaves were burnished gold;
I said, "How lovely it will be
  When I too have grown old."

For old folk nod, like trees, and dream
  Bright dreams that never seem to cease.
Their days flow by in a long stream,
  Touched with mysterious peace.

And here the woods were burning up,
  A fire that flamed through the year's night.
They burned with memory of spring's cup
  And youth's long-gone delight.

Old, old and worn these autumn woods;
  Yet there is beauty in such gold.
Ah! to be lonely, like the moon,
  And old, as stars are old!

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Finding Is Keeping

BY W. EDSON SMITH
Author of "Big Top o' the World," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY L. F. WILFORD

HE was good-looking to enough of Nodaway as he swung himself lazily down from the step of the Emperor car. A broad-shouldered, blue-eyed young man with a dimple in his chin for the sake of the merry girls; and a firm grip of lips for the sake of merry men, or men who were not merry, for the matter of that. Enough of Nodaway had gathered out on the edge of things; for it was great to see a circus unload. But enough of Nodaway made way for Mr. Foxworthy's different opinion. He did not want to see the circus unload—that was evident; and he ploughed a path through the crowd with only polite tolerance for those who did. The big cook wagon came down the runs with a clatter; a hundred horses debouched all at once from the palace stock-cars just ahead; Henry went by with the elephants toward the little Nodaway river; and Samson, the leader of the herd and Foxworthy's namesake when they called him Sam for short, caressingly inquired whether there was anything in the pocket of the new suit the road treasurer wore. For the other Sam had never failed him yet and he did not fail him now. A clump of dirty daisies followed the handful of peanuts and then the two Sams parted; for, while one of them was immaculate, the other sadly needed a bath.

The road treasurer turned up the hill; at the first of the pleasant trees, he paused for a once-over at the lowlands. He was in no humor to flatter what had long been some real-estate man's white elephant and was now but dirt beneath the feet of the blue-gray brothers. He eyed the cook tent rising in the distance—the bales of canvas lumped here, dumped there—the straining horses on the big pole wagon——

"A vacant lot," said Foxworthy curtly, to no one but himself. "That's what we are and, naturally, that's where we camp down." And turned himself to something better.

A forest-ranger might have smiled, but it was forest to Foxworthy—the best he had seen in many a long day, for circuses have devious ways all their own—not down leafy lanes. Only a patch of trees, hung with wild grape-vine here and there, and with elderberry bushes for good measure; but, little wood though it was, he made it last remarkably long. He loitered by a maple; he loafed over to where sunlight was showering in through the branches of some graceful young elms. And here it came about that he lay down in a warm, grassy corner and pulled the soft brim of the favorite gray hat over his eyes. Why couldn't he fall asleep there on the grass that had been sunburned by many a morning? Though now it was afternoon—a time for friendly calls.

Some such social instinct may have caused Miss Marjorie Lee to come out of her back gate that same hour. The whole hillside—trees and all—belonged to the old Lee property, which had been fenced at the top of the rise but allowed to run wild down the bank. So the lady was on her own ground in every sense of the word. Marjorie was the only one of the Lees left now, and lived in the old house with Cousin-by-Courtesy Alice Maxwell to keep her company in elderly and prosaic fashion, though at the moment Cousin Alice was on a visit and would not be back until early Monday morning. Not that it was any new thing for Miss Lee to stay at home unchaperoned. No one had ever carried her off yet, even though the right man might well want to. For she was slenderly graceful, with warm white hands and arms strong enough to have cracked a man's ribs almost, had she hugged him

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with all her heart. And she had grave dark eyes that were not exactly black but yet could not seem to stay gray or blue or green. Maybe it was her eyes that had kept the Nodaway young men away. For when they flashed like swords, as sometimes came to pass, they bit deep and won clear; always giving fair warning that her friendly mouth was not there to be kissed —good red lips to the contrary notwithstanding. Miss Lee was not greatly troubled by the conduct of her eyes, but it must be confessed—her hair bothered her. It was an odd ashen color, almost silvery, and there was a good deal of it. It had to be washed more than a person would imagine. And her only reward was to look like an old, old, old lady—so she said—not just ordinary old, but centuries and centuries—like a fairy godmother or —somebody.

Yet when she came into the little open glade it was a respectable taxpayer who spoke.

"A tramp!" whispered Marjorie Lee to her startled self.

On second inspection he didn't look like a tramp, either. And she took a good look. No—he wasn't a tramp and he wasn't a hunter—nor going to fish in the Nodaway. His clothes were too nice. He wasn't a young man on a walking trip —his shoes were so clean and shiny.

"I dare say I'll never know," Miss Lee remarked plaintively to herself, and stopped abruptly. The sleeper had opened his eyes and was looking straight at her. She was glad his eyes were so blue.

"I beg your pardon for disturbing you," she said, very distantly. "I had an errand through—my woods."

"Oh that's all right, my girl," Sam Foxworthy hastened to say airily, yes—fresh—airily: "I'm used to living in a disturbed atmosphere. I must have had a half-hour all to myself here. A red-letter memory. But it's all right, Sukey. I forgive you."

"Why don't you use just ordinary good manners? I hope you have some. It isn't mannerly to call a strange young woman Sukey!"

"It isn't mannerly to say *my* woods and get so heavy with the 'my,'" returned the corrected gentleman, getting to his feet and coming close to look her fairly in the eyes. She was tall—almost as tall as he.

"I know it," she admitted frankly. "You surprised me by waking and I had to say something. What I truly meant was that I wasn't merely snooping around and bothering."

"Now that's all settled, let's be more conventional and put everything on the right basis. First—an introduction. What's your name?"

"Please. Always add a please when you want something. I am Miss Marjorie Lee of Number 22 Locust Street."

"And I know that's a tall, cool house. You favor it some. I'm Sam Foxworthy of the white wagon."

"White wagon—white wagon?—" repeated Miss Lee questioningly.

"Yes, that's right—white wagon. Sit here. This old stump is the best easy chair I have—you have—well, we have—how's that? The grass will do for me. So this is your—back yard?"

Marjorie Lee nodded briefly. "What *is* the white wagon?"

"Circus. Didn't you know a circus had come to town? The white ticket wagon is my city home; my stateroom on the Emperor car is my country-seat. Oh, I love the white wagon! I have a small dog who lives there with me. He rarely romps. He's always too busy trying to find the bone he buried under the wagon yesterday—and it a hundred miles away."

Miss Lee held up her pretty hands mockingly, imitating holy horror.

"Think of it!" she cried. "I've lived here my twenty-eight years. I am most respectable. I have been respectable so long that I am an old hand. Yet—see me in the wilderness, a hundred feet from home, talking to a—a—circus creature! What did you say you were doing in my woods?"

His blue eyes darkened.

"You've said it twice," he frowned. "I'm *going along*. Which way to the street, please? I know a circus man is an outlaw, but usually you small-town sports will let us walk on the king's highway. Can I get there without trespassing on your so-called good nature too much?"

"Small town—he called me a small-town sport! Oh, oh, oh! I never was called that before. If I don't take my

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own part he'll swear at me next. You looky here, Sam Foxworthy—you've gone too far. You're coming with me. I'm to have a lawn party this afternoon—just you. We'll see who's the biggest outlaw. Come."

"But I don't know whether I want to. I have to think this thing over. I'm a hard-headed Scotchman——"

"And proud of it! Aren't you? What joy! For I baked heaps of oatmeal cookies this very morning. They're my favorite food. They'll do instead of porridge. Let's go. Don't be sulky or poky."

"But maybe your folks—" Mr. Foxworthy was weakly permitting a light hand on his sleeve to shape his going. They came to a hedge and a gate. Beyond was a flower-perfumed vista with a friendly white house around which admiring trees were lounging. "I'm not much on family gatherings——"

"Mr. Sam Foxworthy, I'm all alone—absolutely. Do you like fresh blueberry pie?"

"There isn't any such bird. I'm very fond of canned blueberry pie."

A long-legged, lovable girl, who had yet a long way to go through the fair country of her 'teens, was aimlessly making fun for a kitten in a domain next door.

"Janet," Miss Lee's was a clear, carrying call, for these homes were each set in a wide Canaan. "Janet, dear—did you eat that other piece of blueberry pie?"

Janet shook her head in emphatic denial. Heartlessly she abandoned the kitten and came toward them.

"Mother wouldn't let me," she said, arriving at the flowering hedge.

"You go tell your mother that I'll trade a big plate of my oatmeal cookies for it. Tell her I've a young man come to call and maybe I can coax him into the proper frame of mind if I have a piece of her scrumptious pie. This is Mr. Sam Foxworthy, Miss Janet Leslie. I'll get the cookies while you go for the pie, dear."

"And I'll slip two or three off when I carry them back," confided Janet eagerly. "I'm so hungry all the time, I fairly writhe. We're going down-town in a few minutes and you know how far that is on an empty tum."

"You shall have them, you poor child. Mr. Foxworthy, you may wander over to the far side of the house. I've a cosey corner there, just as good every bit as the one where I found you, sir."

Fifteen minutes later Mr. Foxworthy feasted. On one hand was a clematis trellis, on the other a row of lilacs. He had a little rustic table much to his liking with Marjorie Lee, a charming hostess, opposite. She had for a background a hedge of roses. Foxworthy never turned his head to see what was behind his own broad shoulders. Anyway, it was only a friendly old house. He ate Miss Lee's sandwiches, he sampled her preserves. He did not harden his heart to her cookies—her cake; but all his commendation was bestowed upon the blueberry pie. He sighed as he finished it and regarded the blue smears on the plate with yearning.

"Girl, I wish you could cook like that," he observed. "Of course, I know you can't or you wouldn't 've borrowed that piece from the Leslies. But I wish you'd learn."

"Are you sure you've had enough? I'm only being courteous. I know you've had enough! I never saw anybody eat like that at a formal afternoon call. Now tell me all about you, if you please, sir."

"You think you're going to hear a thriller, don't you? Six o'clock of a summer morning, a mean-tempered switch crew jolts the car so hard that my head breaks a berth partition. All the long, bright, perfect day I'm surrounded by thousands of happy hearts—sweaty money for me to count. About ten at night they take me and the wagon and load us on the train. And just as I'm dropping off to sleep like a tired child, the switchmen jolt me again. It's a treat to be rained out and get in on a Saturday P. M. like this. It doesn't happen oftener than a comet comes. We're some draggled, but we have a week-end, anyhow."

"Poor boy!" Marjorie considered him, marvelling. "Why do you do it? I can understand the performers liking the excitement, but you never have any fun at all. I dare say you never see a performance."

"I haven't been in the big top while the show was on for two years. Not that I give a rap. It takes more than flip-flops to make my heart stop.

"Suppose," speculated Miss Lee,

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"He said he hoped he didn't hurt you."—Page 504.

searching the blue depths of mockery, "suppose somebody—I, for instance—could put you in the way of better work and better living, well—right here in Nod-away; would you stay—quiet and peaceable?"

"I guess I'll have to bid you a good day if you begin such talk. I mustn't listen. It's positively wicked. You're flying in the face of Providence—sticking your tongue out at a higher law! At least—I was told confidentially by some weather

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prophet or other that a man can work one year for a circus and depart in peace. If he comes back the second year he has no more chance than the hippo of making a permanent getaway. That's what they tell me, young woman. It isn't my fault. I didn't make the law."

"Nonsense! Would you?"

"Look at this here to-day. If I hadn't joined on how could I have met you?"

"How? But answer me! Would you?"

"Would I— Why do you keep nagging at me when I'm so happy because you've been so darn good to me I could cry? And in fifteen minutes I must be moving—looking up a lodging for the night at your Nodaway Inn—Inn Nodaway, I reckon. Do let me have this minute in peace!"

"Would you stay here and be quiet and peaceable?"

"Would you leave here and be rough and tumble? Come on, girl—do it. You won't have to shock yourself. Mother Mark, our wardrobe mistress, will chaperon you with a sawed-off shotgun if I pass the word. You can ride a parade wagon as a fairy queen in the morning, the back of an elephant in the afternoon, and at night stroll in the big walk-around. And you and I—we'd be the best of good friends and have the best of good times. Will you?"

Marjorie Lee clapped her hands and laughed delightfully.

"I know we'd get along just fine, Mr. Sam Foxworthy. But think how scandalized the rest of the circus would be! Good gracious and deary me would be all too mild when they were talking about us."

Foxworthy took her by surprise. He reached across the table suddenly and gripped two slim, cool hands.

"There never was anybody else," he said fiercely, "and never will be! I've known that last since I got my eyes open, there beyond your back gate. Honey, I've been lonely all my life long and it's been a pretty hard life into the bargain, though I've made good in some ways, for I got me the big end of an education and the small end of a fortune. But I never had a chance to talk to my father like other boys. Oh, I've lain awake in the dark and wished for only one hour. But he was gone along. I never had a chance at a number of things—but one chance I have and my father would be good and glad for me—and that's to come here to-night and tell a good woman I love her—for true and always. I'm going to take that chance. I have to. I'll be here at eight, girl. There—I hope I didn't hurt your hands."

And Sam Foxworthy was gone through the narrow arched gate, leaving Marjorie Lee staring blankly at those two hands, limp on the table before her.

"He said he hoped he didn't hurt you," she whispered to them. "I'm old as the hills, and never a man has said a thing like that! But this Sam Foxworthy said it—and he's coming at eight to say some more! It's past four now. What shall I do? Old foolish! The simplest thing is to get me a bite to eat and then take a long, long walk. It's full moon to-night and I'll enjoy being out till ten. I haven't seen the Careys for a month of Sundays. They're so far—but I'll go early and stay late. Let me see. What shall I wear?"

The Careys would have stared at the query. And that fact dawned while she was eating a bowl of bread and milk in the cool kitchen. There had been bread and milk on the tray of her high chair in this same kitchen many years ago. So she could think of other things. She spoke companionably to the old apple-tree that looked in at the window, even as she had talked to it when she was two, letting it know her intimate affairs without reserve.

"What's the matter with the dress I have on, I'd like to know? Would I look any nicer in my new one, just because it shows that freckle on my neck and my arms to the elbow? My arms are not so pretty. And a heap the Careys would notice if they were. I suppose you think I'm going to put on silk stockings, too—when I've just finished darning ever so many perfectly good pairs of lisle that I've let pile up because I hate to darn. I'd be likely to do such a thing. Why—if I dolled myself up for this Sir Stranger, it would serve me right if he turned out a regular Pied Piper and I had to follow him away. It would rain for weeks and weeks—ugh!—and my hair would be all stringy—I'd be a pretty-looking lady,

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wouldn't I? Better be on my way to the Careys while the going's good!"

She was in her room by now. The new dress was out of the closet and a delectable dress it was. A dear blue flimsy thing! Too much for Marjorie Lee to resist this night. She went determinedly downstairs again and did the living-rooms with a dust cloth, patting pillows lovingly and touching well-beloved pictures correctingly. A bit later she stared into the mirror at her shimmering hair. The eyes and the cheeks were troublesome. She shut the eyes for a full two minutes and put cold water on the cheeks, but all to no purpose.

"That Highland laddie will hark to the notion that I'm excited," she murmured indignantly, "but I'll show him I'm not. He'll find out what a stern stepmother's like this night. I'm only staying here for hospitality's sake. I must run over and show Ann Leslie how I fit this dress and tell her enough about my old-style friendliness for this young man so they won't bust—or worse, come trailing over tonight. Though I'm very fond of the Leslies and they're welcome any time."

And then it was—to-night. And he came, slim and strong and youthful—but sober of face. A certain lady eyed him from an invisible land as he came up the path to her front door. "I guess his mother would call him bonnie—he said he was Scotch," she meditated. "But you're not his mother—remember that!" And went to meet him.

"Evening, Sam," she said cordially. "Howdy. There's a place for your hat. What kind of a chair shall it be? Here's a hard, slick, high-backed, mean thing you slide off every other minute. And here's a sociable old leather cave, roomy enough to keep house in."

"Me for the housekeeping apartment!" declared Mr. Foxworthy, taking possession hastily. "Lordy! Ain't it comfortable? I wonder if you realize that it's the easiest chair in all the world?"

"Indeed I do," nodded his hostess. "On a rainy day I'm apt to get my feet clear inside with about three books for company."

"And here I am, keeping you outside! You said yourself it was big enough to keep house in. Come, sit beside me."

"This isn't a rainy day, young man."

"You're mighty pretty to-night."

"Thank you. I usually slick up toward the end of the day."

"Huh! That's your best dress and you put it on for me."

"You have a friendly feeling for Sam Foxworthy. Want to look at my kodak album?"

"Kodak! Step off a bit—please. I know a pretty dress when I see one."

"I'll put up the shade a trifle more. Don't you like the last of the evening light, though?"

There came a little silence that kept step with the evening down the land, on its way toward a singing in the distance—a girl's sweet voice. Somehow—there was no denying it—Miss Lee grew panicky. She felt that she must say something, and say it first. And *not* with flowers.

"While I think of it," she remarked brusquely, "you said some very silly things this afternoon to a woman old enough to be your mother; I realized you were only a boy, after all—and that I had won you over by giving you things to eat and that you were just being grateful. But don't do it again."

"You're pretty awful old, aren't you? Said this afternoon that you had lived here all your twenty-eight years, which makes you twenty-eight, the way I figure it. And I'm thirty. Come, sit by me. Half of this chair is going to waste."

"It's just like me to sit in a chair before the front window, snuggled up to a man. I'm that sort."

"We'll move the chair into the corner then. Now—we can see out but no one can possibly see in."

"Shall I read——"

"All right. I'll come to you."

All the bravado left her. A miserable rout! And what was left of Marjorie Lee after the bravado had run away was caught and kissed breathless. Then and there she was picked up and plumped down in the big chair like a little bit of a girl. And Foxworthy was there beside her, his arm gripping her shoulders, her silver-aspen hair dishevelled, the scarlet in her cheeks spreading to her white forehead—to her round throat.

"Old honey girl!" he said. "You're the most beautiful thing in all the world!

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And I love you—just like I naturally would love you. You can marry me to-morrow, can't you?"

"I will not listen!" declared Marjorie valiantly. "Let me go! Shame on you!"

"A year from to-morrow, then——?"

"I won't do anything of the sort!"

"Sometime, anyway. It's taken your breath, I know. You see, I'm not slow coming to time, like these seventeen-year-locust lovers. But give me one small word, girl o' mine! Say you love me a little. No? Well, say you like me a bit and kiss me just once—so I'll know it's for keeps. And then I'll wait till you're used to the thought of me with you. For you'll be with me everywhere, friend sweetheart."

"You'll quiet down?" queried Marjorie Lee in a queer small voice she never would have called her own: "You'll stay here — for me — and — and — be good——?"

It was caging a wild thing and rubbing its fur the wrong way at the same time.

"What? Do you think I'm a pet cat? Do you want me to— Damned if I will!" Foxworthy got to his feet angrily. "I guess this is long enough for a first and last call," he concluded shortly. "Quitting time, girl. I made a mistake. Ever see an Indian lady following about two steps behind her brave? What I was looking for was a squaw like that, I guess. Follow me or fight for me—either one. Here it is nearly dark and not a light lit! And this is such a respectable neighborhood! Even that big yellow moon over those trees makes me mad—damn its smug round face! I wanted to walk with you under it. Well, Sukey—if you want to see me about—anything, you must come to my house. I'll be at home, to-morrow afternoon and evening—to my friends. I'm on the Emperor car. So long!"

Drearily Miss Lee followed him to the door. She even smiled and waved her hand in the brightening moon, so as to put the call on an open-faced basis with her neighbors of a lifetime. Afterward, she went indoors and crept into her half of the big chair. All of it had been hers, a welcoming, friendly retreat ever since her dolls had ceased to demand a share. But now somebody else had taken half. She kept to her own side and considered the empty space.

"It's a good thing he's gone!" she whispered fiercely. "Do I look like a camp-follower?"

She took a draggled heart to church with her on a very rainy morrow, and argued with it till she fell asleep in the rainier afternoon. When she roused, the drumming on the roof had quieted to a murmur and the late afternoon was gray —waiting for the dusk.

"If he hadn't shown such a mean streak," she confided to one of the pillows, "I'd 've gone down to see what his old circus train was like. No reason why not." And then, after another drowsy silence——

"Oh, I don't care! I love him. Why shouldn't I follow along wherever he pleases?" And napped another half-hour in sheer contentment, waking with a start.

"It will be dark by the time I'm ready!" she exclaimed. "This old rag I wore to church is plenty good enough for a wet night. I'll slip down the hill through the woods and take my pretty new flashlight. There'll be puddles everywhere, and, anyway, I never get a chance to use it. And I know another something I'm going to take—" She went to a top drawer and drew out a step-lively-looking automatic. "You're another piece of furniture I paid a heap of money for and never get any good of, except to practise on an old post that hasn't any heart. I've heard that circus people are very wicked. Maybe I'll get a chance to shoot some of them. Anyhow, I've these two big pockets in my rain-coat and it will do no harm to take my household gods along. All I'm going for is to show this Sam Foxworthy that I don't hold a grudge forever. Is your face dirty, Marjorie Lee? No. Then button up your rain-coat and run along."

Down the darkening path, each and every tree had kept a handful of raindrops for her shabby felt hat.

"It's because they love me," gasped Marjorie as she emerged from the rim of the woods; "it's their way of showing it. Wet, wet kisses! But the rain's almost done. Those lights away across that vacant space must be where the tents are. But where are their cars? O-oo-oo! Isn't it dark? I supposed that a circus

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train on a Sunday evening, even—would be strung with colored lights—a band playing, maybe. But it's as dark as Nodaway's lovers' lane. Oh, my land! I went in over my shoe top that time. I'd best go home before I'm up to my neck! Why, here I am—right against a sleeper, and there's a light in the corner window. I can see a thin little shine under the shade. Do you suppose— I know how to find out."

She swept the side of the car with the flashlight, spelling the gold letters swiftly; Emperor. That was what he had said. And she made another discovery in the moment the light was on—a drooping saddle-horse tied to the truss-rod of the car.

"You poor thing!" commiserated Miss Lee. "You're as badly off as I am. Well, according to information this is headquarters. Like as not, if I throw something against the window, he'll come out and set me up on you—you poor drowned horse—and away we'll gallop. Huh! Somebody's got a guitar—and actually beginning a song—with me out here in the mud! It must surely be— It would be his idea of my place in a serenade, I dare say. But I must say he has a fine sense of the seasonable."

She was close to the window; it was open a bit. A lazy, very tolerable barytone was gossiping with the guitar:

> Long, long ago we met in a shower,
> Kept on loving, when heavens came blue;
> Sweetheart mine of a misty hour—
> No fair-weather girl. True as true!
>
> Ours the house with the hill behind it—
> On at the end of the good green lane;
> Pleasant plodding indeed I find it,
> Hearing the song of that old-time rain.
>
> All for my love of a rainy day!
> Kindly skies of softest gray,
> Friendly trees for fellowship,
> Keeping step with their drip, drip, drip,—
> As I travel a quiet way
> All for my love of a rainy——

"What the hell d'ye want? Is that you, boss, eh? It didn't sound like your— What the— You— By God!——"

Casual words were torn to fragments. Then there were not even fragments. A heavy body slithered against the window above—not roughly enough to break it. A long, long interval. Another voice——

"On out of here! I've got it. A lucky pick-up, that safe combination of Foxy's. Hustle!"

Some sort of a party was quietly breaking up. None of the words were loud. The outside car door opened. Marjorie, obeying a blind instinct, dropped to her knees and crept beneath the car, to find shelter crouched behind a wheel. Feet struck the ground below the steps. An "all right" brought more feet down and with them something half dragged, half carried.

"Keep him rolled in those blankets I brought," she heard; "I don't take any chances."

"Not dat ol' Foxworthy lis'enin' much, ol' timah. He's limp. I done break his arm in de shuffle by li'l twis' I knows. Ef I hadn', dat devil 'd done fo' me even if did s'prise him. But it flatten him out w'en de bone snap."

"Here's what we'll do instead of going where we planned. Come over and hang him across the horse like a bed roll while I tell you where to." The voices trailed off into nothingness and the wet night, presently to re-emerge:

"We divides right dis yere night, Eddie-be-damned. You'll go along—stick lak yo' said. An' I don' heave him in no place lak dat! Whah yo' say firs' bad enough—on high groun' he won' hab much show. Not de way he busted up. But ef he 'scape an' fall in hole, 'tain't dis chile's fault. I had mask all ovah mah haid when I floahed him. He cain't name me if he does git out. I c'n prove wheah I was when ol' Native Exton haul me ovah de coals. I'll git de run foah not stayin' by dis cyah wheah I'm po'tah. An' dat suits me. We bettah move. Yo' cain't side-step dis niggah. An' Native be back in li'l while. One tigah!"

"Get him there, then. Here, Juggy Nix! But it'd be the easiest way, damn your chicken-hearted soul, Yellow-Boy."

The stealthy feet went along the car, with the horse. Marjorie Lee sobbed in her throat. God! Where were they going? What should she do first? Then she was out on the other side, standing between two long circus trains—a black, mist-swept alley. Her eyes went searching it swiftly for a light. And then she was suddenly conscious of an umbrella

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almost upon her; not well up in the air but low—like an umbrella walking along the ground of itself. Instantly she turned her flashlight that way. It was a very little negro man, quite the smallest creature Marjorie had ever seen. He and his umbrella were like some queer black toadstool thing against the night. But she wasn't caring. In an instant she was peering into the black face at close range.

"You know Native Exton? Quick. Answer me!"

The little negro had an enormous Sunday edition of a city paper snuggled under his arm, well out of the wet. He got it into his free hand and held its bulk before him like a shield, staring at Marjorie's light with startled, rolling eyes.

"Yah, yah—I knows him. Who—what yo' want, lady? Dat's his cyah——"

"Give me that paper!" cried the lady and jerked it from him. "And you——"

"Dat's Mistah Pilgrim's papah! He done ask me to——"

"Listen! You hurry—fast, faster—find the—Native Exton—quick! Tell him his treasurer has been robbed and carried away—and to follow the pieces of paper I'm dropping—pieces of paper—understand—like this! See! I'm following them—and leaving a trail. Now you hurry!"

Marjorie was under the car and out on the far side, running through the darkness, staring with intent eyes for those shadows ahead that she must not lose. She had not picked a speedy messenger. For Sangaree, The Smallest Man, as he was titled on the banners, was mental simplicity itself. He had been sent by Pilgrim, the side-show manager, for a Sunday paper. Now he had been relieved of that responsibility and given another. Faithful to the new trust, he climbed the kitchen end of the manager's car. A rap on the glass brought Albert—Exton's cook and general utility boy. Albert had come up from the ranks himself, having been Exton's Wild Man in the side-show of dog-and-pony days. He knew what was etiquette.

"What yo' want, Sangaree?" he inquired brusquely. "Mistah Exton spot yo' heah, he's goin' to tell me to split yo' en' to en' an' fry yo' foah his midnight lunch. An' fry yo' Ah will."

"Dun got message, Albert," responded The Smallest Man, rolling his eyes deprecatingly. "Not to tell anybody but Mistah Exton. It's a hurry-up."

"He won' be back foah an houah, lakly," responded Albert. Then he added, considerately, "I lets yo' come in dis entry by de kitchen, boy—an' we rolls a few till he come. I jes' come from de crap game ovah on de lot an' I knows I'm right. Jes' soon have yo' money—an' ef yo' ain' got no business heah, Mistah Exton do de res' when he come."

It was a short and silent procession with a heart-breaking burden that Marjorie Lee followed into the swamp. After the horse had been tied out of sight, the leader flashed a light and led the advance along rotting boards, across an uncertain causeway, while the other two followed with their inanimate burden. Marjorie knew odd and fearful tales of this swamp. Yet an old medicine-man had lived and died on an acre of high ground in its centre.

She came out into the open with fresher air in her face at the instant the light flared out again as the men dropped their burden in an old shed, crossing over themselves to the abandoned cabin near. She came close. It was easy to look into the place; for the lower sash was out of the window opposite the one door, and the gunny sack that had been hung across had a ragged hole in its centre.

The three were on the floor, hedging in the light of an electric lantern. Marjorie's heart revolted at the mean cruelty in the face of the viciously alert little leader. He was sorting over bundles of currency taken from a hand-bag.

"We can count this by the thousand," she heard him say sharply. "We can't stop for each dollar bill. We figured the time close and the weather set us back. You boys want to be back in the Sunday-night crap game before you're missed. Where are you going to stow all this? Better let me take care of it. They'll search that train with a fine comb if they take the notion that Fox got his. They like him. I tried to make it look like he'd got away with the goods, but you never can tell."

"Nevah yo' min'. We got a place fix fo' us, boy. Anybody am welcome to frisk us three times an' den some. Jes'

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divide de kale, so's we c'n git back befo' Mistah Exton comes ramblin' aroun' lak he does sometimes, rappin' on dat state-

Lee stared in dumb dismay at the figure she had unrolled. She had not been used to treating them rough. Foxworthy, his

He and his umbrella were like some queer black toadstool thing against the night.—Page 508.

room doah—axin' Mistah Foxworthy am he all right."

"Well, he's all right—and we'll leave him all right—where he is. It's going to rain cats and dogs again. There won't be any trail on us. And he can batch it in that shed."

In that shed, fifty feet away, Marjorie

feet bound tightly and his arms, one broken, lashed to his sides, the rope wound round and round—his mouth cruelly gagged and his face gray with pain, was not pleasant to look at. But his eyes were open. She tugged at the gag and got it loose so that he was free to practise the all-but-lost art of speaking

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with a bruised and swollen tongue, the while she went at the rope lashing fiercely. It seemed an age-long struggle for him to get out a word or two. She put her ear close.

"Knife—right—vest—pocket," he said carefully.

After some seconds she got at the pocket. It was a dainty, ivory-handled penknife with one razor-blade. Foxworthy rolled free, his broken arm falling limp. His eyes went to it as he lay there, drawing his legs up and down.

"Cut a piece of that lashing and tie my arm to my side," he commanded, and Marjorie busied herself with that. Life was surging up in Foxworthy now.

"Help me up!" he panted, and presently stood reeling like one drunk, but steadier every second. He reached and caught her hand that held the flash-light, turning it to her face.

"It's you!" he exulted. "God, girl—you did come down to see me, didn't you? Hope you're having an enjoyable evening. Those thugs—gone? Hell! I haven't a chance to guess who——"

"No," she said in his ear; "they're in the cabin a few steps from you, counting money—Eddie-be-damned and Yellow Boy and Juggy Nix. I heard their names. Here—do you want this?"

"What luck!" He seized the pistol as a happy child would grasp a toy. "Loaded, sure—full up?"

"I did it myself."

"Lead me to them—just one fair chance. Edward B. Deere, of our aggressive advance, eh? Your nickname will fit you to-night—Eddie-be-damned."

They were out in the wet darkness now, and nearing the cabin.

He put his head down.

"When I speak," he said, low and quick, "you tear that rag away. Get it all. And point your light in—they'll douse theirs. Keep to one side—a hand for your light is enough."

There was nothing to answer. She knew well enough it was his to fight for his own as long as he could stand—and her joy to help him as she might.

"Now!" said Foxworthy. And, "Hands up!"

He was not fit for it. He had been handled too rough. His first shot was slow by a good half second. And one of the three was a knife-thrower. The blade buried itself in the shoulder on his sound side. The pistol fell at Marjorie's feet. Foxworthy slumped down in a sick heap.

"Finish him—you!" ordered Eddie-be damned murderously; "he knows who you are this time!"

"Hands up!" said Marjorie.

She caught the three in the circle of light, though the lantern on the floor was out. Eddie-be-damned looked straight at the black muzzle of the automatic. It did not wabble or waver from a straight line. The white hand that held it was a hand like steel.

"Ready—aim—" The tone was cool—almost indifferent.

Eddie-be-damned put his hands up. Yellow Boy and Juggy Nix made it unanimous.

"Turn and face the door," ordered Miss Lee.

And as they did so, Native Exton kicked it in.

Native Exton was a patriarch with a shiny, reverend head and eyes to pierce boiler-plate; a man made of granite and wire rope and such stuff.

His first-aid gang of handy men were taking care of the three. He went down on his knees across from Marjorie.

"How goes it, son?" he asked gently. "Have to play nasty surgeon. Grin."

"I'm all right," declared Foxworthy slowly. "Old man, I'm asking you something. I'm happy to-night. You don't know how happy! Don't turn 'em in to rot in some pen. I don't want it that way. You get all the money back. Nobody's hurt. They didn't know what they were about, really. Put the rollers under them and run 'em off the lot."

"You're wantin' to be too good to 'em, son. They'd jump up and down on your face right now. Got to fix you fit for carrying now, son."

"Maybe — they would — but will you——?"

"What you say goes. Curly, bring them here. You frisk these fellows. See that they haven't a match or a glim—or a knife or a cent. Then take 'em to the edge of the swamp and—you—Eddie and Yellow Boy and Juggy—pay attention. Foxworthy's begged for your dirty hides

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From a drawing by L. F. Wilford.

Eddie-be-damned put his hands up. Yellow Boy and Juggy Nix made it unanimous.—Page 510.

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and he gets what he asks for to-night. But I'll be lookin' for you in five minutes with this sawed-off shot-gun—lookin' all around this hog-lot island. If you're here then, it's over the road for yours—and you know how kind a warden'll be to you rats. It'll be dark going through the swamp—but I'm going to look for you in five minutes. You know me. Take 'em out, Curly—and treat 'em rough. Rush 'em out of here. They poison the swamp air when they breathe. Then hustle back and rig up a door for Foxworthy with your coats on it. We've got to get him to some hospital."

"He goes to my house," interposed Marjorie Lee quietly. "I've a relative coming home in the morning—early. She's a nurse. I'll get a neighbor to help to-night. He'll be comfortable, never fear."

"I'm an old man and I kind of have to look out for the youngster here. He's all alone. I guess I'll have to ask you your intentions. Who are you, honey?"

"I'm the girl that's going to marry him." Marjorie Lee put her head down and kissed the young man full on the lips. "You'll like that, won't you, boy?"

Sam Foxworthy did not consider the coming years. Far years when, with Marjorie by his side, he would come to be greater than Nodaway and go beyond. Near years when he would be a good man for Nodaway. Years not so near when a Marjorie-haired, Marjorie-eyed, Marjorie-named daughter would insist that three in that dear old big chair was not a crowd. Oh, he might have known! But he did not stop to think. Instead, he smiled faintly into those eyes above his own.

"Damned if I won't!" he said.

Romance

BY ROGER BURLINGAME

It's done, that play of ours,
And you are gone and I am quite alone.
Far with the night the sense of it has grown,
Your gray dress and your pink, fair-fading flowers;
Tingle of wine, insistent, thrumming tune,
Forgotten words: "My something butterfly,"
Light talk and most profound philosophy . . .
The dim street and the high laughing moon.
Was it last night? It seems so far agone,
Between the silent street's festoons of light,
A touch of hands and half a kiss; "Good night!"
And you were gone and I alone.

And I might wish to-night
To play again. Or I might want the moon,
Possess the sunset, dawn, the laugh o' the loon,
Or touch the farthest star; catch, in its flight,
The falling meteor. And so with you.
You were the mock of spring that comes and goes
And promises amid the winter snows,
The vagrant romance (sweeter than the true).
To-night the warmth is faintly with me yet;
But when to-morrow comes and I shall go
Back to the world where things are thus and so
It will be easy to forget.

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Kids and Campaigns

BY WALTER LINCOLN WHITTLESEY

ON a dismal afternoon in November, 1884, my elder brother and I were up on the woodpile behind the house, near Portland, Ore., holding funeral services over the U. S. A. Our country could never be the same again. It was hardly worth while trying to grow up. By hook or by crook certain aliens called Democrats (there were none then in our acquaintance) had elected Grover Cleveland to be President. No wonder a hard winter was gloomily closing down on two shivering small boys.

Wet flags and flaming torches had lit the dusk along fog-dimmed streets. Hundreds of heavy boots tramped down the mud and a hoarse crowd-chorus of men's voices ruled the night with: "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!! We don't give a hoot for the rain!" If we had been bigger, like the Morris boys, we'd have had torches and been in the parades, too. We had felt so sure of victory, yet all was lost.

I had heard mother talking with father about the tariff and knew that mother was right. Her arguments are still being used by leading newspapers. But that did not seem to have anything to do with politics. The entire campaign and election were awful conquests of evil over righteousness, and if there had not been hot baked apples for supper on that particular November day we should never have survived it.

Our grocery store carried a big poster portrait of Benjamin Harrison, as the Republican presidential candidate, in its front window through the summer and fall of 1888, and he had whiskers just like our Sunday-school superintendent. We found some torches at the back door of county headquarters and went into politics with zeal. Charley's torch leaked coal-oil down his neck and mine was commandeered by some larger boys to decorate their pirate cave, but anyhow we got Harrison into the White House.

Winning an election at such an early age left things excessively flat. There was nothing to do afterward except sing "Marching through Georgia," as rudely as possible, at the O'Reilly kids, whose father was the new boss of the railroad section gang. But the song meant nothing to them, and Mr. O'Reilly always let us ride on his hand-car, so our interest turned to collecting cigarette picture cards of John L. Sullivan.

The campaign of 1892 found us old stagers and well versed in party doctrine, especially as to the Civil War and tariff. I remember the marching song of "Four! four! four years more!" and rhymes about Grover and clover, and how "Harrison rides a white horse, Cleveland rides a mule." Down in San José, Calif., I sat through a Democratic mass-meeting and listened, with a sneer that Henry Cabot Lodge himself could not have surpassed, to much preposterous praise of Mr. Cleveland. That was all answered, as it deserved to be, by my pointing out that "Old Grover" buttoned his collar first and then put it on over his head. Even Mr. O'Reilly couldn't think up any real come-back to that crushing indictment.

But memory holds no details of the election itself. For us boys the year 1892 really ended when James J. Corbett licked John L. Sullivan down South at New Orleans. After the cosmic crash of that knock-out the election of a Democrat was small potatoes and did not matter, being only a sort of echo of the main disaster. Besides, as Jim Baker pointed out, "Old Grover" had been President once before, and it was not nearly as bad as if he had been some new Democrat.

Also our political horizon was broadening rapidly. Picking hops up at Butteville on the Willamette River we had fallen in with our first specimens of the third-partyite. I fell asleep by the campfire one evening after two solid hours on the gov-

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ernment ownership of railroads in Switzerland as understood, believed in, and expounded by a leather-lung named Joe Leger, who had once been as near Switzerland as Salt Lake City, Utah. When I woke up, tired and stiff, toward midnight, he was still going strong.

There were several Greenbackers in the hop-yards; Prohibitionists who looked forward to a happier day when we should pick nothing more injurious to mankind than prunes; Populists, some of whom called themselves Grangers, and various shadings of Democrats. One man had been a Knight of Labor, though he did not look or act the part. It was a wild world compared with our home neighborhood, where people went to church and voted the Republican ticket, both as parts of the one great scheme of conscientious duty.

We heard terrible things up there at Butteville in the hopping seasons of 1892 and '3. Politics were ruled, so these agitating campers told us on Saturday night and Sunday, by Insiders who worked for the Money Power and against the People. These Gangs or Rings dominated both the Republican and Democratic parties. But the People were rising in anger and in stern determination. The United States was on the eve of a vast political Revolt. A new era was dawning (I remembered that because New Era was the name of a station on the Southern Pacific Railroad), an era when the two rotten old parties would be totally destroyed, when the People would recapture their own government and rededicate that government, emancipated once and for all from sinister servitude to the greed of the Money Barons, to the great ideal of serving the public welfare.

It all sounded perfectly natural. On the Fourth of July we always heard just such dim, wide-flung talk about patriotism. At Sunday-school it was about benevolence. In the magazines that we were not supposed to read, such as the New York *Public Ledger*, one got stories of adventure, of fear and hate and mystery, told in that same sweeping, exciting way. And how some of these folks did enjoy and work at it! At meal times and in any leisure interval they were forever thumbing over various dingy pamphlets for fresh arguments to spring on those who still held out against what seemed to them the truth.

Yes, that was back in '92–'3, over thirty years ago, yet a New York City clergyman preached that same identical doctrine from his Park Avenue pulpit in the summer of this very modern 1924. He had it all: Corruption, the coming revolt, downfall of both the old parties, and the New Age. I can only hope that possibly good old Joe Leger, one of the best men ever with a frying-pan, may have heard that sermon. It would have pleased him so. At least it would have given him pleasure back in the Butteville days. He may be a banker and a light in the Union League Club now for all I know. Some of those old Populists are.

But we sat and listened respectfully to such solemn, saw-voiced, hard-handed brethren. Boys did that for their elders thirty years ago. And then the Homestead strike a year or two before had jarred a lot of us, even out in Oregon. It was not right to shoot at men in a place where they had worked. That was wrong and President Harrison should not have let it happen.

The railroad troubles jarred us back again. Railroads out there meant the Southern Pacific, and some militiamen on the Coast would not turn out to protect that road's property even from rot and burning. But the upshot was that cherries and other fruit crops spoiled on the way East, and people we knew went poor for the winter, having lost their year's work in a week of disorder.

As our citizenship labored on these stormy seas of change, Free Silver swept over the whole western country like a high flooding tide. To many it was the New Age of hope and brotherhood. All that the pioneers had dreamed of a free and better world was to come true at once in the blessed victory of that Sixteen-to-One Gospel. Bryan told these men nothing but what they had previously felt in their own hearts.

I was going to school and away from home by 1896, and living in a world that did not touch at many points on the hop-yard universe. My room-mate's prosperous father had had all his real estate leases and mortgages drawn up for payment "in gold only," which sounded to us

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somewhat like Captain Kidd, and young Stevens carried a huge iron dollar as big as your hand. That was what we would come to for money if the "farmers" had their way. "Farmer" was a term of insult then, out there, and meant hick, boob, dumbbell, or moron. If a boy did not show fight when called a "farmer" he was said to "back water," another crushing phrase, taken from the river steamboating.

The campaign opened, as far as we heard it, with a gossip of vulgar stories aiming to make the opposition contemptible. Those of the free silverites were rawer, more whiffy, and closer to the earthly side of human nature. The sound-money obscenities carried more of contempt for the adversary's mental shortcomings.

But emotion, fear of the Sinister Money Power and hope of the New Age, tightened perceptibly, as October came along, among the followers of Bryan. His opponents got scared for the safety of business. Some of our leading newspapers had been hammering away against soft money ever since the greenback craze in the 1870's, and their work began to tell.

And then Doctor Sothernell sent for me. He was a kindly man with a curly beard, a good doctor, the father of our best mile runner, and a leading local politician. After a serious talk, very little of which was clear to me, on the absolute need of maintaining the gold standard, he asked my hearty support for McKinley's candidacy, which support was inevitable. American college lads are the greatest political tories on earth, and nothing can wedge one loose from his father's party. The doctor did not know that, and proffered a five-dollar gold piece "to cover your campaign expenses when talking politics with the boys down-town."

This was my first, and last, face-to-face encounter with the Demon of Political Corruption and I mightily liked his looks! That five-dollar piece bulked as big as a dirigible and seemed to take a half hour getting from his hand to mine. It meant a new pair of football shoes. The price of the same was four dollars and fifty cents and I conscientiously spent the balance treating five team-mates to ice-cream sodas and talking McKinley while they swizzled 'em. As all concerned were well under twenty-one years of age, no votes were turned. I have often wondered who put up that particular five dollars and what he thought was done with it. Campaign funds may be different now, maybe.

I can tell you all our winning football scores that fall, but my only notion of the election itself is of a dingy crowd massed in a smoky hall, and smiling Doctor Sothernell up by a brightly lit blackboard on the platform. He led the cheers and chalked up the figures as the remorseless telegraph ticked off the outcome: that Bryan had the acreage while McKinley had the votes. Much to my relief the doctor never asked me what became of that noble five-dollar piece. But it had helped save the republic—as far as my feet went.

In 1900 I was to cast my first vote. That was easy, for McKinley was running again. In January the West had roared and howled against his renomination, in June the roars were only mutterings, and by November everybody was back in the fold. He had a new running mate, one Theodore Roosevelt, a hero of the war with Spain. On the Coast that Spanish-American War meant the Philippines, bad food on long voyages, heat, bugs, graft, Aguinaldo, and other pests. An army hero out of it sounded queer indeed.

Bryan himself spoke in our town and our football captain was one of the marshals of his parade. I remember Dick on horseback and the orator's voice rolling out like deep organ music over a huge crowd massed in the high-school yard downtown. Clear, sonorous, unwearying, that voice made each sentence live palpably on the air. But I haven't the ghost of a notion as to anything he said.

Nor as to what the campaign was about. To us it was a dead sure thing. A new crowd called Socialists were rising dimly into view in the newspapers. Apparently these fellows had something to do with eastern factories and with European ideas, but it was all ten thousand miles away. Some of their notions were straight Populist stuff to us, and we felt they would fade in time as the "Pops" had done. Free silver had washed out in the golden stream from Johannesburg and the Klondike. Nobody can hold an

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edge of emotion over four years that include successful war and a return to prosperity. Bryan, we knew, never had a look in.

For us that year 1900 hit the high point one bright October day when our football team whipped a big Southern rival whom we had no right to vanquish. The first Tuesday after the first Monday in November came as an anti-climax. Mud and rain, sodden leaves on slippery sidewalks, damp air through the open door of Jenlow's little tailor shop, and the rank odor of twice-breathed cigar smoke—if there had to be an election the setting was good enough.

One other detail sticks: the chewed-up stub of white pine pencil, chained to the wall of the voting-booth, with which I marked my cross beneath an inky emblem of party.

Not much to it, of course, and yet the whole of that scene and action fitted into the human world of which I was now a part. Halos and gilded halls were not necessary. With all our faults we *were* the United States just then, we voters. As far as we might we made our choice, and even the dullest felt that nothing between two oceans could stand against that heaping drift of folded ballots that held a nation's power for four years.

Love and Beauty

BY EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I

THERE is a waste of sundown flags, and through
Their loneliness a stream that moves like grief.
And there are hearts that listen to the brief
Quick aria of the lark that wakes to woo
The star dawn, sinking to a bowl of blue
Over a dune as golden as a sheaf
Of summer wheat. And there is Teneriffe,
And sea girt forests, caves that hide from view,
Air garmented, rapt presences that thrill
To stand revealed. And there are windless vales
Of apparitions: bluebells, wintergreen;
And meadow moons, and planets on a hill.
There is this world of wonder, but it fails
Where Love is not, or vanished Love has been!

II

There are two deaths, if they be not the same:
One is to look on God, on Beauty one.
No soul has perished seeing God, for none
Has ever gazed into that Face of Flame.
But Beauty may be known of us. Her name
Is also Death, but not Oblivion
Through lightning. She is Memory begun,
Who lives to seal our souls up, and to maim
With gradual wounds, and make of every wound
An eye which looks on Aprils through the light
Of Aprils gone. She is the Face whose sight
Changes the soul to crystal, ere the ground
The body takes, and hearses it in bright
Translucency of pain that makes no sound!

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The Coffee-Cooler

BY ISA URQUHART GLENN
Author of "Bats Macabre," "The Shuttle," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. VAN BUREN KLINE

THE blaze of tropical sunlight unflatteringly accentuated Mrs. General's profile. She bore a marked resemblance to a horse. The bridge of her nose was long and slightly, stupidly drooping. Her upper lip was long and loose, her chin pendulous. The whole effect of her head was of bone and flesh modelled on drooping lines.

This lady—whom I had met, and heartily disliked, in Manila—was the only woman in our party. Overgiven to patronage of less-favored individuals, overconscious of her exalted position as wife of the General in command of the division, she made me feel that as a civilian I was merely tolerated, although as a white man I was a peg above the natives in her estimation. However, when given the chance of accompanying the General on his inspection of the Mohammedan section of the archipelago, I had decided to swallow my prejudices for the good of my paper. So here I was, endeavoring to look anywhere save at this lady, and finding that I could not look away from her because I was trying so hard to do so.

We had halted in Camp Overton long enough for Mrs. General to lift the drooping line of her nose at the market-place of Iligan, which is the Moro village adjoining the army garrison.

She was beckoning me to her side.

"Mr. Wallace," she began, "can you understand how the Major in command here would stand for this filthy welter of decaying fish? The odor should convince him that something is wrong. I must report it to the General."

She lifted her skirt above her square ankles in order to avoid the *petate* on which was displayed the drying fish that had aroused her disgust. Unmoved by the malevolent smirks of the Moro women who squatted on their heels behind their merchandise, she dodged the heaps of bright pink sweetmeats, the copra, the miscellaneous brasses littering the dirt floor of the market.

The General laughed at her. "I'll attend to my officers, Louisa. You can work off your steam on the ladies."

But she worked off a good deal of steam on me, during the eighteen-mile climb up from sea-level to the plateau whence Camp Keithley guards the trail.

A Dougherty wagon, drawn by four frisky mules, was waiting for us; but the General insisted on riding with his aides and a small body of soldiers who had been detailed to guard the party. His wife went through a visible struggle before she could reconcile herself to this arrangement. Her roving eye, in its search for a victim, fell upon me.

"You must drive with me, Mr. Wallace," she decided. "Being a newspaper man, I dare say you aren't used to horses, and the long ride would leave you too saddle-worn to enjoy the scenery. I am told that the trail is exceptionally beautiful—a real Paradise."

She settled herself in a corner of the back seat, and disposed her belongings over two-thirds of the remaining space.

"Dear me!" she grumbled. "This is a most primitive way to travel! I suppose these bags will bounce all over us. This carryall, now—Mr. Wallace, could you—? But no, you have your lap full of your own things! Dear! Dear!"

She leaned forward and endeavored to push the knobby carryall over the shoulder of a soldier who had quietly taken the seat beside the driver. The bulkiness of the carryall caught on the soldier's heavy cartridge-belt; it could not slide down past the rifle that he held between his knees. The soldier sat with disciplined immova-

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bility; the driver it was who turned and replaced the carryall in our section of the wagon.

"Nothin' allowed on the front seat, ma'am. Colonel's orders. Free play for shootin'."

"Rather theatrical of the Colonel!" murmured Mrs. General in my ear. "I've heard that he is—a little——"

Bump—bump—bump—from the Dougherty. The mules were starting off with enthusiasm.

The dust blew in on us. Sheets of dust, like yellow snow. It settled down thickly, coating Mrs. General's face.

"This is really unspeakable!" she ejaculated. I was convinced that she did not wish this remark to be overheard; for she glanced quickly at me, coughed, and pretended to be clearing her throat of the particles of earth which were reinforcing the dust.

"Mr. Wallace," she resumed, when we had passed out of the dry stretch of sea-level, "you must understand that I am anxious to see Mindanao for myself, so that I may be able to reply to the eternal wails of the line-officers' wives. I am sick of hearing about the hardships of life in the provinces. The young women of the present day prove, by their complaints, that they aren't fit to be army wives."

The Dougherty had begun to climb up from the cultivated land which stretched along the banks of the Agus River. The mules strained at the harness, grew less sportive, appeared to regard the trail before them with apprehension. Gorgeously plumaged wild cocks crossed the road, followed by their harems of dun-colored hens. Tree-ferns reared their feather tops dripping with moisture. And swinging from festoons of bejuca, families of monkeys halted to stare at us. They chattered loudly, and pointed. The driver turned to call the attention of the visiting lady to the aboriginal ladies.

"The monks are talkin' about you, ma'am," he remarked pleasantly. "They allus does that. They likes ter look at new hats and doodads from Manila!"

Mrs. General stared condescendingly at the driver, declined to stare at the monkeys.

"Ah?" she breathed through her nose. "How interesting!"

She settled in another position, with her back to the scenery.

"Mr. Wallace," she continued, as if there had been no interruption, "young women nowadays are soft. They little dream of what we ladies of the Old Army had to face, before luxury crept into the service. I, now—would you think, to look at me, that I had roughed it when the General and I were first married?"

She paused. I had no alternative; I looked from the beauty of the jungle into her complacent face.

"And yet," she resumed, "a few years ago I was taking my turn at the frontier. As the wife of a Coast Artillery officer, I spent the best days of my youth in such out-of-the-way places as Vancouver, Willetts Point, and the like. But I never complained. That is the point, Mr. Wallace, I never complained!"

We passed underneath a jutting point of rock, which hung out over the winding trail and darkened gloomily down upon the mules who passed beneath it. An American sentinel looked down as gloomily. Pantar—tropical semblance of the mediæval!

"Would you believe," harped Mrs. General—"would you believe that I was told, not long since, by one of the young women in question, of her positive physical suffering over the excess of moisture in the air at Keithley? She was in Manila on her way to China. (And, incidentally, Mr. Wallace, I must tell you that, in my day, young married women did not go off on pleasure jaunts without their husbands!)"

Gustily she breathed virtue through her nose.

"Well, anyway"—she reverted—"anyway, she described her horror and revolt at the smell of mildew, when she awakened after the nights of steady rain which, she said, happen at Keithley regardless of the dry season. I acknowledge that I myself prefer the round of the regular seasons. But the point I am making is this: that the younger generation in the army is composed of nerves, is neurotic, is untrustworthy. Why should she have so dwelt on the smell of the mildew, which is not of itself a revolting odor?"

In her tone was assurance that it was a

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case of nerves because she had said it was nerves; that whatever she pronounced about the army in general, and younger women in particular, was of necessity right because diagnosed by her.

The Dougherty passed out of the belt of tree-ferns and began the corkscrew pull up the side of the plateau. Deprived of the heat that is the natural thing in the tropics, the chill merged imperceptibly into a creepiness of the spine. There was about the fog into which we drove a quality of mysticism; about the great plain which the fog swathed as with an astral veil there was a hint of something which might conceivably make the hair on one's head rise. I stirred uneasily, and wondered that in this misty unquiet Mrs. General could so preserve her individual superiority. She seemed immeasurably above all things which might exist on this treeless plateau, impervious to the eeriness of the dropping sounds which reached us through the haze. The faint curiosity of her tone, as she questioned the driver, was the curiosity of a being from some zone which was favored by the gods that it might be her abiding-place.

"What is that noise—that sound as of water dripping from a faucet? It seems to come from so many directions that it can scarcely be water from a faucet; and besides, I am told that you have no piping in the Provinces."

The driver grinned over his shoulder, keeping his steady hold on the reins, which slackened and tightened as the uneasy mules huddled together.

"Moros!" he replied. "Moros beatin' on the agongs! You have ter git used ter that. They beats 'em all day and all night, and every day and every night."

"But why?" she persisted; but I got the impression that she was not really interested in the subject. "Why all the time? Religious?"

"You can call it that!" said the driver, still grinning. "But it means all sorts of tricks that ain't, strictly speakin', religion. It might mean the mosque on Fridays, and it might mean the mosque on other days when they's sendin' out one o' them murderin' *Juramentados* what has got to kill a Christian before night; and then again, it might mean one o' their weddings what lasts for a week. But it most generally means trouble—for us!"

"But what sort of trouble? Aren't you merely nervous? I've heard these tales of *Juramentado*, and I fail to understand how full-grown whites can be thrown into a panic by one native!"

"See here, lady!" exclaimed the driver wrathfully, "I gotter 'tend ter these goldarned mules! They don't relish this country, they don't!"

Mrs. General whispered to me that such insolence from an enlisted man should, of course, be reported to the General.

"Well"— growled the driver, without looking around—"I ain't no enlisted man. I'm a teamster—a civilian employee. And I hauls ladies—what ain't had time ter git nervous—up this here trail whenever the boat comes in down ter Overton."

The fog swirled about us with a purpose in its coils. Its white veils fell lower, fell so closely, so densely, that we could scarcely distinguish the forms of the mules pulling the heavy vehicle up the last sharp ascent. But that the animals were more and more uneasy I could tell by the rubbing sound they made as they huddled for companionship against evils. The figures of the armed escort might have been in another world. We could not hear a hoof-beat; their voices were too muffled to reach our ears above the creaking of the mules' harness as they pulled desperately. It could not have been later than five in the afternoon, but already the impenetrable dark of a tropic night was descending upon the trail. And swathed somewhere in this dark was the added dark of deeds done, of deeds contemplated, which could not stand the light of day. Nature, in this place, seemed to drop the darkness down sooner in order to hide wickedness that was in preparation for the night.

We turned a sharp corner, achieved a scamper of hoofs, a scattering of mud, and bounced up on the plateau. Mrs. General indignantly wiped mud splashes from her face. The driver shifted the reins to one hand, spat into the road, and with his elbow he nudged the soldier beside him.

"We got lots of things up here you'll enjoy lookin' into, ma'am," he remarked. "We got a smart Colonel. Oughter be a

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General up to Manila—only he's too valuable."

Through the fog, which on the plateau we found to be a heavy rain, Mrs. General's face looked swollen. I was amused to observe that she wore this look of swollen dignity during the night and day which passed before the Colonel gave his "tea." It is through the medium of the "tea" that army civilization makes its stand against tropical inertia; and civilization was admirably upheld by this dominant lady with her organized bad temper, her measured rudeness, her conviction of a plenary superiority.

The rain that descended at four o'clock every day of the year was coming down with its lack of charm. At nightfall it would be succeeded by a fog that was not really fog but clouds caught between the mountains in the cup of the lake. Nothing up here was what it seemed, I thought, as I listened to Mrs. General's eulogies of a place in which she herself did not have to stay.

The Colonel's large living-room was becoming crowded with silent women, with an occasional husband of a silent woman. Throughout the gathering was an undercurrent of something that was different from Manila. During the rare pauses in Mrs. General's discourse, when a spurt of reply came to my attentive ears, the something that was different from Manila seemed to lie deep within these listless women. Their lips were speaking, when they did speak, but I got the impression that within them were senses which failed to respond to the General's lady, which failed even to hear the General's lady. Over them was a suggestion of suspended life. Only their hands, which clenched and unclenched as Mrs. General droned, were alive and rebellious.

I stood near the window looking out at the rain, wondering why the army in the tropics built its houses of Oregon pine, and idly watching belated arrivals coming up the high steps to the veranda. These belated arrivals were all women; and I surmised that they were the wives of that half of the regiment now in the field—dejected women in groups, unaccompanied by men, although among them was here and there one who showed unmistakable signs of family. From their bedraggled umbrellas water ran down and joined the puddles which earlier umbrellas had deposited upon the floor. The ladies stepped inside the door of the bungalow and struggled out of men's rubber boots. I could see that without the boots they would have been all but drowned, for as the water rushed down the walks that curled around the horseshoe row of quarters it grew, with its downfall, into a mountain torrent.

Rain—pelting an ugly post of unpainted wooden buildings, blowing in sheets over a dismal expanse of cogongrass. The sound of it on the corrugated iron roofs of the houses was not a friendly patter; it hit with enmity. It washed from my memory the sunny morning just past, during which a young girl had said amazing things to me. I had stretched out in a long wicker chair at Major Holderness's; and his daughter-housekeeper had given me a tall glass and a chance to forget Mrs. General's stringencies.

In this young girl I felt the warmth of a perfect sanity. She had dropped into the habit of thinking. Long weeks and months alone, during her father's periodical absences in the field, had made her introspective. A part of the life in this debatable land, she analyzed, dissected, and did not experience. She possessed to an unusual degree for a woman the power of detached reasoning, and this she combined with a feminine intuition which caused her to reach an ultimate perfection in her deductions. Her face was brooding, but in her brooding was no tinge of a personal feeling. It had amazed me that she was the looker-on, even as I.

"It isn't a white man's country, you know," she had said to me. "The dogs' tails prove it. Haven't you noticed that the tails of all the dogs, whether American mongrel or Moro half-wolf, hang down? You just watch! You'll never see a tail that is lifted, or wagging."

"But it is comfortable here," I had replied. "It feels pretty fine to be wearing a sweater again."

She had given me a peculiar long look.

"You don't know much," she had said quietly. "Not much about the army. Wait a while before you make up your mind."

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"It isn't a white man's country, you know," she had said to me. "The dogs' tails prove it."—Page 520.

She was standing beside me now. I was upheld by my conviction of her sympathy while Mrs. General, in this room toned by uniforms, conveyed to me the fact that as a man without rank I should give thanks to my God for the honor of being in her company. The ranking lady, who countered the views of any one else with her own disapprobation, was at this moment snorting an accompaniment to her husband's remarks.

"In a crisis," the General was saying, "give me the nervous creature. The possession of nerves means the possession of

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the nerve to stand up. Nervous soldiers —nervous women—nervous horses: thoroughbreds, all of 'em, and all of 'em to be relied on in a pinch."

"Well—" Mrs. General spoke her snort—"I don't agree with you! You may know about soldiers and horses, but as to women—what do you know about your own wife? So how can you be an authority on other women?"

She removed her stare from him, and saw me. The drooping line of her mouth lifted in a sneer.

"Mr. Wallace," she said, "you will observe that the General, like all of you men, has a leaning toward the helpless female. Just let a woman twine around masculine strength, and she is admirable, adorable, a thing to be desired. But I never before heard that she was to be relied on in a pinch!"

She laughed, an unpleasant laugh, straight at her husband, unmistakable.

"The General may think that he knows about women," she supplemented for my information, "but that is because they smile when he is around, and run behind his back to tell me their troubles. He hasn't an idea of how they revel in the very nerves that he thinks an asset!"

She turned from us, and as she faced a new group her mouth changed to a smile which was only another arrangement of drooping lines.

"She's a coffee-cooler—living in the soft places by the grace of the War Department," said the Holderness girl in my ear. "She's come down here to see how the other half lives. That's almost as much fun, for the people from Manila, as slumming in New York. They're the pampered pets, and they think that our men should kowtow. Our men, who do the work——"

"They don't kowtow," I said; and told her about the driver of the Dougherty.

She did, then, a very strange thing. She laughed! She was the only woman of the garrison who had laughed.

I hated to glance from the corner in which a laugh had rung out. The wraith of the rain, which outside continued to fall heavily, was drifting into the room. The sound of its fusillade was accompanied by a steadily increasing moisture which appeared to be tangible, to be visible, to be taking the form of a vapor through which I had to look twice before I could clearly distinguish the inattentive faces clustered around Mrs. General. The thought came to me that these garrison ladies were women in a dream—women under a spell, who could listen only with their ears and could not get the message to their brains.

"They are on a tension," I said to the Holderness girl. "I can tell it by their hands. They move their hands all the time."

"Yes," she agreed. "That's a part of it. And it lasts so long—nearly three years—that the least thing would break their nerve. If one of them would let herself be startled—by a crooked-tailed cat of the land, with its wild eyes of a lynx —by the sight of a white cockroach with pink eyes when she's hardened to big black ones with black eyes—by the subterranean bugs, with human heads, which they dig up in their flower-beds—if one of them should let go for a single minute and scream, that one would break for good. They know it. They watch themselves."

In the light of Mrs. General's pale eyes, in the quenched light of the other women's eyes, there came to me one of those moments which jerk you above the world—a flash of infinite comprehension, infinite knowledge. I thought that in another minute I should see beyond this room, beyond these women, to the meaning of things.

But the girl, as I became clairvoyant, was showing bewilderment. "Did you see, to-day in the market, the black fish from the lake—the fish with faces like Boston bull-terriers? They sometimes look to me—dragged along by the Moro fishermen—as if they could make sounds. Or else—the feel of this place gets one's imagination, so that one would not be surprised at their speaking—or barking, or gritting teeth that one knows perfectly well they haven't got."

She came closer to me. I felt the contact of her shoulder, afraid, seeking the human touch. She glanced behind her, saw nothing but the bare walls of a bachelor's house, and drew away from me.

"We're all silly—down here," she apologized.

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From a drawing by H. Van Buren Kline.

"Has a runner come in yet—from the Valley?" she asked him in a strained, high whisper.—Page 524.

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"Tell me: what is it, exactly, that you down here have to fear?"

"It's the Moros—I suppose. But sometimes I think that it's the powers of darkness. It's the loneliness. It's the queerness. It's the everlasting cogon-grass and no civilized trees. But, above all, it's the fog! Listen to the sounds! Don't you feel that anything might happen in this fog?"

For the fog was creeping into the room, following the wraith of the rain with its own more ghostly wreathings. The windows were tightly shut, but the fog came in. It curled under the *suale* ceiling in low-hanging spirals. It looked like the haze of a heavy tobacco smoke; but there had been no tobacco in the room, so that if it were tobacco smoke it was the ghost of past cigars. It formed around the heads of the vague women who surrounded Mrs. General, and who listened to her only with their ears. But it was powerless to deaden the noise of the rain, which continued—dropping down on the roof, dripping from the gutters—dripping—dropping— Or was it the agongs?

As if the dream-women were waking, there came across the room—bursting from the fog wreaths, rushing erratically but with a purpose in her haste—a thin creature with fluttering, restless, ever-moving hands. She stopped beside the Colonel.

"Has a runner come in yet—from the Valley?" she asked him in a strained, high whisper. "I haven't heard—for over two weeks."

"That's Kit Bagby," the Holderness girl informed me. "She's got a little baby—and she's about to smash. She was badly off, and her husband sent her to China; but she wouldn't stay because she wanted to be with him. But just before the baby was born Captain Bagby was ordered out, and the day after that she tried to take poison. She spent a whole afternoon putting the tablet into her mouth and taking it out again when she thought how awfully much she wanted to see him again. She burned her tongue all to pieces with the stuff—that's how we found out about her trying it." Her voice, as she made this clear statement, was dispassionate.

The damnable fog was getting into my senses, my own nerves were beginning to crawl. Manila was a long way back. "Are all you women in that state of mind?" I asked her.

In her reply to my question the girl made me understand why she herself was a looker-on. "Not we unmarried ones. You don't break to pieces over a father, no matter how much you love him. You go to smash over the man who means your generation. It's got to be a husband—Hush——!"

Brought back inevitably by the drawing power of antagonism, Mrs. General was talking her way toward us. In her remarks she was condescending to God who had made this place. And on in advance of her came Kit Bagby, hurrying, running from Mrs. General. With a bare nod to me, she snatched at the Holderness girl, missed, and stood alone, shaking. Then she achieved the semblance of a polite smile.

"I'm upset," she explained. "I had to dress in such a swivet. I couldn't get my trunk open. It was cemented together, tight, by a gluey stuff. Brown. It had stained the edges of the trunk lining. Sickly sweetish in smell. It was ants, Dora—big, fat, soft ants. They were whitish, and they flew at me."

Dora Holderness put her arm around the other girl's shoulders—shoulders that trembled weakly. "Don't think about them," she counselled.

"But I can't help thinking about them! You see, last night, when I was trying to go to sleep, one of my eyes wouldn't shut tightly. And so I couldn't sleep well. Did you ever have one of your eyes stay open, when you went to sleep?" she asked me.

I looked away.

"Do you hear the agongs? What does it mean? To beat when the fog is coming in—that's a bad sign, Dora. They are so close to us to-day! They can't be calling the Valley—they are so close——"

Mrs. General was by this time closer to us than the sound of the agongs. Her prominent eyes, sweeping benignly over the exiles who had gathered in her honor, fell upon the two girls.

"You ladies are blessed by fate!" she declaimed. Her voice had that reverberant quality which insures a hearing. It

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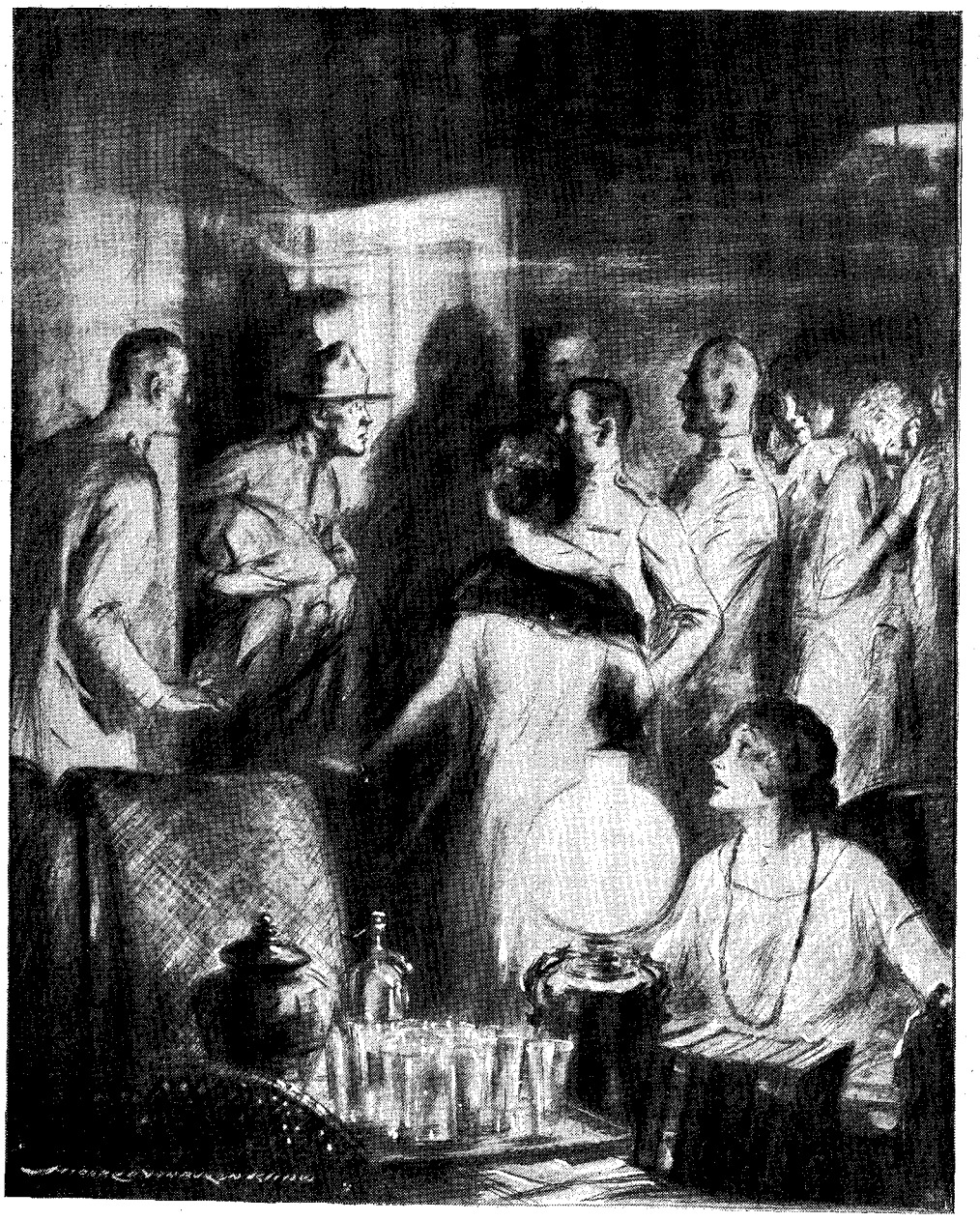

A soldier leaped in from the veranda. He carried a shapeless wad of blankets.—Page 526.

gathered groups into one audience. "I've never seen a view more exquisite than the outlook over Lake Lanao! I can't tell you how it thrills me! I should thank God if I had been lucky enough to be stationed where I could always gaze out over this marvellous sheet of placid water!"

Mrs. Bagby's hands were spasmodic. She cried out in uncontrollable excitement: "That's because you don't have to look at it all the time! It's got to look like a mud puddle—to us!"

"Ah? But surely you don't have to look at it all of the time? With this won-

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derful country around the Post? In coming up the Trail yesterday I was struck by the poetic beauty of the tree-ferns, for instance. I could have wished that the drive had lasted forever." The ranking lady smiled raptly. "What walks you ladies must enjoy! What hunts for rare ferns! What——"

"Take walks—when you can't go without a guard? Hunt for ferns—when there's—fighting—in the wind?" Kit Bagby's own voice soared into opposition with the carrying voice of Mrs. General, broke over the word "fighting," hurried on, thickening.

Mrs. General, with a stare, walked away. She tried to bear me with her, murmured in my ear: "What did I tell you, Mr. Wallace?" But I held back. In this room which was filled with the fog-chill there was coming nearer to me the mystery of the mind, of the soul, and of the link between the two. The link was being forged stronger by the dropping sound, outside, of the rain—and of the agongs which were not calling the Valley.

The Colonel came up, haste in his walk.

"Now, look here, you ladies—" he appealed. "Brace up! Don't let her go off sorry for us."

"Sorry for us? She!—" Mrs. Bagby stepped back, to lean against the window behind her. But instantly she shrank away from the flimsy Japanese towelling with which the windows were curtained. She shuddered, looking at her hands which had touched the curtains. She wiped them against her frock; held them as far away from her face as possible.

"Mildew!" she whispered. When the whisper died her mouth stayed open.

The Holderness girl leaned forward. "Get yourself in hand, Kit!" she ordered. "This minute! Grit your teeth!"

"Yes," said Kit obediently. Her mouth closed, so tightly that its trembling ceased. She approached Mrs. General. "You must pardon me," she said. "We seldom get away from here. We—lose our manners."

"You had your manners when I saw you in Manila," remarked Mrs. General coldly. "But you had quite a number of complaints. I think that you had better make up your mind to stop airing your grievances."

"It was a mistake to tell you about it," said Mrs. Bagby. "If our Colonel had a wife, I shouldn't have told you. But one needs an older woman—sometimes."

"You should go home. You are evidently not fit to be in a position of danger."

"I have a husband in a position of danger!"

"Could you do him any good—you, a bundle of nerves?"

The loud breathing of Mrs. General filled the room, a room in which the women were quieter than ever, a room in which the chill of the fog had merged into a cold that laid a hand upon the heart. The dripping of the fog, the dropping of the agongs, penetrated the wooden walls of the house; the damp cold penetrated to the soul. I felt that I could not get away from the fog, that through any defense built by the hand of man it could follow.

The Colonel was ordering a muchacho to bring the lamps, which began to glimmer through the dusky room, coloring the fog. They brought me back to an earth which was filling with sunshine because I was sure it had been the fog that had made me see things in the dark.

Encouraged by the lamplight, we in the room began to talk. But from the darkness which the lamps had pushed into the blacker outdoors there came an uproar—the sound of many running feet, deadened by the dripping fog to the semblance of footsteps in a dream; the sound of men's voices, shouting through the thickness; the sound of rifle-shots, impacted by the moisture in the dense gloom. Through the curtains which hung at the windows, dank, sticky, motionless, the flash of lanterns hurrying—fireflies of nightmare. Overpowered by the volume of voices outside, the voices of those in the room dropped to a silence that was breathless. The lamps seemed to burn lower as we stared at each other. There came a knocking at the door of the house.

"The Commanding Officer's orderly—" was shouted in to us.

Some one near by threw the door open. As the lamplight fought the darkness a soldier leaped in from the veranda. He carried a shapeless wad of blankets. He blinked at the light, looking from face to face of the people in the room. But the

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lamps dazzled him, and he could see only the Colonel, who stood before him. The uproar outside was dying away in the distance, rolling like a wave down the hill toward the guardhouse.

Holding the wad of blankets with one arm, the orderly saluted. He was out of breath.

"Alarm from Post No. 5, sir! Moro running amuck! Got past the guard and ran straight through Captain Bagby's quarters— Got away—after killing—Captain Bagby's muchacho, who was hanging on—to the baby——"

Through the room spread the rustle of silent women who moved. But Mrs. Bagby stood motionless. Her chest was not lifted by a breath; her hands, which had been restless, hung from heavy arms. In her white face, above her frozen mouth, her eyes burned with a question.

"Sentinels fired, but missed him. And the baby's amah was running around and yelling, so's nobody could hear much else."

I thought, as I glanced furtively at her, that Mrs. Bagby seemed alone in the room.

"Haven't caught the *Juramentado* yet, sir. . . He's still at large. He ran toward this set of quarters——"

From somewhere in the room came a throaty scream.

The orderly's eyes, straying from woman to woman, fell upon Mrs. Bagby. He went up to her and put the wad of blankets in her arms. He had to lift the arms in order to lay his burden in them.

"Somebody got the baby. Here he is, ma'am. Not a scratch on 'im!"

Mrs. Bagby gathered her baby to her breast. Starting at her shoulders, she began to break.

"Kit!—don't scream! For God's sake, don't let go!"

Mrs. Bagby's back, which had been bending into a curve, straightened. One arm clasping the baby, she pointed.

"I shan't scream!" she spoke at last, scorn in her slow, steady voice.

I looked where her finger pointed. Mrs. General's commanding face with its large nose was pressed into a mask of sheer bodily terror. Her mouth open, her eyes the eyes of a panicked animal, she was swallowing the throaty screams which had started at the mention of the *Juramentado*. I heard her gasp:

"God help me! He might kill *me*——"

She was shaking. I heard the sound of her teeth as they knocked together.

The General hurried over to her. He took her by the arm and said under his breath:

"I tried to keep you from coming up here, Louisa. I knew you'd behave like this."

I glanced toward the Holderness girl. She was smiling straight at me.

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Home-Coming

BY DANIEL HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATION FROM A DRAWING BY R. EMMETT OWEN

WHEN I have walked through wastes of night,
  Through deeps unkindled by a star,
And come at last where amber light
  Leaps past your window-bar,

My heart—by this beshadowed sphere,
  And by these blinded heavens—learns
How staunchly, how past reckoning dear
  Love's constellation burns!

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Women Who Do Not Vote

A MOTOR TOUR OF 2800 MILES TO FIND OUT WHY

BY SARAH SCHUYLER BUTLER
Chairman, Republican Women's State Executive Committee, New York

THERE are few more satisfactory fields for political research than the State of New York, for within its boundaries are to be found every type of citizen and every shade of political opinion. Here one can study the great cities with their large foreign population, the prosperous small towns, American by tradition and inheritance, and often fiercely conservative in their point of view, and the isolated farming communities cut off from the outside world for many months of the year by bad roads and inclement weather.

To the politician each of these presents a definite problem. Political methods must be varied to meet their different needs. The argument that seems irresistible in one part of the State passes unheeded in another. And each problem is made more baffling by the fact that since 1918 that politically unknown quantity, the woman voter, has been added to the electorate.

There has been a tendency ever since the ratification of the Nineteenth Amendment to regard the women voters as a unit, and both great political parties have assumed that they must be won by special arguments or by a type of legislative programme quite distinct from that offered to voters of the opposite sex. Many political workers believe that this idea is fallacious, but its truth or falsity can only be proved by the proportion of qualified women voters who have responded to it.

Last year we discovered that, although there was frequent mention of the "woman's vote" in New York, there was neither any definite information as to the size of that vote nor were there any figures showing to what extent the women of the State were participating in its political life.

The Republican Women's State Executive Committee decided to make an attempt to substitute actual statistics for imaginary numbers, and, therefore, last autumn we sent out notices to each of the 62 counties asking every election district to report the number of men and the number of women who voted on Election Day.

There were two reasons for these inquiries. First, even though the returns were incomplete, they would give an idea of the number of women voters, and, what was more important, they would show the proportion of qualified women voters who are actually taking the trouble to cast their ballots. Secondly, the statistics of the presidential election of 1920 were such as to cause serious alarm to all thinking citizens. In that election only 49 per cent of the qualified voters of the country, both men and women, took part. It became evident that either means must be found to arouse our citizens from their political apathy or we must resign ourselves to be ruled by a minority and to accept as inevitable the rapid disappearance of representative government in America.

The last census shows that the number of men and the number of women in New York State are very nearly equal. The electorate should have been doubled, therefore, by the granting of the suffrage to women, and in the average community there should be about as many women voters as there are men voters. But the most cursory glance at our election statistics proves that this is not the case—a fact which leads us to the conclusion that the women voters are not coming to the polls as they should. This should account for a large number of the apathetic citizens.

The results of our investigation were most interesting. We received reports from about half of the counties in the State, and the figures were strikingly

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varied. The best county reported 95 women voters to every 100 men. This is a splendid record. It was closely followed by four other counties, which reported respectively 93, 92, 90, and 88 women voters to every 100 men. These were all rural counties and, with one exception, were heavily Republican in their political leanings. But, curiously enough, the county which reported the smallest proportion of women voters—only 39 women to every 100 men—was also rural and Republican.

In the large cities the figures varied from 48 women to every 100 men in an upstate city to 69 women to every 100 men in one of the boroughs of Greater New York, which is however partly suburban. In the three most crowded boroughs of the Greater City the figures were more uniform, ranging from 57 to 67 women voters to every 100 men.

I am very proud that no two election districts in the State reported such a large proportion of women voters as the one in which I live and the one immediately adjoining it. There we have three women voters to every man. We are flippantly known as "No Man's Land," but we are proud of our record all the same. The inhabitants of these two districts are largely business and professional women. They offer a conclusive answer to the pessimist who insists that intelligent women do not and will not take an active part in politics.

The statistics proved that the proportion of women who vote depends upon local conditions, rather than upon any general causes, or even upon the political complexion of the counties in which they live. In fact, every rule that one laid down seemed to have numerous and striking exceptions. It is only fair to point out that our figures were taken in a so-called off year and that in a presidential election many men and women vote who do not take the trouble to cast a ballot at any other time; but it seems probable that, though the number of voters will increase greatly this year, the proportion of men and women will remain about the same as it was last autumn unless some definite steps are taken to arouse the women who hitherto have stayed at home on Election Day.

It was for the purpose of making a study of the local conditions which are responsible for the apparent apathy of the women that, in the month of July, I, as chairman of the Republican Women's State Executive Committee, and Mrs. Ives, its executive secretary, set out upon a political tour of exploration and discovery. We travelled by motor because in many of the rural counties the train service is admirably adapted to the transportation of milk but not to the needs of the ordinary traveller.

In four weeks we motored 2800 miles and visited 29 counties. In most of them we held meetings, in some we contented ourselves with talking to political leaders, both men and women, but always our object was to find out what reasons for their lack of interest are given by the women who do not vote and what methods would be most effective in bringing them to a realization of their duty.

Our route lay up the west shore of the Hudson to Kingston, then through the Catskills and out along the southern tier to Lake Erie, back through the Finger Lake region to Syracuse, down the Mohawk Valley to Albany, and thence north through the Adirondack counties to the St. Lawrence River and the Canadian border. This gave us an opportunity to observe the woman voter in every variety of surrounding.

One of our most startling discoveries was what an effective barrier the imaginary line which bounds a county may become. I can see now two counties in the northern part of the State almost identical in climate, in topography, and industrial development. On one side of the little stream that forms the boundary the population is of old American stock, conservative in its point of view, but mentally active and ready to take its political responsibility seriously; on the other side is a population largely foreign-born, comparatively illiterate, and politically apathetic. Here are two widely different political problems, which must be met in two widely different ways. Politics are often discouraging, but never monotonous!

The southern tier, which is composed of the rich farming counties that stretch away to the west from the Delaware Valley toward Lake Erie, is an enlightened community, taking an interest in the world's affairs, intellectually keen and well-in-

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formed. All through this region the influence emanating from Cornell University is strong. It is increased and extended by the smaller colleges around which the life of many of the towns centres.

Here are some of the best organized counties in the State. Their women have for years been active in civics and public welfare; they were enthusiastic participants in the campaign for suffrage; they are accustomed to working together in clubs and in religious and charitable organizations. To them the assumption of public responsibility is nothing new. It is not surprising, therefore, that several of the counties in the southern tier should be among those reporting the largest proportion of women voters.

These counties have learned to utilize every kind of organization in spreading the doctrine of good citizenship. Women's clubs, missionary societies, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and the home bureaus are all encouraging their members to take part in the political life of the community. The difficulty in this case is that many of the women are so much interested in special causes that it is almost impossible for them to understand that political responsibility is broader than the election of a particular candidate and that the problems of government are more far-reaching than any single issue, no matter how important it may seem. It is a mistake to let oneself become so much absorbed in the election of a sheriff that one ignores a presidential or a gubernatorial campaign.

It is of course a temptation to the politicians, particularly in the rural counties of the State which almost invariably give a large Republican majority, to let matters rest and to resent any change which threatens to disturb the peaceful order of things as they are. The women voters represent such a change, and as they are not needed to insure a majority, too often no effort is made to reach them. This situation is well recognized, and it exists in almost every county and every State where the result of an election is assured beforehand. We find it in the southern States, which are so solidly Democratic, and here in New York we find it in many of the counties which are either strongly Republican or strongly Democratic.

In a doubtful district political leaders realize that the women voters are a potential strength to the party with which they affiliate themselves; their votes may be numerous enough to change the result of an election. But in a district where these extra votes are not needed there is often a tendency not to upset the status quo. Politicians are not always so frank, however, as two old-time leaders with whom I talked. One of them stated without any hesitation that he and his associates regarded women in politics "simply as a necessary evil"; while the other, when I called his attention to the fact that a very small proportion of the women in his county go to the polls, informed me severely that "entirely too many of them vote already."

When we reached the northern counties we found another set of problems. Here the question of distance and isolation is a serious one. The farms have not the fertile fields that we saw in the southern tier. They consist for the most part of bleak, rocky pastures hidden away in the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, where their owners wage continual war against the elements. In many of these little communities life is too hard to leave either time or energy for politics. The distances which must be traversed are enormous, and often the voter must drive 8 or 10 miles to the nearest polling place. After driving over unimproved roads in a downpour of rain, with the motor slipping from side to side and threatening at any moment to slide into a ditch, I began to understand why it is that upstate politicians pray for fair weather on Election Day. Bad roads and long distances are handicaps that are difficult to overcome. The construction of State roads and the invention of the Ford have improved matters greatly, but there are still many districts where, in stormy weather, the roads are almost impassable even for a Ford.

In addition to these unavoidable obstacles there are others, seemingly trivial, but none the less serious in their effect on the women voters. These arise from the vagaries of the human character. A very wise politician told us that, in his county, it was very difficult to persuade the women on the farms to vote, because they "hadn't time to get dressed up." Apparently the men go to the polls in over-

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alls or working clothes, but feminine vanity decrees that the women must put on their best dresses and hats before they start on such an important errand. There is still another difficulty which this same politician explained to us. Frequently on Election Day the farmers take a day off. They leave home early in the morning, drive to the polling place, cast their ballot, and stay until dark talking to their friends and discussing the political situation. As a result the women of their families have no chance whatever to vote even if they wish to do so. As we pursued our investigations it was astonishing to find on what trifling considerations the success or failure of a political organization in getting out its voters may depend.

In the northern counties we found also the stronghold of anti-suffrage sentiment. Men and women alike had opposed the Nineteenth Amendment, and in many cases the women had opposed it more bitterly than the men. In every one of the little towns with their wide streets shaded by drooping elms we found a population almost wholly American and New England in its inheritance and tradition. And in every town we found also women of American ancestry who refuse to take any part in politics. They disapprove of woman suffrage, and the fact that the Nineteenth Amendment is now the law of the land makes no difference in their attitude. They boast that their ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*, they bewail the attacks being made upon our American institutions, but they will not lift a finger to save those institutions from destruction. It sometimes seems as if no argument could reach them. Perhaps if they could visit some of our great cities on Election Day, and if they could see the lines of foreign-born women, many of them hardly able to understand the questions of the election inspector, who throng to the polls, the armor of their self-satisfaction might be pierced. If so, it would be well worth while to organize special excursions for them.

The industrial cities of the State present still another problem. Here we have to deal with large numbers of foreign-born citizens; we have to study their needs, their psychology, and their prejudices. It has been proved by experience, for instance, that the Latin nations do not like their women to vote. At times the men merely discourage the women, in other cases they flatly refuse to allow them to go to the polls. Occasionally they threaten them, and it is a difficult task for any political worker to convince a woman that it is worth while to risk a family quarrel, and even a beating, in order to do her duty as a citizen. Probably this prejudice on the part of the men can only be done away with by years of patient explanation. Sometimes a trusted leader of their own nationality can convince them; sometimes time would seem to be the only remedy.

Among other races the prejudice against women voting is not so marked. Many of our foreign-born citizens come from countries which have long been accustomed to self-government. Their political traditions are to a certain extent the same as our own, and for that reason they more easily adapt themselves to our national life and to our form of government.

Once these women are aroused they are all enthusiasm. Politics with them become a passion. They put all their energy into their work, and they transform the problems of government from abstractions into intensely human and personal matters. With their knowledge of national characteristics and with their interest in American institutions they are untiring in their efforts to arouse and interest other women of their race. There are few more inspiring sights than to watch some of the groups of foreign-born women in our cities busy among their own people, carrying on a work of Americanization that their American-born sisters would do well to imitate.

For we must realize the handicaps under which these foreign women are struggling. Many of them come from lands where government is synonymous with oppression. They reach America with little or no knowledge of our language and our customs, and are forced at once to adapt themselves to a new environment and new standards of living. For the women it is especially difficult. The men go out to work; they meet other men and learn from them. The children soon yield to the influence of the public schools, where the process of Americanization is surprisingly rapid. But the wo-

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men stay at home. Their opportunities to gain knowledge are tragically few, and if we would reach them we must prove to them first of all that government is a human thing, not a tyrant. The great strength of Tammany Hall lies in the fact that it is a benevolent society as well as a political organization. It never forgives an enemy, but it never forgets a friend. It is the supreme example of humanized politics, and it can only be beaten by an organization which excels it in ability to use the little human touches that count so much.

One of the most successful politicians I know is a woman who, between elections, spends her time helping her neighbors. She nurses their sick children, cuts out dress patterns, bakes pies, and is never too busy to lend a helping hand whenever it is needed. Most of her activities seem far removed from politics, but they bring her a store of good-will which is invaluable on Election Day. Perhaps even more striking is the instance of an election in a district in New York City which was won because a political worker sent some flowers to a sick child. That little act of kindness was more potent than any argument. It brought the child's parents out in a blizzard to cast their votes, and those two votes decided the election.

The foreign-born woman is particularly dependent upon kindness and interest, and she must have a leader whom she knows and trusts. For that leader she will do anything; for an outsider she will do nothing. There is a little industrial town near the Canadian border which has a large foreign population. Upon the foreign women who live there argument and pleading have no effect. They will go to the polls only if one particular woman whom they all love and respect comes for them and takes them in her motor. When she appears no argument is necessary.

The foreign-born citizen is largely an urban problem, but this problem is no more difficult of solution than some others which confront us to a certain extent in every city, but particularly in Greater New York. In the poorer districts political workers have only to ring a doorbell and climb a flight of stairs. The climb may be fatiguing but at the end of it they will find the person they want to see. The task of humanizing politics is not so difficult as the task of humanizing the voter, and that is what we often have to face in the residential districts. There it is almost impossible to gain access to the individual voter, especially in the large apartment-houses, where superintendents, telephone operators, and elevator boys form an almost impenetrable barrier. Frequently even if we are able to penetrate this barrier we are faced by the necessity of breaking down the superiority complex of the voter. This attitude is fortunately not typical, but it is common enough to cause the practical politicians to launch frequent diatribes against "high-brows." It is a well-known fact, for instance, that schools and colleges are the most difficult places in which to do political work, and certainly nothing is more exhausting or more disillusioning than a day spent in making a house-to-house canvass in a residential district.

Our investigations have led us to several interesting conclusions. We find that there are two distinct sets of problems: the rural and the urban. The rural problem is principally one of transportation. The greatest obstacles to be overcome are bad roads, long distances, and the indifference that results from isolation. The urban problem is twofold. First, there is the foreign-born citizen. The question is how best to arouse his interest and how to humanize politics so as to overcome his fear and distrust of government. Second, there is the residential district. Here the problem is how to gain access to the individual voter and, having gained it, how to break through his shell of self-satisfaction and complacency and enroll him in the ranks of America's working citizens.

But perhaps the most far-reaching result of our inquiries is a negative one. We have proved beyond peradventure that the women voters cannot be effectively organized by men, and that the fact that the men of a given locality are politically active is no indication that the women are active also. We have found that women need leaders of their own sex in whom they have faith. The next step is to secure the right kind of leaders in every community. Then, and not until then, the problem of the woman voter will have been solved.

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The White Monkey

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

VII

LOOKING INTO ELDERSON

SOAMES had left Danby & Winter divided in thought between Elderson and the White Monkey. As Fleur surmised, he had never forgotten Aubrey Greene's words concerning that bit of salvage from the wreck of George Forsyte. "Eat the fruits of life, scatter the rinds, and get copped doing it." His application of them tended toward the field of business.

The country was still living on its capital. With the collapse of the carrying trade and European markets, they were importing food they couldn't afford to pay for. In his opinion they would get copped doing it, and that before long. British credit was all very well, the wonder of the world and that, but you couldn't live indefinitely on wonder. With shipping idle, concerns making a loss all over the place, and the unemployed in swarms, it was a pretty pair of shoes! Even insurance must suffer before long. Perhaps that chap Elderson had foreseen this already, and was simply feathering his nest in time. If one was to be copped in any case, why bother to be honest? This was cynicism so patent, that all the Forsyte in Soames rejected it; and yet it would keep coming back. In a general bankruptcy, why trouble with thrift, far-sightedness, integrity? Even the Conservatives were refusing to call themselves Conservatives again, as if there were something ridiculous about the word, and they knew there was really nothing left to conserve. "Eat the fruit, scatter the rinds, and get copped doing it." That young painter had said a clever thing—yes, and his picture was clever, though Dumetrius had done him over the price—as usual! Where would Fleur hang it? In the hall, he shouldn't be surprised—good light there; and the sort of people they knew wouldn't jib at the nude. Curious—where all the nudes went to! You never saw a nude—no more than you saw the proverbial dead donkey! Soames had a momentary vision of dying donkeys laden with pictures of the nude, stepping off the edge of the world. Refusing its extravagance, he raised his eyes, just in time to see St. Paul's, as large as life. That little beggar with his balloons wasn't there to-day! Well—he'd nothing for him! At a tangent his thoughts turned toward the object of his pilgrimage—the P. P. R. S. and its half-year's accounts. At his suggestion, they were writing off that German business wholesale—a dead loss of two hundred and thirty thousand pounds. There would be no interim dividend, and even then they would be carrying forward a debit toward the next half-year. Well! better have a rotten tooth out at once and done with; the shareholders would have six months to get used to the gap before the general meeting. He himself had got used to it already, and so would they in time. Shareholders were seldom nasty unless startled—a long-suffering lot!

In the board room the old clerk was still filling his ink-pots from the magnum.

"Manager in?"

"Yes, sir."

"Say I'm here, will you?"

The old clerk withdrew. Soames looked at the clock. Twelve! A little shaft of sunlight slanted down the wainscoting and floor. There was nothing else alive in the room save a bluebottle and the tick of the clock; not even a daily paper. Soames watched the bluebottle. He remembered how, as a boy, he had preferred bluebottles and greenbottles to the ordinary fly, because of their bright

*** A summary of the preceding chapters of "The White Monkey" will be found in "Behind the Scenes with Scribner's Authors," page 5.

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color. It was a lesson. The showy things, the brilliant people, were the dangerous. Witness the Kaiser, and that precious Italian poet—what was his name! And this Jack-o'-lantern of their own! He shouldn't be surprised if Elderson were brilliant in private life. Why didn't the chap come? Was that encounter with young Butterfield giving him pause? The bluebottle crawled up the pane, buzzed down, crawled up again; the sunlight stole inward along the floor. All was vacuous in the board room, as though embodying the principle of insurance: "Keep things as they are."

"Can't kick my heels here forever," thought Soames, and moved to the window. In that wide street leading to the river, sunshine illumined a few pedestrians and a brewer's dray, but along the main artery at the end the traffic streamed and rattled. London! A monstrous place! And all insured! "What'll it be like thirty years hence?" he thought. To think that there would be London, without himself to see it! He felt sorry for the place, sorry for himself. Even old Gradman would be gone. He supposed the Insurance Societies would look after it, but he didn't know. And suddenly he became aware of Elderson. The fellow looked quite jaunty, in a suit of dittoes and a carnation.

"Contemplating the future, Mr. Forsyte?"

"No," said Soames. How had the fellow guessed his thoughts?

"I'm glad you've come in. It gives me a chance to say how grateful I am for the interest you take in the concern. It's rare. A manager has a lonely job."

Was he mocking? He seemed altogether very spry and uppish. Lightheartedness always made Soames suspicious—there was generally some reason for it.

"If every director were as conscientious as you, one would sleep in one's bed. I don't mind telling you that the amount of help I got from the Board before you came on it, was—well—negligible."

Flattery! The fellow must be leading up to something!

Elderson went on:

"I can say to you what I couldn't say to any of the others. I'm not at all happy about business, Mr. Forsyte. England is just about to discover the state she's really in."

Faced with this startling confirmation of his own thoughts, Soames reacted.

"No good crying out before we're hurt," he said; "the pound's still high. We're good stayers."

"In the soup, I'm afraid. If something drastic isn't done—we *shall* stay there. And anything drastic, as you know, means disorganization and lean years before you reap reward."

How could the fellow talk like this, and look as bright and pink as a new penny! It confirmed the theory that he didn't care what happened. And, suddenly, Soames resolved to try a shot.

"Talking of lean years—I came in to say that I think we must call a meeting of the shareholders over this dead loss of the German business." He said it to the floor, and looked quickly up. The result was disappointing. The manager's light-grey eyes met his without a blink.

"I've been expecting that from you," he said.

"The deuce you have!" thought Soames, for it had but that moment come into his mind.

"By all means call one," went on the manager; "but I'm afraid the Board won't like it."

Soames refrained from saying: "Nor do I."

"Nor the shareholders, Mr. Forsyte. In a long experience I've found that the less you rub their noses in anything unpleasant, the better for every one."

"That may be," said Soames, stiffening in contrariety; "but it's all a part of the vice of not facing things."

"I don't think, Mr. Forsyte, that you will accuse *me* of not facing things, in the time to come."

Time to come! Now, what on earth did the fellow mean by that?

"Well, I shall moot it at the next Board," he said.

"Quite!" said the manager. "Nothing like bringing things to a head, is there?"

Again that indefinable mockery, as if he had something up his sleeve. Soames looked mechanically at the fellow's cuffs —beautifully laundered, with a blue

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stripe, at his holland waistcoat, and his bird's-eye tie—a regular dandy. He would give him a second barrel!

"By the way," he said, "Mont's written a book. I've taken a copy."

Not a blink! A little more show of teeth, perhaps—false, no doubt!

"I've taken two—poor dear Mont!"

Soames had a sense of defeat. This chap was armored like a crab, varnished like a Spanish table.

"Well," he said, "I must go."

The manager held out his hand.

"Good-bye, Mr. Forsyte. I'm so grateful to you."

The fellow was actually squeezing his hand. Soames went out confused. To have his hand squeezed was so rare! It undermined him. And yet, it might be the crown of a consummate bit of acting. He couldn't tell. He had, however, less intention even than before of moving for a meeting of the shareholders. No, no! That had just been a shot to get a rise; and it had failed. But the Butterfield shot had gone home, surely! If innocent, Elderson must certainly have alluded to the impudence of the young man's call. And yet such a cool card was capable of failing to rise, just to tease you! No! Nothing doing—as they said nowadays. He was as far as ever from a proof of guilt; and, to speak truth, glad of it. Such a scandal could serve no purpose save that of blackening the whole concern, directors and all. People were so careless, they never stopped to think, or apportion blame where it was due. Keep a sharp eye open, and go on as they were! No good stirring hornets' nests! He had got so far in thought and progress, when a voice said:

"Well met, Forsyte! are you going my way?"

"Old Mont," coming down the steps of Snooks's!

"I don't know," said Soames.

"I'm off to the Aeroplane for lunch."

"That newfangled place?"

"Rising, you know, Forsyte—rising."

"I've just been seeing Elderson. He's bought two copies of your book."

"Dear me! Poor fellow!"

Soames smiled faintly. "That's what he said of you! And who d'you think sold them to him? Young Butterfield."

"Is he still alive?"

"He was, this morning."

Sir Lawrence's face took on a twist:

"I've been thinking, Forsyte. They tell me Elderson keeps two women."

Soames stared. The idea was attractive; would account for everything.

"My wife says it's one too many, Forsyte. What do you say?"

"I?" said Soames. "I only know the chap's as cool as a cucumber. I'm going in here. Good-bye!"

One could get no help from that baronet fellow; he couldn't take anything seriously. Two women! At Elderson's age! What a life! There were always men like that, not content with one thing at a time—living dangerously. It was mysterious to him. You might look and look into chaps like that, and see nothing. And yet, there they were! He crossed the hall, and went into the room where Connoisseurs were lunching. Taking down the menu at the service table, he ordered himself a dozen oysters; but, suddenly remembering that the month contained no "r," changed them to a fried sole.

VIII

LEVANTED

"No, dear heart, Nature's 'off'!"

"How d'you mean, Michael?"

"Well, look at the Nature novels we get. Sedulous stuff pitched on Cornish cliffs or Yorkshire moors—ever been on a Yorkshire moor?—it comes off on you; and the Dartmoor brand. Gosh! Dartmoor, where the passions come from—ever been on Dartmoor? Well, they don't, you know. And the South Sea bunch! Oh, la, la! And the poets—the splash-and-splutter school don't get within miles. The village idiot school is a bit better, certainly. After all, old Wordsworth made Nature, and she's a bromide. Of course, there's raw nature with the small n; but if you come up against that, it takes you all your time to keep alive—the Nature we gas about is licensed, nicely blended and bottled. She's not modern enough for contemporary style."

"Oh! well, let's go on the river, anyway, Michael. We can have tea at 'The Shelter.'"

They were just reaching what Michael

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called "this desirable residence," when Fleur leaned forward, and, touching his knee, said:

"I'm not half as nice to you as you deserve, Michael."

"Good Lord, darling! I thought you were."

"I know I'm selfish; especially just now."

"It's only the eleventh baronet."

"Yes; it's a great responsibility. I only hope he'll be like you."

Michael slid into the landing-stage, shipped his sculls, and sat down beside her.

"If he's like me, I shall disown him. But sons take after their mothers."

"I meant in character. I want him frightfully to be cheerful and not restless, and have the feeling that life's worth while."

Michael stared at her lips—they were quivering; at her cheek, slightly browned by the afternoon's sunning; and, bending sideways, he put his own against it.

"He'll be a sunny little cuss, I'm certain."

Fleur shook her head.

"I don't want him greedy and self-centred; it's in my blood, you know. I can see it's ugly, but I can't help it. How do you manage not to be?"

Michael ruffled his hair with his free hand.

"The sun isn't too hot for you, is it, ducky?"

"No. Seriously, Michael—how?"

"But I *am*. Look at the way I want you. Nothing will cure me of that."

A slight pressure of her cheek on his own was heartening, and he said:

"Do you remember coming down the garden one night, and finding me in a boat just here? When you'd gone, I stood on my head, to cool it. I was on my uppers; I didn't think I'd got an earthly—" He stopped. No! He would not remind her, but that was the night when she said: "Come again when I know I can't get my wish!" The unknown cousin!

Fleur said quietly:

"I was a pig to you, Michael, but I was awfully unhappy. That's gone. It's gone at last; there's nothing wrong now, except my own nature."

Conscious that his feelings betrayed the period, Michael said:

"If that's all! What price tea, darling?"

They went up the lawn arm in arm. Nobody was at home— Soames in London, Annette at a garden party.

"We'll have tea on the veranda, please," said Fleur.

Sitting there, happier than he ever remembered being, Michael conceded a certain value to Nature, to the sunshine stealing down, the scent of pinks and roses, the sighing in the aspens. Annette's pet doves were cooing; and, beyond the quietly flowing river, the spires of poplar-trees rose along the farther bank. But, after all, he was only enjoying them because of the girl beside him, whom he loved to touch and look at, and because, for the first time, he felt as if she did not want to get up and flutter off to some one or something else. Curious that there could be, outside oneself, a being who completely robbed the world of its importance, "snooped," as it were, the whole "bag of tricks"—and she one's own wife! Very curious, considering what one was! He heard her say:

"Of course, Mother's a Catholic; only, living with Father down here, she left off practising. She didn't even bother me much. I've been thinking, Michael—What shall we do about *him?*"

"Let him rip, my dear."

"I don't know. He must be taught something, because of going to school. The Catholics, you know, really do get things out of their religion."

"Yes; they go it blind; it's the only logical way now."

"I think having no religion makes one feel that nothing matters."

Michael suppressed the words: "We could bring him up as a sun-worshipper."

"Well," he said, "it seems to me that whatever he's taught will only last till he can think for himself; then he'll settle down to what suits him."

"But what do *you* think about things, Michael? You're as good as any one I know."

"Cripes!" murmured Michael, strangely flattered: "is that so?"

"What *do* you think? Be serious!"

"Well, darling, doctrinally nothing—

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which means, of course, that I haven't got religion. I believe one has to play the game—but that's ethics."

"But surely it's a handicap not to be able to rely on anything but oneself? If there's something to be had out of any form of belief, one might as well have it."

Michael smiled, but not on the surface.

"You're going to do just as you like about the eleventh baronet, and I'm going to abet you. But considering his breeding —I fancy he'll be a bit of a sceptic."

"But I don't *want* him to be. I'd rather he were snug, and convinced and all that. Scepticism only makes one restless."

"No white monkey in him? Ah! I wonder! It's in the air, darling. The only thing will be to teach him a sense of other people, as young as possible, with a slipper, if necessary."

Fleur gave him a clear look, and laughed.

"Ah!" she said: "Mother used to try, but Father wouldn't let her."

They did not reach home till past eight o'clock.

"Either your father's here, or mine," said Michael, in the hall; "there's a prehistoric hat."

"It's Dad's. His inside is grey. Bart's is buff."

In the Chinese room Soames was discovered, an opened letter in his hand, and the Peke at his feet. He held the letter out to Michael, without a word.

There was no date, and no address; Michael read:

"Dear Mr. Forsyte,

"Perhaps you will be good enough to tell the Board at the Meeting on Tuesday that I am on my way to immunity from the consequences of any peccadillo I may have been guilty of. By the time you receive this, I shall be there. I have always held that the secret of life, no less than that of business, is to know when not to stop. It will be no use to proceed against me, for my person will not be attachable, as I believe you call it in the law, and I have left no property behind. If your object was to corner me, I cannot congratulate you on your tactics. If, on the other hand, you inspired that young man's visit as a warning that you were still pursuing the matter, I should like to add new thanks to those which I expressed when I saw you a few days ago.

"Believe me, dear Mr. Forsyte,

"Faithfully yours,

"Robert Elderson."

Michael said cheerfully:

"Happy release! Now you'll feel safer, sir."

Soames passed his hand over his face, evidently wiping off its expression. "We'll discuss it later," he said. "This dog's been keeping me company."

Michael admired him at that moment. He was obviously swallowing his "grief," to save Fleur.

"Good!" he said. "Fleur's a bit tired. We've been on the river, and had tea at 'The Shelter'; Madame wasn't in. Let's have dinner at once, Fleur."

Fleur had picked up the Peke, and was holding her face out of reach of his avid tongue.

"Sorry you've had to wait, darling," she said from behind the yellow fur; "I'm just going to wash; shan't change."

When she had gone, Soames reached for the letter.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" he muttered. "Where it'll end, I can't tell!"

"But isn't this the end, sir?"

Soames stared. These young people! Here he was, faced with a public scandal, which might lead to he didn't know what —the loss of his name in the City, the loss of his fortune, perhaps; and they took it as if—! They had no sense of responsibility—none! All his father's power of seeing the worst, all James' nervous pessimism, had come to the fore in him during the hour since, at the Connoisseurs' Club, he had been handed that letter. Only the extra "form" of the generation that succeeded James, saved him, now that Fleur was out of the room, from making an exhibition of his fears.

"Your father in town?"

"I believe so, sir."

"Good!" Not that he felt it! That baronet chap was just as irresponsible—getting him to go on that Board! It all came of mixing with people brought up in a sort of incurable levity, with no real feeling for money.

"Now that Elderson's levanted," he

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said, "the whole thing must come out. Here's his confession in my hand——"

"Why not tear it up, sir, and say Elderson has developed consumption?"

The impossibility of getting anything serious from this young man afflicted Soames like the eating of heavy pudding.

"You think that would be honorable?" he said grimly.

"Sorry, sir!" said Michael, sobered. "Can I help at all?"

"Yes; by dropping your levity, and taking care to keep wind of this matter away from Fleur."

"I will," said Michael, earnestly: "I promise you. I'll double-dutch-oyster the whole thing. What's your line going to be?"

"We shall have to call the shareholders together, and explain this dicky-dealing. They'll very likely take it in bad part."

"I can't see why they should. How could you have helped it?"

Soames sniffed.

"There's no connection in life between reward and your deserts. If the war hasn't taught you that, nothing will."

"Well," said Michael, "Fleur will be down directly. If you'll excuse me a minute; we'll continue it in our next."

Their next did not occur till Fleur had gone to bed.

"Now, sir," said Michael, "I expect my governor's at the Aeroplane. He goes there and meditates on the end of the world. Would you like me to ring him up, if your board meeting's to-morrow?"

Soames nodded. He himself would not sleep a wink—why should "Old Mont"?

Michael went to the Chinese tea-chest.

"Bart? This is Michael. Old For—my father-in-law is here: he's had a pill. . . . No; Elderson. Could you blow in by any chance and hear? . . . He's coming, sir. Shall we stay down, or go up to my study?"

"Down," muttered Soames, whose eyes were fixed on the white monkey. "I don't know what we're all coming to," he added, suddenly.

"If we did, sir, we should die of boredom."

"Speak for yourself. All this unreliability! I can't tell where it's leading."

"Perhaps there's somewhere, sir, that's neither heaven nor hell."

"A man of *his* age!"

"Same age as my dad: it was a bad vintage, I expect. If you'd been in the war, sir, it would have cheered you up no end."

"Indeed!" said Soames.

"It took the linchpins out of the cart—admitted; but, my Lord! it did give you an idea of the grit there is about, when it comes to being up against it."

Soames stared. Was this young fellow reading him a lesson against pessimism?

"Look at young Butterfield, the other day," Michael went on, "going over the top, to Elderson! Look at the girl who sat for 'the altogether' in that picture you bought us! She's the wife of a packer we had, who got hoofed for snooping books. She made quite a pot of money at standing for the nude, and never lost her wicket. They're going to Australia on it. Yes, and look at that little snooper himself; he snooped to keep her alive after pneumonia, and came down to selling balloons."

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Soames.

"Only grit, sir. You said you didn't know what we were coming to. Well, look at the unemployed! Is there a country in the world where they stick it as they do here? I get awfully bucked at being English every now and then. Don't you?"

The words stirred something deep in Soames: but, far from giving it away, he continued to gaze at the white monkey. The restless, inhuman, and yet so human, angry sadness of the creature's eyes! "No whites to them!" thought Soames: "that's what does it, I expect!" And George had liked that picture to hang opposite his bed! Well, George had grit—joked with his last breath: very English, George! Very English, all the Forsytes! Old Uncle Jolyon, and his way with shareholders; Swithin, upright, puffy, huge in a too little armchair at Timothy's: "All these small fry!" he seemed to hear the words again; and Uncle Nicholas, whom that chap Elderson reproduced as it were unworthily, spry and all-there, and pretty sensual, but quite above suspicion of dishonesty. And old Roger, with his crankiness, and German mutton! And his own father,

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James—how he had hung on, long and frail as a reed, hung on and on! And Timothy, preserved in Consols, dying at a hundred! Grit and body in those old English boys, in spite of their funny ways. And there stirred in Soames a sort of atavistic will-power. . . . He would see, and they would see—and that was all about it!

The grinding of a taxi's wheels brought him back from revery. Here came "Old Mont," tittuppy, and light in the head as ever, no doubt. And, instead of his hand, he held out Elderson's letter.

"Your precious schoolfellow's levanted," he said.

Sir Lawrence read it through, and whistled.

"What do you think, Forsyte—Constantinople?"

"More likely Monte Carlo," said Soames gloomily. "Secret commission—it's not an extraditable offense."

The odd contortions of that baronet's face were giving him some pleasure—the fellow seemed to be feeling it, after all.

"I should think he's really gone to escape his women, Forsyte."

The chap was incorrigible! Soames shrugged his shoulders almost violently.

"You'd better realize," he said, "that the fat is in the fire."

"But surely, my dear Forsyte, it's been there ever since the French occupied the Ruhr. Elderson has cut his lucky; we appoint some one else. What more is there to it?"

Soames had the peculiar feeling of having overdone his own honesty. If an honorable man, a ninth baronet, couldn't see the implications of Elderson's confession, were they really there? Was any fuss and scandal necessary? Goodness knew, *he* didn't want it! He said heavily:

"We now have conclusive evidence of a fraud; we *know* Elderson was illegally paid for putting through business by which the shareholders have suffered a dead loss. How can we keep this knowledge from them?"

"But the mischief's done, Forsyte. How will the knowledge help them?"

Soames frowned.

"We're in a fiduciary position. I'm not prepared to run the risks of concealment. If we conceal, we're accessory after the fact. The thing might come out at any time." If that was caution, not honesty, he couldn't help it.

"I should be glad to spare Elderson's name. We were at——"

"Exactly!" said Soames sardonically.

"But what risk is there of its coming out, Forsyte? Elderson won't mention it; nor young Butterfield, if you tell him not to. Those who paid the commission certainly won't. And beyond us three here, no one else who knows. It's not as if we profited in any way."

Soames was silent. The argument was specious. Entirely unjust, of course, that he should be penalized for what Elderson had done!

"No," he said, suddenly, "it won't do. Depart from the law, and you can't tell where it'll end. The shareholders have suffered this loss, and they have the right to all the facts within the directors' knowledge. There might be some means of restitution they could avail themselves of. We can't judge. It may be they've a remedy against ourselves."

"If that's so, Forsyte, I'm with you."

Soames felt disgust. Mont had no business to put it with a sort of gallantry that didn't count the cost; when the cost, if cost there were, would fall, not on Mont, whose land was heavily mortgaged, but on himself, whose property was singularly realizable.

"Well," he said, coldly, "remember that to-morrow. I'm going to bed."

At his open window up-stairs he felt no sense of virtue, but he enjoyed a sort of peace. He had taken his line, and there it was!

IX

SOAMES DOESN'T GIVE A DAMN

DURING the month following the receipt of Elderson's letter, Soames aged more than thirty days. He had forced his policy of disclosure on a doubting Board, the special meeting had been called; and, just as, twenty-three years ago, pursuing divorce from Irene, he had to face the public eye, so now he suffered day and night in dread of that undiscriminating optic. The French had a proverb: "*Les absents ont toujours tort!*" but Soames had grave doubts about it.

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Elderson would be absent from that meeting of the shareholders, but—unless he was much mistaken—he himself, who would be present, would come in for the blame. The French were not to be relied on. What with his anxiety about Fleur, and his misgiving about the public eye, he was sleeping badly, eating little, and feeling below par. Annette had recommended him to see a doctor. That was probably why he did not. Soames had faith in doctors for other people; but they had never—he would say—done anything for *him*, possibly because, so far, there had not been anything to do.

Failing in her suggestion, and finding him every day less sociable, Annette had given him a book on Coué. After running it through, he had meant to leave it in the train, but the idea, however extravagant, had somehow clung to him. After all, Fleur was doing it; and the thing cost you nothing: there might be something in it! There was. After telling himself that night twenty-five times that he was getting better and better, he slept so soundly that Annette, in the next room, hardly slept at all.

"Do you know, my friend," she said at breakfast, "you were snoring last night so that I could not hear the cock crow."

"Why should you want to?" said Soames.

"Well, never mind—if you had a good night. Was it my little Coué who gave you that nice dream?"

Partly from fear of encouraging Coué, and partly from fear of encouraging her, Soames avoided a reply; but he had a curious sense of power, as if he did not care what people said of him.

"Do it again to-night," he thought.

"You know," Annette went on, "you are just the temperament for Coué, Soames. When you cure yourself of worrying, you will get quite fat."

"Fat!" said Soames, looking at her curves. "I'd as soon grow a beard."

Fatness and beards were associated with the French. He would have to keep an eye on himself if he went on with this —er—what was one to call it? Tomfoolery was hardly the word to conciliate the process, even if it did require you to tie twenty-five knots in a bit of string: very French, that, like telling your beads! He had merely counted on his fingers. The sense of power lasted all the way up to London; he had the conviction that he could sit in a draft if he wanted to, that Fleur would have her boy all right; and as to the P. P. R. S.—ten to one he wouldn't be mentioned by name in any report of the proceedings.

After an early lunch and twenty-five more assurances over his coffee, he set out for the City.

This Board, held just a week before the special meeting of the shareholders, was in the nature of a dress rehearsal. The details of confrontation had to be arranged, and Soames was chiefly concerned with seeing that a certain impersonality should be preserved. He was entirely against disclosure of the fact that young Butterfield's story and Elderson's letter had been confided to himself. The phrase to be used should be "a member of the Board." He saw no need for anything further. As for explanations, they would fall, of course, to the chairman and the senior director, Lord Fontenoy. With dismay he found that the Board thought he himself was the right person to bring the matter forward. No one else—they said—could supply the personal touch, the necessary conviction; the chairman should introduce the matter briefly, then call on Soames to give the evidence within his knowledge. Lord Fontenoy was emphatic.

"It's up to you, Mr. Forsyte. If it hadn't been for you, Elderson would be sitting here to-day. From beginning to end you put the wind up him; and I wish the deuce you hadn't. The whole thing's a confounded nuisance. He was a very clever fellow, and we shall miss him. Our new man isn't a patch on him. If he did take a few thou. under the rose, he took 'em off the Huns."

Old guinea-pig! Soames replied, acidly:

"And the quarter of a million he's lost the shareholders, for the sake of those few thou.? Bagatelle, I suppose?"

"Well, it might have turned out a winner; for the first year it did. We all back losers sometimes."

Soames looked from face to face. They did not support this blatant attitude, but in them all, except perhaps "Old Mont,"

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he felt a grudge against himself. Their expressions seemed to say: "Nothing of this sort ever happened till you came on the Board." He had disturbed their comfort, and they disliked him for it. They were an unjust lot! He said doggedly:

"You leave it to me, do you? Very well!"

What he meant to convey, or whether he meant to convey anything, he did not know; but even that "old guinea-pig" was more civil afterward. He came away from the Board, however, without any sense of power at all. There he would be on Tuesday next, bang in the public eye.

After calling to inquire after Fleur, who was lying down rather poorly, he returned home with a distinct feeling of having been betrayed. It seemed that he could not rely, after all, on this fellow with his twenty-five knots. However much better he might become, his daughter, his reputation, and possibly his fortune, were not apparently at the disposition of his subconscious self. He was silent at dinner, and went up afterward to his picture-gallery, to think things over. For half an hour he stood at the open window, with the summer evening in his face; and the longer he stood there, the more clearly he perceived that the three were really one. Except for his daughter's sake, what did he care for his reputation or his fortune? His reputation! Lot of fools, if they couldn't see that he was careful and honest so far as had lain within his reach; so much the worse for them! His fortune—well, he had better make another settlement on Fleur and her child at once, in case of accidents; another fifty thousand. Ah! if she were only through her trouble! It was time Annette went up to her for good; and there was a thing they called Twilight Sleep. To have her suffering would be dreadful!

The evening lingered out; the sun went down behind familiar trees; Soames' hands, grasping the window-ledge, felt damp with dew; sweetness of grass and river stole up into his nostrils. The sky had paled, and now began to darken; a scatter of stars came out. He had lived here a long time, through all Fleur's childhood—best years of his life; still, it wouldn't break his heart to sell. His heart was up in London. Sell? That was to run before the hounds with a vengeance. No—no!—it wouldn't come to *that!* He left the window, and turning up the lights, began the thousand and first tour of his pictures. He had made some good purchases since Fleur's marriage, and without wasting his money on fashionable favorites. He had made some good sales, too. The pictures in this gallery, if he didn't mistake, were worth from seventy to a hundred thousand pounds; and, with the profits on his sales from time to time, they didn't stand him in at more than five-and-twenty thousand—no bad result from a life's hobby, to say nothing of the pleasure! Of course he might have taken up something else—butterflies, photography, archæology, or first editions; some other sport in which you backed your judgment against the field, and collected the results; but he had never regretted choosing pictures. Not he! More to show for your money, more kudos, more profit, and more risk! The thought startled him a little; had he really taken to pictures because of the risk? A risk had never appealed to him: at least, he hadn't realized it, so far. Had his "subconscious" something to do with it? He suddenly sat down and closed his eyes. Try the thing once more; very pleasant feeling, that morning, of not giving a damn; he never remembered having it before! He had always felt it necessary to worry—kind of insurance against the worst; but it was wearing, no doubt about it, wearing. Turn out the light! They said in that book, you had to relax. In the now dim and shadowy room, with the starlight, through many windows, dusted over its reality, Soames, in his easy chair, sat very still. A faint drone rose on the words: "fatter and fatter" through his moving lips. "No, no," he thought: "that's wrong!" He began the drone again. The tips of his fingers ticked it off; on and on—he would give it a good chance. If only one needn't worry! On and on—"better and better!" If only—! His lips stopped moving; his grey head fell forward into the subconscious. And the stealing starlight dusted over him, too, a little unreality.

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X

BUT TAKES NO CHANCES

MICHAEL knew nothing of the City; and, in the spirit of the old cartographers: "Where you know nothing, place terrors," made his way through the purlieus of the Poultry, toward that holy of holies, the offices of Cuthcott Kingson & Forsyte. His mood was attuned to meditation, for he had been lunching with Sibley Swan at the Café Crillon. He had known all the guests—seven chaps even more modern than old Sib—save only a Russian so modern that he knew no French and nobody could talk to him. Michael had watched them demolish everything, and the Russian closing his eyes, like a sick baby, at mention of any living name. . . . "Carry on!" he thought, several of his favorites having gone down in the *mêlée*. "Stab and bludge! Importance awaits you at the end of the alley." But he had restrained his irreverence till the moment of departure.

"Sib," he said, rising, "all these chaps here are dead—ought they to be about in this hot weather?"

"What's that?" ejaculated Sibley Swan, amidst the almost painful silence of the chaps.

"I mean—they're alive—so they *must* be damned!" And avoiding a thrown chocolate which hit the Russian, he sought the door.

Outside, he thought: "Quite good chaps, really! Not half so darned superior as they think they are. Quite a human touch—getting that Russian on the boko. Phew! It's hot!"

On that first day of the Eton and Harrow match, all the forfeited heat of a chilly summer had gathered, and shimmered over Michael on the top of his Bank bus; shimmered over straw hats, and pale, perspiring faces, over endless other buses, business men, policemen, shopmen at their doors, sellers of newspapers, laces, jumping toys, endless carts and cabs, letterings and wires, all the confusion of the greatest conglomeration in the world—adjusted almost to a hair's breadth by an unseen instinct. Michael stared, and doubted. Was it possible that, with every one pursuing his own business, absorbed in his own job, the thing could work out? An ant-heap was not busier, or more seemingly confused. Live wires crossed and crossed and crossed—inextricable entanglement, you'd say; and yet, life, the order needful to life, somehow surviving! "No slouch of a miracle!" he thought, "modern town life!" And suddenly it seemed to cease, as if demolished by the ruthless dispensation of some super Sibley Swan. He was staring down a *cul de sac*. On both sides, flat houses, recently re-buffed, extraordinarily alike; at the end, a flat buff house, even more alike, and down to it, grey virgin pavement, unstained by horse or petrol; no cars, cats, carts, policemen, hawkers, flies, or bees. No sign of human life, except the names of legal firms to right and left of each open doorway.

"'Cuthcott Kingson & Forsyte, Commissioners for Oaths: First Floor.'"

"Rule Britannia!" thought Michael, ascending wide stone steps.

Entering the room to which he had been ushered, he saw an old and pug-faced fellow with a round grizzled beard, a black alpaca coat, and a roomy holland waistcoat round his roomy middle.

"Aoh!" he said, rising from a swivel-chair: "Mr. Michael Mont, I think. I've been expecting you. We shan't be long about it, after Mr. Forsyte comes. He's just stepped round the corner. Mrs. Michael well, I hope?"

"Thanks; as well as——"

"Ye—es; it makes you anxious. Take a seat. Perhaps you'd like to read the draft?"

Thus prescribed for, Michael took some foolscap from a pudgy hand, and sat down opposite. With one eye on the old fellow, and the other on the foolscap, he read steadily.

"It seems to mean something," he said at last.

He saw a gape, as of a frog at a fly, settle in the beard; and hastened to repair his error.

"Calculating what's going to happen if something else doesn't, must be rather like being a book-maker."

He felt at once that he had not succeeded. There was a grumpy mutter:

"We don't waste our time, 'ere. Excuse me, I'm busy."

Michael sat, compunctious, watching

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him tick down a long page of entries. He was like one of those old dogs which lie outside front doors, keeping people off the premises, and notifying their fleas. After less than five minutes of that perfect silence, Soames came in.

"You're here, then?" he said.

"Yes, sir; I thought it best to come at the time you mentioned. What a nice cool room!"

"Have you read this?" asked Soames, pointing to the draft.

Michael nodded.

"Did you understand it?"

"Up to a point, I think."

"The interest on *this* fifty thousand," said Soames, "is Fleur's until her eldest child, if it's a boy, attains the age of twenty-one, when the capital becomes his absolutely. If it's a girl, Fleur retains half the income for life, the rest of the income becomes payable to the girl when she attains the age of twenty-one or marries, and the capital of that half goes to her child or children lawfully begotten, at majority or marriage, in equal shares. The other half of the capital falls into Fleur's estate, and is disposable by her will, or follows the laws of intestacy."

"You make it wonderfully clear," said Michael.

"Wait!" said Soames. "If Fleur has no children——"

Michael started.

"Anything is possible," said Soames gravely, "and my experience is that the contingencies not provided for are those which happen. In such a case the income of the whole is hers for life, and the capital hers at death to do as she likes with. Failing that, it goes to the next of kin. There are provisions against anticipation and so forth."

"Ought she to make a fresh will?" asked Michael, conscious of sweat on his forehead.

"Not unless she likes. Her present will covers it."

"Have I to do anything?"

"No. I wanted you to understand the purport before I sign; that's all. Give me the deed, Gradman, and get Wickson in, will you?"

Michael saw the old chap produce from a drawer a fine piece of parchment covered with copper-plate writing and seals, look at it lovingly, and place it before Soames. When he had left the room, Soames said in a low voice:

"This meeting on Tuesday—I can't tell! But, whatever happens, so far as I can see, this will stand."

"It's awfully good of you, sir."

Soames nodded, testing a pen.

"I'm afraid I've got wrong with your old clerk," said Michael: "I like the look of him frightfully, but I accidentally compared him to a book-maker."

Soames smiled. "Gradman," he said, "is a 'character.' There aren't many, nowadays."

Michael was still wondering: Could one be a "character" under sixty? when the character returned, with a pale man in dark clothes.

Lifting his nose sideways, Soames said at once:

"This is a post-nuptial settlement on my daughter. I deliver this as my act and deed."

He wrote his name, and got up.

The pale person and Gradman wrote theirs, and the former left the room. There was a silence as of repletion.

"Do you want me any more?" asked Michael.

"Yes. I want you to see me deposit it at the bank with the marriage settlement. Shan't come back, Gradman!"

"Good-by, Mr. Gradman."

Michael heard the old fellow mutter through his beard half buried in a drawer to which he was returning the draft, and followed Soames out.

"Here's where I used to be," said Soames as they went along the Poultry; "and my father before me."

"More genial, perhaps," said Michael.

"The trustees are meeting us at the Bank; you remember them?"

"Cousins of Fleur's, weren't they, sir?"

"Second cousins; young Roger's eldest, and young Nicholas's. I chose them youngish. Very young Roger was wounded in the war—he does nothing. Very young Nicholas is at the bar."

Michael's ears stood up. "What about the next lot, sir? Very, very young Roger would be almost insulting, wouldn't it?"

"There won't be one," said Soames, "with taxation where it is. He can't afford it; he's a steady chap. What are you going to call your boy, if it *is* one?"

"We think Christopher, because of St.

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Paul's and Columbus. Fleur wants him solid, and I want him inquiring."

"H'm! And if it's a girl?"

"Oh!—if it's a girl—Anne."

"Yes," said Soames: "Very neat. Here they are!"

They had reached the bank, and in the entrance Michael saw two Forsytes between thirty and forty, whose chinny faces he dimly remembered. Escorted by a man with bright buttons down his front, they all went to a room, where a man without buttons produced a japanned box. One of the Forsytes opened it with a key; Soames muttered an incantation, and deposited the deed. When he and the chinnier Forsyte had exchanged a few words with the manager on the question of the bank rate, they all went back to the lobby and parted with the words: "Well, good-bye."

"Now," said Soames, in the din and hustle of the street, "he's provided for, so far as I can see. When exactly do you expect it?"

"It should be just a fortnight."

"Do you believe in this—this Twilight Sleep?"

"I should like to," said Michael, conscious again of sweat on his forehead. "Fleur's wonderfully calm; she does Coué night and morning."

"That!" said Soames. He did not mention that he himself was doing it, and gave away the state of his nerves. "If you're going home, I'll come too."

"Good!" said Michael.

He found Fleur lying down, with the Peke on the foot of the sofa.

"Your father's here, darling. He's been anointing the future with another fifty thou. I expect he'd like to tell you all about it."

Fleur made a restless movement.

"Presently. If it's going on as hot as this, it'll be rather a bore, Michael."

"Oh! but it won't, ducky. Three days and a thunderstorm."

Taking the Peke by the chin, he turned the dog's face up.

"And how on earth is your nose going to be put out of joint, old man? There's no joint to put."

"He knows there's something up."

"He's a wise little brute, aren't you, old son?"

The Peke sniffed.

"Michael!"

"Yes, darling?"

"I don't seem to care about anything now—it's a funny feeling."

"That's the heat."

"No. I think it's because the whole business is too long. Everything's ready, and now it all seems rather stupid. One more person in the world or one more out of it—what does it matter?"

"Don't! It matters frightfully!"

"One more gnat to dance, one more ant to run about!"

Anguished, Michael said again:

"Don't, darling! That's just a mood."

"Is Wilfrid's book out?"

"It comes out to-morrow."

"I'm sorry I gave you such a bad time, there. I only didn't want to lose him."

Michael took her hand.

"Nor did I—goodness knows!" he said.

"He's never written, I suppose?"

"No."

"Well, I expect he's all right by now. Nothing lasts."

Michael put her hand to his cheek.

"*I* do, I'm afraid," he said.

The hand slipped round over his lips.

"Give Dad my love, and tell him I'll be down to tea. Oh! I'm so hot!"

Michael hovered a moment, and went out. Damn this heat, upsetting her like this!

Soames was standing in front of the white monkey.

"I should take this down, if I were you," he said; "until it's over."

"Why, sir?" asked Michael, in surprise.

Soames frowned.

"Those eyes!" he muttered.

Michael went up to the picture. Yes! He was a haunting kind of brute!

"But it's such top-hole work, sir."

Soames nodded.

"Artistically, yes. But at such times you can't be too careful what she sees."

"I believe you're right. Let's have him down."

"I'll hold him," said Soames, taking hold of the bottom of the picture.

"Got him tight? Righto. Now!"

"You can say I wanted an opinion on his period," said Soames, when the picture had been lowered to the floor.

"There can hardly be a doubt of that, sir—the present!"

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Soames stared. "What? Oh! You mean—? Just so! H'm! Don't let her know he's in the house."

"No. I'll lock him up." Michael lifted the picture. "D'you mind opening the door, sir?"

"I'll come back at tea-time," said Soames. "That'll look as if I'd taken him off. You can hang him again, later."

"Ah! Poor brute!" said Michael, bearing the picture off to limbo.

XI

WITH A SMALL N

On the night of the Monday following, after Fleur had gone to bed, Michael and Soames sat listening to the mutter of London coming through the windows of the Chinese room opened to the brooding heat. Soames said suddenly:

"They say the war killed sentiment. Is that true?"

"In a way, yes, sir. We had so much reality that we don't want any more."

"I don't follow you."

"I meant that only reality really makes you feel. So if you pretend there *is* no reality, you don't have to feel. It answers awfully well, up to a point."

"Ah!" said Soames. "Her mother comes up to-morrow morning, to stay. This meeting's at half-past two. Good night!"

Michael, at the window, watched the heat gathered black over the Square. A few tepid drops fell on his outstretched hand. A cat stole by under a lamp-post, and vanished into shadow so thick that it seemed uncivilized.

Queer question of old Forsyte's; odd that he should ask it! "Up to a point! But don't we all get past that point?" he thought. Look at Wilfrid, and himself—after the war they had deemed it blasphemous to admit that anything mattered except eating and drinking for to-morrow they died; even fellows like Nazing, and Master, who were never in the war, had felt like that ever since. Well, Wilfrid had got it in the neck; and he himself had got it in the wind; and he would bet that—barring one here and there whose blood was made of ink—they would all get it in the neck or wind soon or late. Why, he would cheerfully bear the pain and risk, up there, instead of Fleur! But if nothing mattered, why should he feel like that?

Turning from the window, he leaned against the lacquered back of the jade-green settee, and stared at the wall space between the Chinese tea-chests. Jolly thoughtful of the "old man" to have that white monkey down! The brute was potent—symbolical of the world's mood; beliefs cancelled, faiths withdrawn! And, dash it! not only the young—but the old—were in that temper! Old Forsyte, or he would never have been scared by that monkey's eyes: yes, and his own governor, and Elderson, and all the rest. Young and old—no real belief in anything! And yet—revolt sprang up in Michael, with a whir, like a covey of partridges. It *did* matter that some person or some principle outside oneself should be more precious than oneself—it dashed well did! Sentiment, then, wasn't dead—nor faith, nor belief, which were the same things. They were only shedding shell, working through chrysalis, into—butterflies, perhaps. Faith, sentiment, belief, had gone underground, possibly, but they were there, even in old Forsyte, and himself. He had a good mind to put the monkey up again. It seemed exaggerating his importance. . . . By George! Some flare! A jagged streak of vivid light had stripped darkness off the night. Michael crossed, to close the windows. A shattering peal of thunder blundered overhead; and down came the rain, slashing and sluicing. He saw a man running, black like a shadow, across a dark-blue screen; saw him by the light of another flash, suddenly made lurid and full of small meaning, with face of cheerful anxiety, as if he were saying: "Hang it, I'm getting wet!" Another frantic crash!

"Fleur!" thought Michael; and clanging the last window down, he ran upstairs.

She was sitting up in bed, with a face all round, and young, and startled.

"Brutes!" he thought—guns and the heavens confounded in his mind: "They've waked her up!"

"It's all right, darling! Just another little summer kick-up! Were you asleep?"

"I was dreaming!" He felt her hand clutching within his own, saw a sudden

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pinched look on her face, with a sort of rage. What infernal luck!

"Where's Ducky?"

No dog was in the corner.

"Under the bed—you bet! Would you like him up?"

"No. Let him stay; he hates it."

She put her head against his arm, and Michael curled his hand round her other ear.

"I never liked thunder much!" said Fleur, "and now it—it hurts!"

High above her hair Michael's face underwent the contortions of an overwhelming tenderness. One of those crashes which seem just overhead sent her face burrowing against his chest, and, sitting on the bed, he gathered her in, close.

"I wish it were over," came, smothered, from her lips.

"It will be directly, darling; it came on so suddenly!" But he knew she didn't mean the storm.

"If I come through, I'm going to be quite different to you, Michael."

Anxiety was the natural accompaniment of such events, but the words "If I come through" turned Michael's heart right over. Incredible that one so young and pretty should be in even the remotest danger of extinction; incredibly painful that she should be in fear of it! He hadn't realized. She had been so calm, so matter-of-fact about it all.

"Don't!" he mumbled; "of course you'll come through."

"I'm afraid."

The sound was small and smothered, but the words hurt horribly. Nature, with the small n, forcing fear into this girl he loved so awfully! Nature kicking up this godless din above her poor little head!

"Ducky, you'll have Twilight Sleep and know nothing about it; and be as right as rain in no time."

Fleur freed her head.

"Not if it's not good for him. Is it?"

"I expect so, sweetheart; I'll find out. What makes you think——?"

"Only that it's not natural. I want to do it properly. Hold my hand hard, Michael. I—I'm not going to be a fool. Oh! Some one's knocking—go and see."

Michael opened the door a crack. Soames—unnatural—in a blue dressing-gown and scarlet slippers!

"Is she all right?" he whispered.

"Yes, yes."

"In this bobbery she oughtn't to be left."

"No, sir, of course not. I shall sleep on the sofa."

"Call me, if anything's wanted."

"I will."

Soames' eyes slid past, peering into the room. A string worked in his throat, as if he had things to say which did not emerge. He shook his head, and turned. His slim figure, longer than usual, in its gown, receded down the corridor, past the Japanese prints which he had given them. Closing the door again, Michael stood looking at the bed. Fleur had settled down; her eyes were closed, her lips moving. He stole back on tiptoe. The thunder, travelling away south, blundered and growled as if regretfully. Michael saw her eyelids quiver, her lips stop, then move again. "Coué!" he thought.

He lay down on the sofa at the foot of the bed, whence, without sound, he could raise himself and see her. Many times he raised himself. She had dropped off, was breathing quietly. The thunder was faint now, the flashes imperceptible. Michael closed his eyes.

A faint last mutter roused him to look at her once more, high on her pillows by the carefully shaded light. Young—young! Colorless, like a flower in wax! No scheme in her brain, no dread—peaceful! If only she could stay like that and wake up with it all over! He looked away. And there she was at the far end, dim, reflected in a glass; and there to the right, again. She lay, as it were, all round him in the pretty room, the inhabiting spirit—of his heart.

It was quite still now. Through a chink in those powder-blue curtains he could see some stars. Big Ben chimed one.

He had slept, perhaps, dozed at least, dreamed a little. A small sound woke him. A very little dog, tail down, yellow, low and unimportant, was passing down the room, trailing across it to the far corner. "Ah!" thought Michael, closing his eyes again: "You!"

(To be concluded.)

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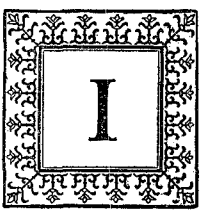
Rip Van Winkle Goes to the Play

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

I



HAVE been a playgoer from my youth up. At the early age of eight my mother's father, who was a Scot, took me to Laura Keene's to see "Jeanie Deans," Boucicault's dramatization of the "Heart of Midlothian"; and I can still recall my thrilling suspense when the mob battered in the doors of the Tolbooth and swarmed over the stage. This was in the first month of 1860; and my grandfather had wanted me to see "Jeanie Deans" because it was a Scotch play. Three years later, when I was scant eleven, I went with him to Niblo's Garden, where Edwin Forrest was appearing in "Macbeth," which was also a Scotch play.

In the next half dozen years I gazed with joyous delight at the Ravels, those expert pantomimists; and I think that this delight was renewed more than once, as I remember the dying agonies of the almost human hero of "Jocko, the Brazilian Ape," and also a more mystifying spectacle in which a man had his arms and his legs cut off one by one and then his head—only to become whole again and indisputably alive after his severed members had been laid out on a magic table.

> Eheu fugaces, Posthume,
> How the years glide away and are lost to me!

Before I had attained to the more mature age of fourteen I beheld the "Rosedale" of Lester Wallack, that native of New York who persisted in being an Englishman; and I can tremble again in dreadful anticipation when I revisualize the nocturnal visit of the ultra-heroic hero into the camp of the sleeping gypsies, to sing the old song which lured forth the stolen child of the hero's lady-love. A little before I had been fascinated by this heroic adventure, or a little later, I had the privilege of admiring Edwin Booth as Hamlet. This was at the Winter Garden, where Shakspere's masterpiece was achieving its first run of one hundred consecutive performances. That was in 1864; and in the same year or the next I sat spellbound when Richelieu threatened to launch the Curse of Rome. The long and narrow playbill informed me that the scenery of both these plays, "Hamlet" and "Richelieu," had been painted in Paris, an expensive novelty in those distant days when the wandering tragedian was expected to make the best of the stock scenery of the local theatre, shabby as it might be and shopworn and infrequently appropriate.

In the summer of 1866 we went to Europe, to London—where I was captivated by an ethereal ballet at the Alhambra—and to Paris, where I paid my first visit to the Théâtre Français, which I was to know intimately ten and twenty years later. A few months later came the Exposition of 1867; and we went to two comedy-dramas of the triumphantly successful Sardou, then in the first flush of his long continued productivity and popularity. Much as I was pleased by the dramaturgic dexterity and the journalistic wit of the "Famille Benoiton" and of "Nos Bons Billageois"—a dexterity and a wit that I was too young to appreciate but not too young to relish—I think that I found a more obvious pleasure in two superb spectacles, "Cendrillon" at the Châtelet and the "Biche aux Bois" at the Porte Saint-Martin. Not until long after I had been charmed by the dazzling splendors of the "Biche aux Bois" did I discover that the prominent but unimportant part of the Princess had been played by a slim young woman who was in time to achieve world-wide notoriety as Sarah Bernhardt.

We returned to New York late in the fall of 1867 in time for me to see the "Black Crook," then nearing the end of its prolonged run, and to attend the open-

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ing performance of its even more glittering successor, the "White Fawn," a performance that did not end until two o'clock in the morning. In the next five years, when I was advancing from sixteen to twenty-one, I became an assiduous first-nighter, a less arduous calling half a century ago, when there were only half a dozen theatres in New York, than it is now, when there are more than half a hundred. I was present at the opening and again at the closing of John Brougham's brief season at the theatre behind the Fifth Avenue Hotel, soon to be managed by Augustin Daly. In the fall of 1869, I attended the opening of Edwin Booth's Theatre, when the manager appeared as Romeo and his young wife as Juliet, with Edwin Adams as Mercutio and Mark Smith as Friar Laurence; and in the fall of 1909, almost exactly forty years later, I attended the opening of the New Theatre, an enterprise even more ambitious than Booth's and not more fortunate.

In the two score years between 1869 and 1909 I saw every play and every player that deserved to be seen—and not a few that did not. A procession of actors of outstanding stature passed before my eyes, Forrest, Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, Florence, Davenport, Henry Irving; Charlotte Cushman, Clara Morris, Rose Eytinge, and Ellen Terry; Ristori, Salvini and Rossi; Barnay and Seebach, Janauschek and Modjeska; Fechter and Coquelin, Sarah Bernhardt and Réjane. And even longer is the bede-roll of the dramatists whose plays attracted me in the course of the revolving years—Boucicault and Robertson, Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones, Bronson Howard and Clyde Fitch, Gillette and Moody, Sardou, Dumas and Dennery, Sudermann and Ibsen. These playwrights and these players march again through my memory, glorious as an army with banners.

Then, as it happened, fifteen or twenty years ago, my visits to the theatre became less frequent; and in the past five or ten years they have been but few. It may be that my ardor had relaxed a little, although I doubt it. Circumstances made it difficult for me to go to the play even when I desired it. As the result of this enforced abstinence I have not been a diligent witness of the change which has taken place in the American theatre in the opening decades of this century. My information about this change has been necessarily more or less second-hand. I lack the sharp impression of the thing seen with my own eyes. I found myself, so far as the drama was concerned, living rather in the past than in the present.

Fate willed it that early in 1924 the restrictions upon my theatre-going were removed, when I had slowly recovered from a long illness and when my physician advised me to mix with my fellowman as often as my strength would permit; he even went so far as to prescribe playgoing —a prescription which coincided with my inclination. So it was that after his long sleep Rip Van Winkle was able to awake and to see for himself the result of the things which had happened while he had been slumbering.

II

It is not the incorrigible garrulity of a septuagenarian which has prompted me to this autobiographic prelude; it is rather that I wanted the readers of this paper to perceive the peculiar experience I have had in the past few months. I cannot but think that there are aspects of our theatre at the end of this first quarter of the twentieth century that I may be able to analyze more clearly than those can whose eyes have not been sealed in sleep for almost a score of years. Even if I am wrong in thus thinking, I have at least the advantage of that longer perspective of playgoing which is the inexpugnable possession of the veteran lagging superfluous. So I propose to set down before they fade the impressions made on me in the past half-year by the American plays I have been privileged to enjoy, by the actors in those pieces, and by the methods of the producers who were responsible for the performance of them. I had best begin this report of a returned traveller by asserting boldly that these plays, these players and these methods are far more satisfactory than such things were when I was serving my apprenticeship as a student of the stage, long, long ago.

Until the last two decades of the nineteenth century there were few comedies or

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dramas of American authorship which were not feeble in their workmanship and false in their portrayal of life. Before those two decades we were content to import our plays across the ocean from the English, who were then importing their plays across the Channel. We had to feed on the London perversions of Parisian pieces, a fare as indigestible as it was innutritious. Nor was our table much better supplied when we began to import directly from France and Germany and to do our own perverting. Olive Logan turned the delicious "Niniche" into an unappetizing "Newport"; and Daly played havoc with a host of German comedy-farces, disguising their foreign flavor with tasteless American sauce. I cannot declare too vehemently my belief that an adaptation whereby an alien story is maltreated in a vain effort to make it conform to our native manners and customs is the abomination of desolation.

On the other hand, a conscientious translation of an exotic masterpiece may be a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Such is Brian Hooker's consummately skilful rendering of Rostand's "Cyrano de Bergerac"; such also is the workmanlike translation of Ibsen's "Ghosts" made by William Archer. As New York is the most cosmopolitan of cities and also the most hospitable to visitors from overseas it is fit and proper that the most interesting plays of every alien tongue should be presented to our playgoers in their integrity, with only such condensation as our clearer skies and more bracing winds may make advisable. It is a good omen that while translations are not now infrequent, adaptations are rapidly losing favor. The finer the foreign play, the less likely it now is to be insulted by inartistic transmogrification. This is a great gain, not only because it increases our more exact understanding of what is being done by the playwrights of continental Europe, French and German, Italian and Spanish, Russian and Hungarian, but more especially because it provides us with helpful models for the sincere treatment of our own life.

In his illuminating study of the epochs of French drama, Brunetière asserted that "every nation is most easily interested in subjects from its own life present or past, or from those of kindred races." An exotic theme has always to wait for a tardy welcome, whereas every attempt to mirror our own characteristics is likely to be more immediately profitable. Half a century ago there were attempts to mirror American life which were profitable although not estimable. "Solon Shingle," "The Gilded Age," "The Mighty Dollar" were poor things even if they were our own,—artificial, arbitrary, amorphous and empty, with no roots in reality and with no tincture of literature. They were acceptable to our playgoers because they contained highly colored caricatures of American character; and they were acceptable for the moment only in default of any more veracious rendering of even the superficial aspects of American manners.

In the final weeks of the theatrical season of 1923–4 I saw a dozen plays of native authorship; one of them had its scene laid in a foreign land and another was based upon a foreign original; ten of them dealt with American life and character. I may as well list the titles of these ten plays before I comment on them; they were "Hell-bent fer Heaven," "The Merry Wives of Gotham," "The Show Off," "In the Next Room," "Helena's Boys," "Expressing Willie," "The Goose Hangs High," "Meet the Wife," "The Potters" and "Rain." They were all more or less successful; and each of them deserved such success as it attained. I do not wish to imply that they were all of them masterpieces of dramatic art—or even minor masterpieces; but in their several degrees they gave me the special pleasure that I seek in the theatre. Nor do I desire to suggest that they were of equal merit, for of course they varied widely in value. Some were slight and superficial, but all were clever; and no one was flagrantly false to the facts of life, even if more than one was unable wholly to conceal its artifices. Taken by and large, they displayed a freshness of topic, a fertility of invention, an ingenuity of plotting, a neatness of construction and an adroitness of craftsmanship, which would have been sought in vain in even the best of the native plays of half a century ago.

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Two of them, "Rain" and "Hell-bent fer Heaven," were veracious interpretations of human nature, inspired by imagination, inviting and rewarding comparison with the work of the most dexterous living dramatists of Europe. These two plays, and some of the others also, are good auguries for the future of the American drama. I have reasons of my own for liking "Hell-bent fer Heaven," but these reasons do not inhibit me from expressing my high respect for "Rain." Both dramas deal with religious fanaticism and both enlarge our understanding of our fellowman and of our fellow American; and to say this is to say that they deserve well of those who rejoice at the intensifying rivalry of the play with the novel. After all, the ultimate purpose of fiction in the study or on the stage is to hold the mirror up to nature and to people our memories with human beings who are worth remembering and whom we cannot forget.

There is no need to dissect in detail these two plays or the other eight; but attention may be called to one quality they have in common: they are, all of them, well written, in clear and clean English, vigorous and unpretentious, uncontaminated by "fine writing" falsely so called. Without parading it they possess "literary merit"; and I make bold to believe that several of them will prove to be permanent additions to American literature, as readable as they are actable. Some of them are serious in theme and in these the dialogue has the stark directness of tense emotion; but none of them is solemn, since their loftiest moments are accentuated by humorous touches, as is the case of real life, where tragedy and comedy are inextricably intertwined. They all eschew the old-fashioned and outworn "comic relief" which forced the funny characters to succeed the graver, whereby we were presented first with a streak of fat and then a streak of lean. Making a more artistic use of the comic spirit, they introduce us to men and women who are not mere figures of fun, but recognizable human beings occasionally laughable because they are always human. Sometimes they attain to the higher levels of true comedy, which compels us to think even while we laugh.

For the most part their humor is good humor, not pitiless, but consoling; and their wit is pleasantly mirthful, not acid or acrid. Their dialogue is easy and seemingly natural, often felicitous with an unexpected turn of phrase. Moreover, the talk whereby the action is carried on is not bespattered with verbal spangles, with what are loosely termed "epigrams," cynical sayings clipped from a note-book and wilfully pinned into the dialogue. The characters speak for themselves and out of their own hearts, they are not mere megaphones through which the author promulgates his own ideas, insistent on our attention to the moral or the thesis he believes himself to be inculcating.

III

After saying my say thus succinctly about ten American plays which I have recently enjoyed I am glad to be able to praise with as little qualification the players who made these dramas and these comedies start to life on the stage. Taken together, these dramas and these comedies were more adequately and more delicately acted than they would have been by the actors of my youth. The praisers of past times (whom we always have with us) look longingly back to what they call the "palmy days" of acting; they assert that we have now no performers of dominating personality with the consummate skill and the commanding authority of Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth, and Joseph Jefferson. They declare vehemently that although we may have twenty separate dollars we have not now a single double eagle—overlooking the fact that we need silver every day, whereas gold is necessary only on rarer occasions. It is a fact—I can testify to it—that in the palmy days we were likely to have the double eagle accompanied by a handful of pennies with the inevitable result that the gold coin suffered from its contact with the copper pieces. Macready's diary is an unceasing wail over the careless incompetence of the actors who supported him; and when Edwin Booth opened his own spacious and splendid theatre in 1869 there were not lacking shrill animadversions on the inferiority of the company he had himself engaged.

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One reason for the difference of opinion between the praisers of the past and the praisers of the present lies in the divergence of their point of view, of their standards, of their ideals. This is due to the many changes in the physical conditions of performance. In the days of Macready and of Booth the theatre had an "apron," thrust far out into the auditorium, and on this projecting platform, surrounded on three sides by the audience, the robust and full-lunged performer spouted the magniloquent speeches of an ultra-rhetorical drama—speeches "that you could sink your teeth in." In our day, the apron has been cut back; the curtain rises and falls in the proscenium arch, that has thereby become a picture frame, behind which the actors of our time—constantly cautioned not "to get out of the picture"—speak the straightforward words of our unrhetorical plays. This alteration of the playhouse has forced a corresponding modification of the methods of the player. Our actors may have lost something of the largeness of style demanded by the older type of play, but they have made up for this by their conquest of simplicity of utterance and by their subtler refinements in characterization. They are not in close contact with the spectators; and they are no longer called upon to deliver confidential asides to the audience. They do not now "take the stage," striding across it triumphantly, after a bravura speech; they are less likely to act each for himself and sometimes at the expense of the others present at the time; they have learned the value of team-play; and the result is a more harmonious whole.

In the stock-companies of sixty years ago every performer was rigidly restricted to his own "line of business"—leading man and leading woman, old man and old woman, low comedian and light comedian, heavy man and singing chambermaid. Therefore the parts they impersonated were types rather than characters; they were parts cut according to traditional patterns, painted in the primary colors, so that the spectators could recognize at once what manner of man or woman each of the actors was supposed to represent. This practice may have made for boldness and breadth; and perhaps it was more or less necessary when plays were pitchforked on the stage in slapdash fashion with scant rehearsal and even scanter direction and when an actor might appear in three pieces in a single evening and in a dozen in a single week. Moreover, if there was a part in an important play which was not within the compass of any actor in the company, it had none the less to be undertaken by somebody, however unfitted he might be. Special engagements were infrequent and rarely possible; and the manager had to make out as best he could with the material he had. As a result, there were likely to be always one or two round pegs in square holes.

To-day the author and the manager can call to their assistance a "producer," who is the successor of the happy-go-lucky "stage-manager" and who is more competent than his predecessor and more powerful in his control of the performance. The producer studies the manuscript; he advises with the author; and he decides upon both the strategy and the tactics required to make explicit all that is implicit in the manuscript. He recommends the several actors and actresses who can best be trusted to impersonate the several parts—that is to say, who will look and speak as the characters ought to look and speak and who will be able to rise to the full height of the situations in which these characters reveal themselves. This is called "casting to type"; and although it is sometimes carried to unhappy extremes, it results more often than not in a far more satisfactory rendering of the important figures of the play than was possible in the stock companies of yore with the cast-iron law of "lines of business" and with leading men and leading women who were not seldom far too advanced in years to be acceptable as youthful heroes and heroines.

The producer is also responsible for the scenery, which is prepared especially for every new play, and which is less flamboyant than the stage settings of three score years ago; it is intended to be unobtrusive and to suggest (rather than to supply) an appropriate background for the action. Furthermore, the producer has now at his service a heterogeny of devices which enable him to achieve a discriminating delicacy in the lighting of the stage, an illumination which can be modified with a subtlety unsuspected by the

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spectators but none the less potent in evoking their emotional response as the story unrolls itself.

The producer has a function similar to that of the conductor of a symphony orchestra. He sets the tempo of the performance and he modifies this at will, accelerating the movement at one moment and retarding it at another, alternating his fortissimo and his pianissimo, stimulating the sluggishness of the laggards and curbing the excessive zeal of the more venturesome and individualistic, and finally (if he is a master of his art) attaining a unity of effect, a harmony of tone, a proportion and a symmetry, which force us to forget that we are seeing acting and bestow on us the illusion that what we are beholding is not fiction but fact. The producer, like the orchestral conductor, is a member of a new profession; and it is he who, with his skill, his sympathy, his observation and his imagination, makes possible performances as perfect as those of "Rain" and "Hell-bent fer Heaven"—a perfection which was not only impossible but hopelessly inconceivable in the palmy days of old. We are profiting now by the development of the art of the producer, an art evolved from that of the earlier stage manager,—just as the sky-scraper has been evolved from the log-cabin. To him we owe the smoothness, the certainty, the apparent inevitability, of the performances of the ten American plays which I have listed. The plays were good in themselves, each after its kind; and the performances were worthy of them.

IV

Of course, our modern method, like everything else in this transitory world, has the defects of its qualities. The actor does not now find it as easy to acquire versatility; he is likely to be confined to parts of a similar type; and he may be called upon to appear in the same character in the same play for several hundred nights, whereby his work tends to become monotonous and unprofitable. Furthermore, he has fewer opportunities of appearing in the classics, in the plays of Shakspere and of Sheridan, and of thereby acquiring the breadth and the authority which come from the assumption of characters less realistic than those of our contemporary drama. I confess to having had a fear that the delivery of blank verse might become one of the lost arts and that even the robust prose of the older comedies might be beyond the scope of actors who have had few or no opportunities to essay themselves in stalwart and richly colored characters. But I have taken heart of hope, since the altogether admirable revival of "Cyrano de Bergerac" has shown me that the secret of blank verse can be imparted to inexperienced actors and since the revival of "She Stoops to Conquer" made it plain that performers accustomed to the plays which require them not to get out of the picture, were able to acquit themselves nobly in plays where there was no picture to get out of.

There is yet another unavoidable disadvantage of the system of "casting to type" in a company engaged only for the "run of the play." Meritorious pieces can no longer be kept in stock, so to speak, ready for revival at a week's notice. When the special company is once scattered, there is little chance of getting it together again; and a revival of the piece in which it appeared has to be a special production, almost as onerous and as risky as its original performance. As Señor Ibanez has put it sharply, "a sort of tunnel, a tunnel of forgetfulness, as it were, opens at the end of every dramatic run; and into this tunnel all plays, however brilliant their careers, ultimately make their way; and only the masterpiece, the exceptional production, succeeds in reappearing at the other end—years, and perhaps generations, afterward." This is as undeniable as it is unfortunate; and as I call the roll of the ten American plays I have seen in swift succession, I find myself wondering whether I shall ever be able to see them again. Perhaps there are only two in the list, "Rain" and "Hell-bent fer Heaven" which the next generation of playgoers will have the privilege of enjoying in the theatre, the only place where a play can disclose its full power.

And yet, when all is said, I am convinced that the methods of to-day are better than those of yesterday and that (since we cannot have everything) we have good reason to be content with what we have.

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AS I LIKE IT

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

I CAN hardly write the words fast enough to tell all my readers who love books and stories of the sea to run, not walk, as the Fire Commissioner commands, to the nearest bookshop, and there secure a copy of "Under Sail," by Felix Riesenberg. I had sailed around old Cape Stiff with John Masefield, with Richard Henry Dana, and with other deep-water men; but never did I more keenly enjoy the thrilling experience. There are several reasons for this; the *A. J. Fuller* was a full-rigged ship, kites and all, and thank heaven, had no auxiliary; her captain, Charles M. Nichols, still living, while a disciplinarian, was as square-rigged as his vessel; the bucko mate, Mr. Zerk, still living and operating in Hawaiian waters, was often brutal and cruel, but a consummate master of seamanship; the crew were on the whole thoroughly good fellows; nothing on board was absolutely bad except the food.

The ship left New York December 5, 1897, went round the Horn to Honolulu, and docked in New York again, September, 1898. Felix Riesenberg, eighteen years old, was a foremast hand in the port watch and, while an excellent seaman, happened to have two other qualities: the imagination of a poet, and the ability to write down his experiences in a prose style so vivid that every reader will share them.

This book held me in captivity from beginning to end. It is a masterpiece of narration, description, and characterization. And although I am a landlubber, how thoroughly I understand the ache in the boy's heart when the long voyage was over—an ache deeper and more enduring than any of the thousand aches that visited his young body! I say this book deserves to stand on the same shelf with "Two Years Before the Mast," with "Moby Dick," with "The Nigger of the Narcissus," with "The Wreck of the Grosvenor," with "The Ebb Tide," and with the other classics of the sea. Even the very form of the book is nautical; she carries a bone in her mouth; for the foreword is written by that accomplished seaman, Captain David W. Bone.

Transportation by steam was an advance in efficiency; but like so many other advances in science, what beauty, what infinite beauty, it destroyed! The one hope for the return of sails to the sea is their cheapness, and with all my heart I hope they will come back. I shall always be thankful that my first voyage to Europe was on a small steamer that carried and used canvas, with a deck so low that in heavy weather—of which we had plenty—we had not only the sensation of being on the sea, but of having the sea on us. One tremendous green comber knocked me clear across the deck, and laid me flat in the lee scuppers.

Recently I asked a man, who had arrived from Europe on one of the frivolous hotels that are now used as ferries, whether there were any rough days. "I haven't the slightest idea," said he; "I never saw the sea from port to port." It appeared that he was on one of the enclosed decks some sixty feet above the water. There is an insulting contrast between the artificiality of the modern floating palace and an element so primitive as the ocean; it is like a dining-car passing through infinite miles of sagebrush.

In reading "Under Sail" I am again filled with admiration for the amazing courage and skill of the old seamen; I think of their unspeakable hardships and miserable wages. How much more work it took to get their A. B. than to win the academic one, and how forlorn their future after they earned it!

Yet the wages of seamen were fixed, like everything else, by supply and demand; from the rational point of view, it would seem incredible that men could be found to undertake such drudgery combined with peril, when they knew in advance what awaited them, including the disgust-

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it was imposed on the better grades as an act of protection. Now, however, there is a tendency away from it. I live in Tampa, where we make over 1,500,000 cigars every day. You will find many styles of the better sort coming out now without bands."

H. R. Bygrave, of Boston, writes: "I agree entirely with what you say about their being a rank nuisance. However, I think there is a reason for them. As I remember it, years ago a number of States passed laws requiring all cigars to be sold in the original package. These laws had the claimed effect of preventing fraudulent palming off of dishonest goods. In most instances, of course, where cigars are publicly sold, and where they are bought in large quantities, it is not always feasible to display them in the original box. Some bright lawyer somewhere discovered the theory that by putting a band on each cigar, with the name of the cigar and the trademark, or other insignia of the maker, the band would be the original package. I have never represented any cigar manufacturers, but this is my memory of the history of the introduction of cigar bands. . . . By the way, have you not found that your trouble with the bands has been greater of recent years than when bands were first put on? I have. Damnable as the Germans may be, originally practically all the cigar bands on the better grade of cigars were made in Germany, and they were made with a little tab which you could take in your finger and easily tear off the band without damage to the cigar. Since the Great War, this German industry has disappeared in this country."

I well remember those blessed tabs. I remember also that in Germany before the war one could buy anywhere a cigar for six cents that was superior to any fifteen-cent cigar I ever saw in the land of the free.

Another and more romantic explanation of the origin of the cigar band comes from Doctor W. C. Hovey, of Nokomis, Illinois: "The bands on cigars are an outgrowth of a custom prevalent in Cuba in early days. It was the custom of the Spanish ladies, who smoked cigars, to place brown paper rings around their 'smokes' so that their pretty fingers might not be stained by coming into contact with the tobacco."

The last word for the present on this subject shall be given to the clergy. The Reverend Lloyd C. Douglas, of Akron, Ohio, whose sermons must sparkle with originality and wit, makes the following interesting contribution:

> Pursuant to your appeal, in a recent number of SCRIBNER'S, I dare say there will be many volunteers who, fond enough of the things you write to regret any discomforts you may experience, will point you to certain brands of cigars which, unlike the locusts emulated in the Solomonic saws, go not forth in bands.
>
> It is possible that some self-confessed philanthropist may refer you to the cigar which is known as the J. A., a two-for-a-quarter cigar distinguished for its ungirt loins.
>
> Perchance, one thinks, the price of a garish band, and the labor of gluing the same to the cigar, may be added to the quality of the tobacco.
>
> One thinks a poor thought.
>
> The cryptic name of this cigar, which the hopeful purchaser imagines to be secret symbols for some charmed words never to be spoken above a whisper, and not outside the chapter-house, is revealed so soon as ignition has occurred.
>
> J. A. means Jipped Again.

One of the most poignant sorrows of my life is that I cannot blow rings. I have given this matter serious attention, and had faithful, consistent practice; with the result that by making the most horrible grimaces, I can once out of fifty attempts emit a circle. Yet some of my friends, without looking any worse than usual, belch forth a succession of rings, and then, with astonishing muzzle velocity, shoot another one through the whole row.

> "As right through ring and ring runs the djereed
> And binds the loose, one bar without a break."

I can pat my stomach and rub my head, I can waggle my ears without moving my eyebrows, but I cannot blow rings.

My remarks on the pleasanter aspects of Soloism and my wish that all trains exhibited the names of those in charge, have aroused echoes. And I am glad to learn that in many parts of our country this excellent custom has already been established. I. C. C. writes from Pasadena:

> Every bus driver has his card posted where the occupants can see it. And, as in other public utilities, the directors request the public to inform them, should they receive "unusual courtesy"!

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Franklin T. Nevin, of Pittsburgh:

You will be interested and pleased to learn that in the trolley-cars running between Louisville and Shelbyville, Kentucky, the names of conductor and motorman in charge are posted in a conspicuous place for the information of passengers.

Frank L. Long, of Philadelphia:

I would commend to your attention the city of Miami, where the street-cars contain placards announcing the name of the operator.

Several correspondents write me that on the limited trains of the Northern Pacific, Union Pacific, and Great Northern a card is handed to every passenger which gives the name of the conductor, Pullman conductor, and porter.

Finally, good old Jim Borland, who runs a daily column in the Franklin and Oil City *News-Herald*, publishes the following information:

I know Mr. Phelps will be delighted when I inform him such a plan has been in operation for some time past by the Northwestern Electric Company, plying between Meadville, Linesville, and Erie. . . . There is a space boxed off in the end of each car, where the names of the train crew are put in on slides, before the run.

All this is good news, and it is clear that this particular brand of Soloism is beginning to sweep the country.

By the same token, I have received two interesting letters concerning my comments on *Milkmen* and *Milk*. Professor Frank Moore, of the Theological Seminary at Auburn, writes: "You should live in upper New York State, in the wide open spaces where life is life and men are men, where we say neither 'the milk' nor 'the milkman,' 'the post' nor 'the postman,' but 'there's Mr. Prentis,' etc." Does every householder know the name of the individual who delivers the milk?

A "humble remonstrance" comes from a Briton:

As *you* like it the English have a custom. . . . "That's the milk. That will be the post." But as *I* like it (and I spent some thirty years of life in the "old country") I can't recollect that we so belittle our milkmen and our postmen.

Is it not that the milkman on ringing your bell calls "Milk!" and the nice man who brings the mail calls "Post!"?

In Scotland the folks say "There's Postie," and "Postie" is a term of affection.

Personally I think people over there esteem the postman and the milkman more than do the people on this side. The difference lies in the phone! Few English homes have a phone, few American homes lack one. If an American housewife wants an extra pint of cream, she 'phones, and somebody or something at the other end takes the order. In England the housewife goes to the dairy and, as we say, "makes love to the dairyman." She knows him as a real human being, to be cajoled or scolded face to face, not merely as something who dumps milk-bottles on the step, and removes milk-tickets mysteriously.

So that, granted you are correct in your assertion, there seems to me more belittling in the American attitude that would say "that's the post*man*" but yet would be too busy "hustling" to realize he is a *man* and not merely a carrier of letters. After all as our wise old Shakespeare says: "What's in a name?" It is the meaning behind the name that counts.

Indeed that seems to me to be the biggest difference between Britain and America—they emphasize and stress different things. You are "fussy" over details of nomenclature and we are "fussy" over ingrained ideas. So America remains outside of the League of Nations. They are so busy saying "That's the post*man!*" Britain says: "I must have a talk with the man who brings my letters," so it's quite possible they say: "That's the post!"

Which would almost seem as if I admitted you right after all.

Sincerely yours,
Oh, well, what's in a name!

Already it would appear that I have accomplished what I set out to do. Those who have read and pondered on my suggestions will I am sure henceforth treat the man who brings the mail more in the spirit than in the letter, and in return for the creamy liquid they will give the milk of human kindness.

Two of my Yale students, somewhat jealous of the favors shown to Browning by the organization of the Fano Club and of the Asolo Club, write me from the grave of Arthur Henry Hallam at Clevedon, Somerset, England:

It gives us great pleasure to cordially invite you to become a charter member of the Clevedon Club. Tennyson seems so far to be without an élite club, so we have decided by this organization to try to raise him to a par with Browning. On to Fano!

William M. Van Antwerp.
Lyonel H. Putnam.

Now it is true that too few pilgrims visit the shrine of Hallam, made famous by Tennyson and so poetically described in "In Memoriam." But anything so accessible can never be a sufficient foundation for an exclusive club. Let me recommend to tourists, however, that they fol-

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low the example of these academic pilgrims, and go to see Clevedon, so near is it to Bristol, Bath, and Wells. Furthermore, not only is Clevedon immortal by reason of the parish church containing Hallam's remains, it is also associated with "Henry Esmond" through the beautiful manor house, Clevedon Court, beloved by Henry James.

There is a curious incident connected with Hallam's grave that I have never seen explained. Hallam died September 15, 1833, in Vienna, and his body was brought to Clevedon and buried in the little parish church on January 3, 1834. Although the language of "In Memoriam," published in 1850, would seem to indicate that Tennyson must have attended the funeral (XVIII), another stanza (LXVII) in the same poem seems equally conclusive that he did not, although he wrote the inscription for the tomb.

In the first edition of the great poem, these lines appear:

> "And in the chancel like a ghost
> Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn."

Now Hallam's inscription is not in the chancel, but in the south transept. Some one must have corrected Tennyson, because after a few editions had repeated the word "chancel," Tennyson changed the line to read

> "And in the dark church like a ghost."

It is possible that the tablet was moved from the chancel to the transept.

Two new members of the Asolo Club: Mortimer S. Doolittle, a student in the Yale Law School, who sends his application in triplicate, and E. H. Carmichael, of Washington, D. C. Their accompanying picture postcards show that Eleonora Duse, following the instance of Browning, has a street named after her.

Baseball language is always interesting, and Mr. James R. Bettis, of Webster Groves, Missouri, gives me a new word coined by Martin J. Haley in the *Globe-Democrat*, who in his picturesque account of a game between the St. Louis Browns and Boston Red Sox, writes as follows:

> The Brownie pilot's round-tripper yesterday was one of the three hits allowed the Browns by Murray, who worked seven innings, and by Workman, who northpawed in the eighth.

"While it is beautiful neither to the ear nor to the eye," writes Mr. Bettis, "it has the merit of conciseness." *Northpawed* means a right-handed pitcher pitched. Mr. Bettis wonders what an Englishman would make of the word if it were handed to him without context.

In connection with the subject of our national game, the unique Ty Cobb, in an interview given at Toronto, and widely quoted, is reported as saying: "If I had my time over again, I would probably be a surgeon instead of a baseball player. . . . I shall not have done any real good to humanity when I retire." Meseems Mr. Cobb is too modest. He has achieved the distinction of being the greatest ball-player in history; and he has given wholesome happiness to hundreds of thousands of people. But in addition to his supremacy and to his benefactions, he has, by retaining his skill after nineteen successive years of steady competition, set an example to men, women, and children of enterprise, courage, audacity, and perseverance. Such a life has surely not been wasted.

I am interested in the legends on the paper jackets of two new novels. The Klondike poet, Robert W. Service, who has a prodigious reputation among American university graduates, hundreds of whom can quote pages and pages of his verse, has finally launched a work of prose fiction, called "The Roughneck." I have often meditated on the origin of that word, and this paper jacket, which incidentally is full of other interesting information, gives Mr. Service's explanation: "I think the origin of 'The Roughneck' dates back to the time when to shave the back of one's neck was a sign of sartorial grace. In my early Alaskan days every barber would ask you if you wanted a 'neckshave,' and not to have one put you in the category of those who were indifferent to their appearance, or too unsophisticated to conform to the fashion of the day. You were a man with hair on his neck; in brief, a roughneck. The fashion soon passed, but the expression remains." Now when I was a boy, my virgin aunt, who, like all virgin aunts,

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knew far more about the world and was far more in sympathy with it than one's mother, said to me emphatically: "Don't you ever allow any barber to shave the back of your neck." She *knew*. Whatever may later have been the reversed dynamics in Alaska, she knew that a man whose neck was shaved was outside the pale of polite society. I was particularly interested in Mr. Service's explanation, for during the last twenty years in these United States, my observation proves just the opposite. I have never seen a genuine tough who did not have the back of his neck shaved. And I divide all barbers into two classes—those who, without asking you, attempt to shave the back of your neck, and those who would no more perpetrate such a monstrosity than they would shave off your ears. It is, as Barrie's policeman would say, a test absolutely *infalliable*. No New York or Boston barber has ever done any necking on me; but in every small town west of Buffalo, unless I am alert, I get a large dose of lather under the cerebellum.

But how in the world did Aunt Libbie know this test forty-five years ago? That was some time before Mr. Service was born.

The average undergraduate's ideal is Service; and if the test of poetry be the frequency with which it is quoted, the Alaskan bard should be content. I must admit, however, that although I made a brave attempt to read "The Roughneck," I was knocked out in the further chapter.

The other jacket adorns "Ordeal," by Dale Collins. This is the first novel by a young Australian, and it shows a command of style that promises much for its author's future reputation. If any novelist from that continent can do for literature what Percy Grainger has done for music, we shall all rejoice. I read the novel "Ordeal" with mixed feelings; its finest and most original character is an old woman. But it is rather too sensational; the dignity of art is sacrificed for immediate and theatrical effect. The author's distinction of style could be better employed. The Manchester *Guardian* is quoted on the jacket as saying: "If you can imagine Barrie's Admirable Crichton changed into a raving, lustful brute of a steward . . . you will get some idea of this amazing and powerful story." Exactly: well said: but it seems not altogether fortunate that so many writers at this moment and presumably so many readers prefer the debased coin to the real. With all due respect to the powers of Mr. Collins, it seems easier to draw a raving, lustful brute than it is to draw a man! The difference between "Ordeal" and "The Admirable Crichton" is the difference between melodrama and tragedy.

Let me recommend to lovers of Elizabethan literature "The Bodley Head Quartos," delightful little volumes containing reprints of interesting and not easily accessible books by the contemporaries of Shakespeare.

The death of Joseph Conrad removed one of the great figures of our time; and so far as anything dealing with the future can be convincingly stated, the best of his novels seem imperishable. I shall never cease to rejoice that he made the journey to America in 1923; for I found him as simple and lovable in character as he was austere in art.

I am away to Europe for some months; but I shall continue my monthly comments on American and foreign books and art; and on human nature, which knows no national boundaries. I shall in this way correspond with each one of my readers from over seas. When I come back, I hope that the United States will have officially adopted the metric system of weights and measures. It is high time. Over 100,000 petitions are now before Congress, but let us hope for the best in spite of that.

To all who contemplate travelling in Europe either this autumn or next summer, let me recommend Clara Laughlin's Travel Study Courses. From the Fine Arts Building in Chicago Clara Laughlin sends out these booklets covering every European land; they are the best I know. They give detailed information for intelligent sojourners, and have you ever seen an American who, if not intelligent, did not wish to be?

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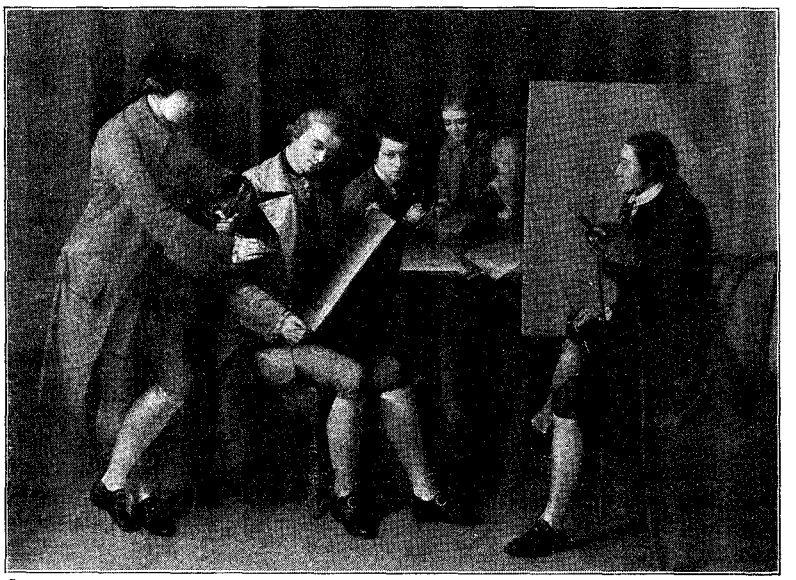
THE FIELD OF ART

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ



By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The American School.

From the painting by Matthew Pratt in the Metropolitan Museum.

IN the correspondence frequently and to my great pleasure elicited by these pages there is one subject which again and again recurs. It is the subject of American art. Readers, writing for themselves or for some association, make inquiry as to modes of acquainting themselves with the history of our school. They want the titles of helpful books and sometimes they want to know just how most profitably to use such publications as are available. From an inquirer in the South I received not long ago this typical interrogation: "Our literary club has 'American Painters' for its subject next year. May I ask you for a few suggestions or the names of the artists we should study?" There is a clause in that question that particularly interests me—"the names of the artists." My correspondent has hold of the right end of the stick. It is the individual artist, above all things, who counts. No artist or group of artists was ever vitalized by a principle drawn out of the air and externally applied. The artist has always come before the art. It is always the artist, the personality, who invents, develops, and validates the principle. I speak thus emphatically of a point which is obvious enough because, as a matter of fact, it is often forgotten, and it is in the nature of things easy to be overlooked. Every historian of art inevitably succumbs to the temptation to "block out" his material into so many more or less watertight compartments. Mere chronology not unnaturally invites him to do this, and the appearance of groups, movements, and schools in the record confirms him in a pardonable tendency toward a certain misleading kind of "system." Almost unconsciously the reader forms an impression that at such and such times, in such and such places, artists were collectively moved by such and such impalpable influences. All this is the more facilitated in making its effect upon the imagi-

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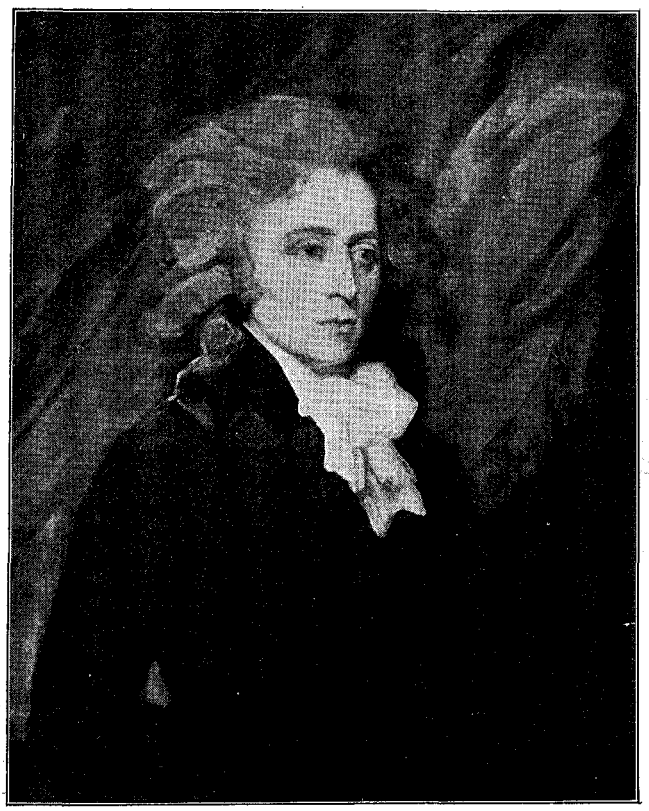
nation because in numerous instances it is fortified as an hypothesis by accessible facts. I have no intention of underestimating the lessons of history. But I would deprecate their obscuring a more personal approach to the study of art. I think I know what Whistler was driving at when he made that famous and much-debated pronouncement of his to the effect that there never was an art-loving nation, that there never was a period talismanically blest in the creation of works of art. That was simply his protest against too great a philosophizing of the subject, his affirmation of the potency of Velasquez, say, as against the organized effectiveness and the intrinsic prestige of the Spanish school as a school. The student of American art who starts with a clear head on this phase of the matter has already won half the battle.



William Vans Murray.
From the painting by Mather Brown. Privately owned.

CHRONOLOGY is an indispensable aid, but the essential thing as you trace it from the beginning is to watch out for the individualities that arise to make it significant. When you begin at the beginning in our art history, it is very much worth while to think about the traits of the period, to get hold of an historian like John Fiske, and to find out how our people lived and the tastes they had back in Dutch times, and later in the Georgian epoch. The social background is always good to know. But it can easily be carried too far in research. That is why, I believe, there has been so much misapprehension of the founders, so much unnecessary talk about our eighteenth-century school, as though it were nothing but a slavish echo of the British, so crassly "derivative" as to be innocent of any really racy characteristics. We imitated the British, it is true, and took over their tradition of portraiture. But if there is one thing more than another which is obvious in the whole course of American art it is its sometimes languid but more often active interest in painting as a craft, and you can trace this preoccupation with technique right back to the pioneers. I don't know any more eloquent souvenir of our formative period than the picture by Matthew Pratt called "The American School," which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. Pratt was born at Philadelphia in 1734. His uncle, James Claypoole, taught him the rudiments there, but he went abroad to study under Benjamin West in London. He painted this picture in West's studio, and showed himself submitting one of his drawings to the master's correction. Now West was not

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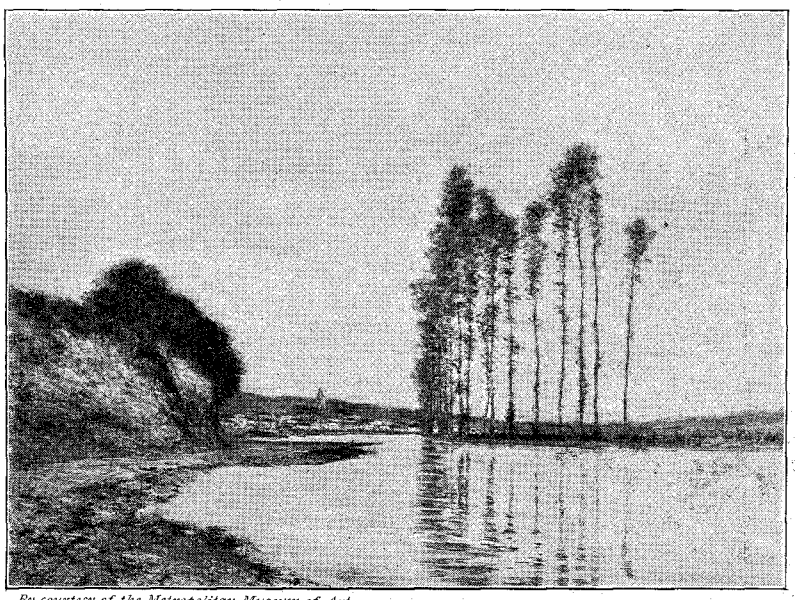
a good painter, but he was a good man, quick to encourage those of his countrymen who came to him for instruction in a steady stream; and if I find the picture important it is because it symbolizes the whole Anglo-American situation at that time. We were hungry to know how to paint, and the studies which I am asked so often to direct would be twice as rewarding if the students were to grasp that fact and make it their guiding principle. study wasted. On the right basis of research Benjamin West will only detain us in so far as he personally stimulated his American contemporaries, and the examination will go on to follow the careers of such men as Copley and Stuart. Nor will this line divert one from figures less resplendent. One of the striking things about our early period is its occasional production of men in nowise famous but still of sterling gifts. I reproduce in illus-



By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

Harp of the Winds, a View of the Seine.
From the painting by Homer Martin in the Metropolitan Museum.

The value of every painting ever produced has depended upon the manner in which it has been painted, and that has depended upon the qualities of the individual. What makes the study of any art exciting is the running to earth of the first-rate artist. Thus in approaching the pioneers it is a mistake to fling one's net for a miscellaneous catch of names. Really to be repaid by more than a certain quantity of information that may be memorized out of the books, and to find the dry bones of history leaping into life, is to separate the men of genius from the men of talent and to distinguish from both the ever-present mediocrity. In other words, the study that is not critical, that does not foster the art of appreciation, is tration the portrait of "William Vans Murray," by Mather Brown, who was born in 1761 and died in 1831. If I had anything to do with the divagations of a literary club studying American painters, on the evidence of this portrait I would send all the members scurrying after Mather Brown. I would have them find out all about Brown, who he was, when he lived and worked, what manner of man he seemed to have been, where his works could be found, and so on. Hard labor? Of course it is hard labor, and if the student is incapable of that he ought to let the subject alone. But in the clubs of the United States countless papers are prepared and read every year. I would commend the kind of paper I have just indi-

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cated as certain to enrich and delight the student of American art.

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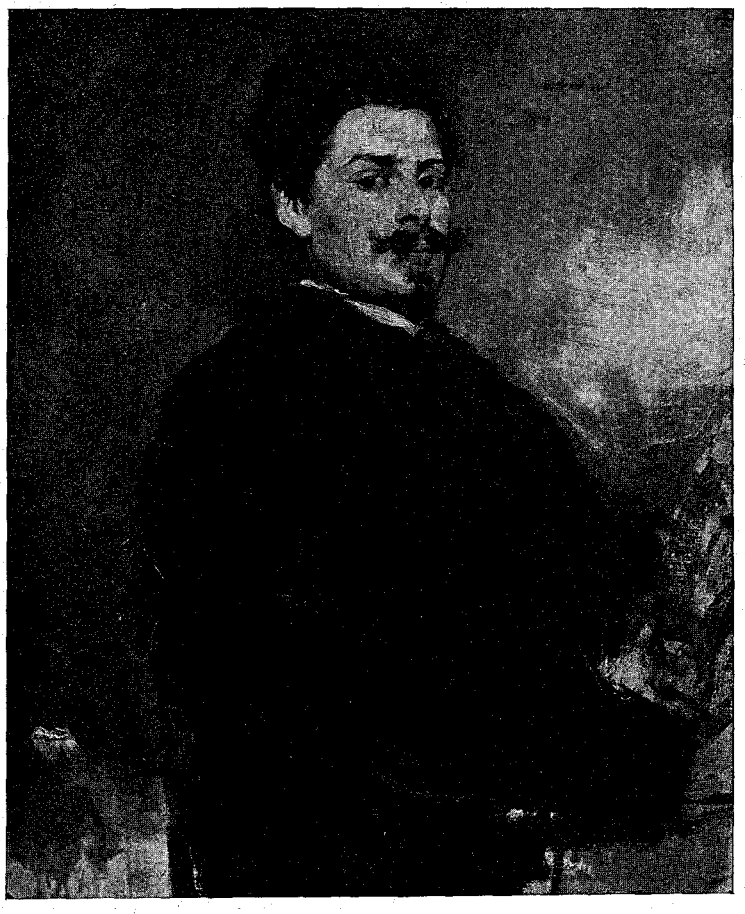
IN the detachment of the individual from the mass lies an inspiring interest on which I cannot lay too great stress. And it is not inconsistent with the broader view of the subject to which I have referred as having both advantages and perils. It only serves, indeed, to humanize what might otherwise drift into academic analysis. Holding fast to the individual you proceed to the group, and the Fates have ordained that the history of American art should be rich in both appeals to the student. It is not chronology alone that makes groups. Man, as we have been told, is a gregarious animal, and common sympathies promote a solidarity not half as artificial as that which is sometimes conferred by a compendious chapter in a book. The portrait painters of the eighteenth century formed a group which had its counterpart in the nineteenth, when Sully, Neagle, Morse, Harding and others came into view, As I write these names and recall the predominance of portraiture in the early making of American art, I am struck by the dubious fruits to be garnered by any student of our old figure-painting. He will find little nourishment in the works of West and Washington Allston. But I may note in passing that that very circumstance points to the possibility of a mildly amusing inquest. If that literary club I mentioned at the outset wanted a



A Man in Spanish Coat.
From the painting by Frank Duveneck.

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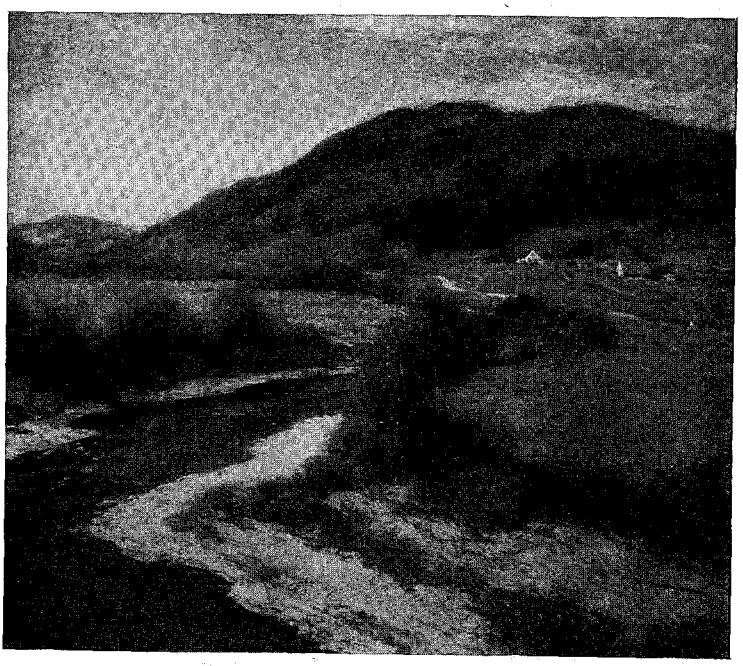
and Brush, and a host of others who have remembered their alma mater but have given her cause for pride through using her lessons without sacrifice of their individuality. This question of the relation of American art to European influences offers by itself a wonderful subject for study. The data for it, alas, must be sought arduously in scattered books and periodicals. We have had invaluable chapters like the delightful ones written by Mr. Will H. Low, but we are still waiting for the volume which will gather up all the varied threads. He will be a happy man and a much read author who some day goes abroad to ferret out in Rome, Venice, Munich, Dusseldorf, Antwerp, Paris, and London the ana which would illuminate the American careers that have drawn artistic momentum from those cities.



Indian Summer.
From the painting by Willard L. Metcalf.

This is an appropriate point, however, at which to renew my warning against too complete a surrender to the lure of the group, the school, the period. The reader will have noted the distinguished names with which the foregoing remarks are sprinkled. It is the artist, I repeat, the individual artist who holds within his bosom part of the secret of American art, and it is on the specific artist that each one of those club papers should be written. His works and his biography yield the student material that even in the case of a school as young as ours is as inexhaustible as it is fascinating. I have only to mention Copley and Stuart, Morse, Inness, Homer, Vedder, Hunt, La Farge, Whistler, Abbey. The list might be doubled in length and still there would be names to add. Nor would they all be the names of classics, so to say. I can conceive of a charming study made altogether of men untimely lost, or others ranked among the inheritors of unfulfilled renown. High up among the former would come the late Robert Blum, who died in 1903. He did a prodigious amount of work in etching, illustration, pastel and painting, and not long before his death he showed in his long panels for the old Mendelssohn Glee Club Hall that he had in him the power of a brilliant mural decorator. Dennis M. Bunker was under thirty when he died at Boston, in 1890. He was one of the most exquisite interpreters of feminine grace we have ever had, tempering the fine craftsmanship he had developed in the atelier of Gérôme with a spirit even finer. Benjamin R. Fitz was another man of gifts who died too soon. I recall one of his nudes as a very lovely thing. William Bliss Baker was hardly more than a youth when he died, but he painted some extraordinary landscapes, works which prove, for once, that the analysis of detail may be carried to excess in a work of art and yet leave

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that work of art beautiful. Amongst the good painters who lived long yet received only a belated appreciation I may cite the American Diaz, Robert L. Newman, a most poetic colorist, and the late Robert F. Brandegee, of Farmington, whose portraits have unique subtlety and distinction. Surely there could be no sweeter task than the commemoration of these accomplished men, too seldom brought to view.

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HOW shall the student or students launch upon it? When my correspondents ask me such a question I am, I confess, at a loss where it is obvious that the machinery for study is difficult to come at. For those who can make it convenient, visits to the galleries in great centres like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Washington and Chicago offer an obvious means of preparation. For the rest, reliance must be placed upon illustrated books and periodicals, with such other contacts with the subject as circumstances may foster. To tell the truth I cannot pretend to improvise machinery where it does not exist. All I have sought to do has been roughly to indicate some of the salient figures that invite discussion. Again I say "figures," and use the word advisedly. There are innumerable divisions of the subject which, as divisions, are rich in material. I have glanced at portraiture and landscape. There is marine and there is flower painting, there is the subject-picture and there is mural decoration. The still-life painter occupies a niche by himself. There are the men of pronounced originality like Ryder, Bunce, and Arthur B. Davies. The Ivory Tower makes a division apart. Then there are American illustration and etching, there are American sculpture and architecture, there is the water-colorist. There is, indeed, no end to the phases of our subject. But it is useless to tackle a phase merely as a phase. The student must concentrate first and last on the individual artist.

By courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Ameya.

From the painting by Robert Blum in the Metropolitan Museum.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 21

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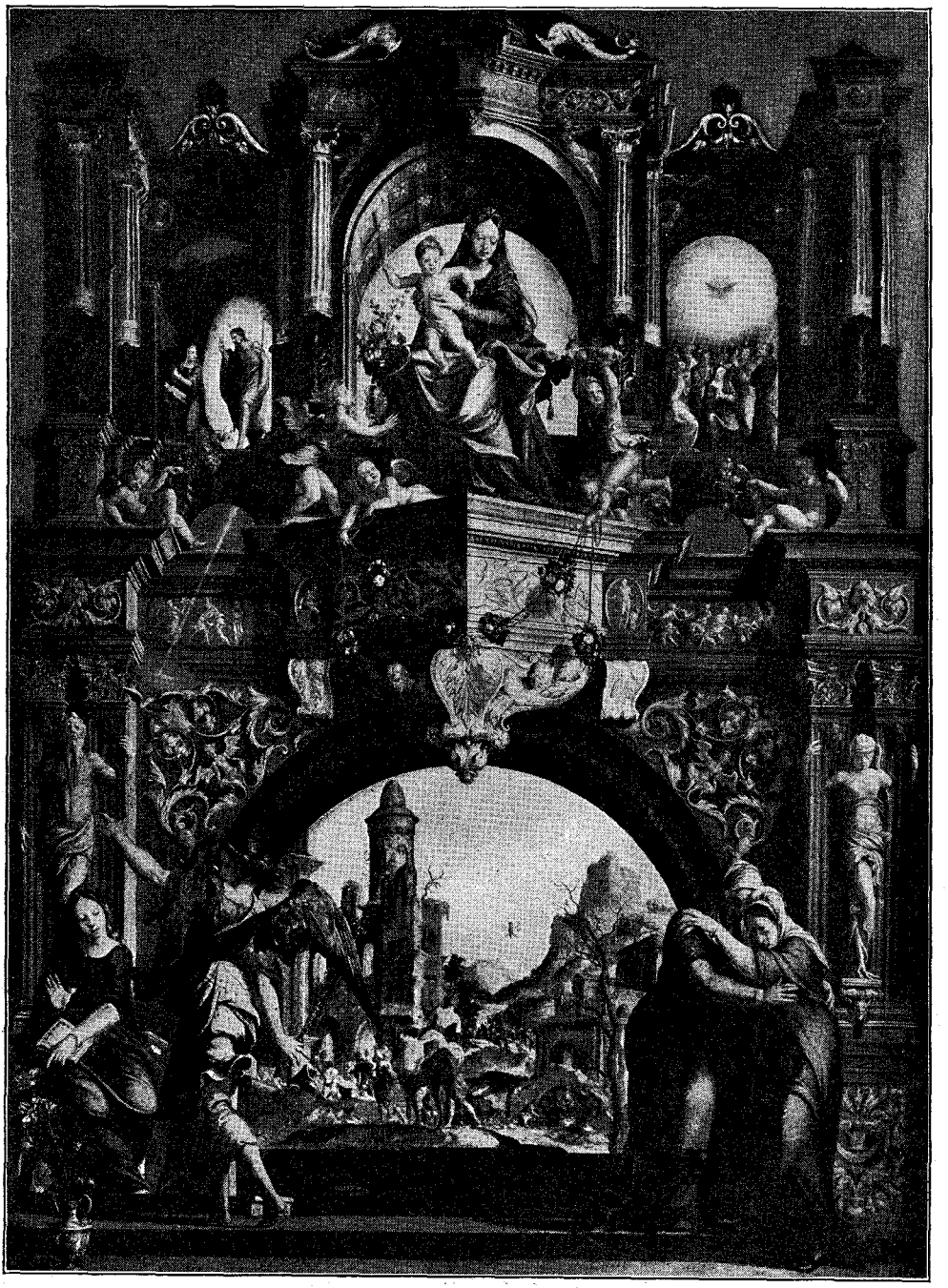

THE STORY OF THE MADONNA.

From the painting by Lancelot Blondeel in the Cathedral at Tournai.

—See "The Field of Art," page 672.

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